

THE TOWER OF LONDON

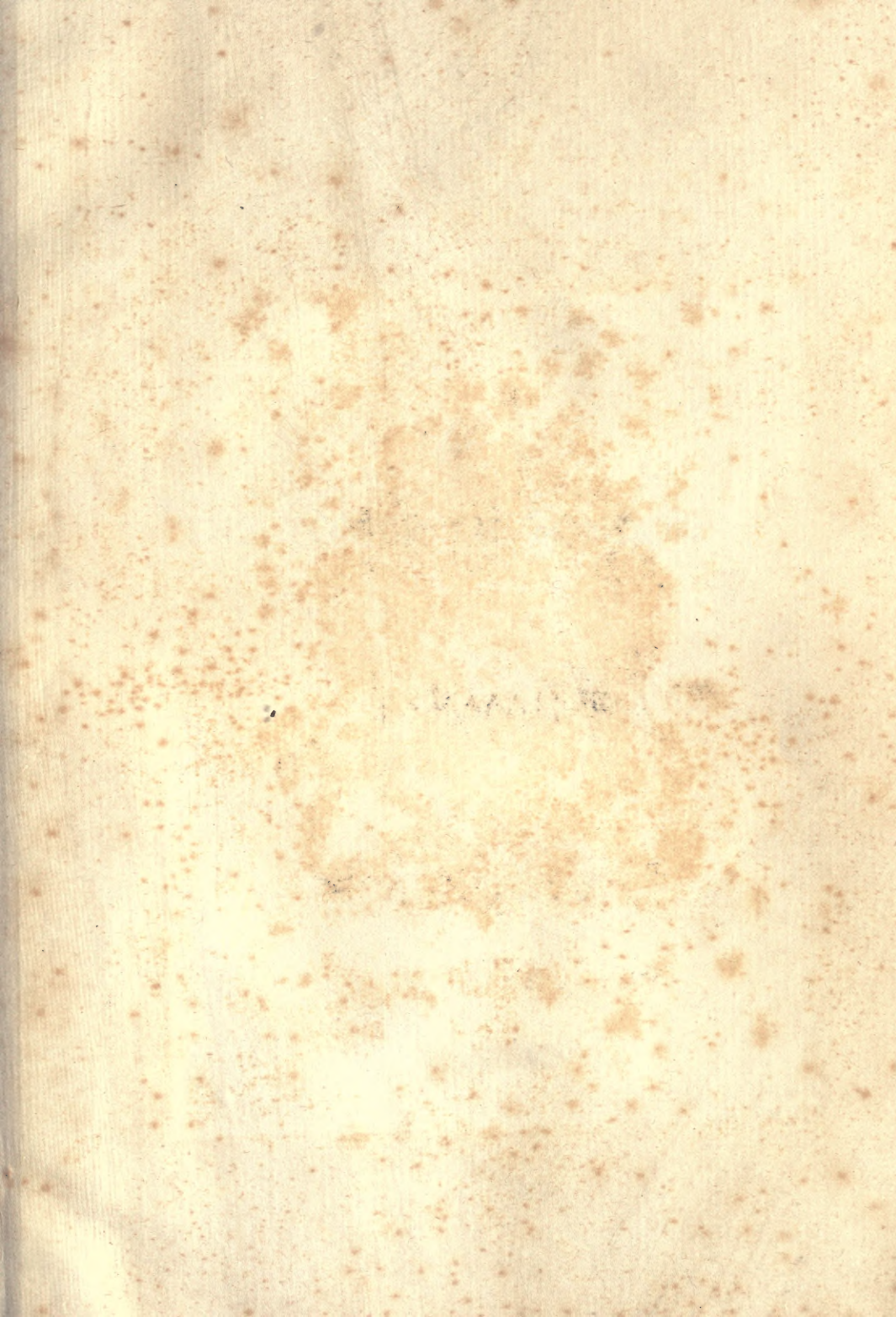


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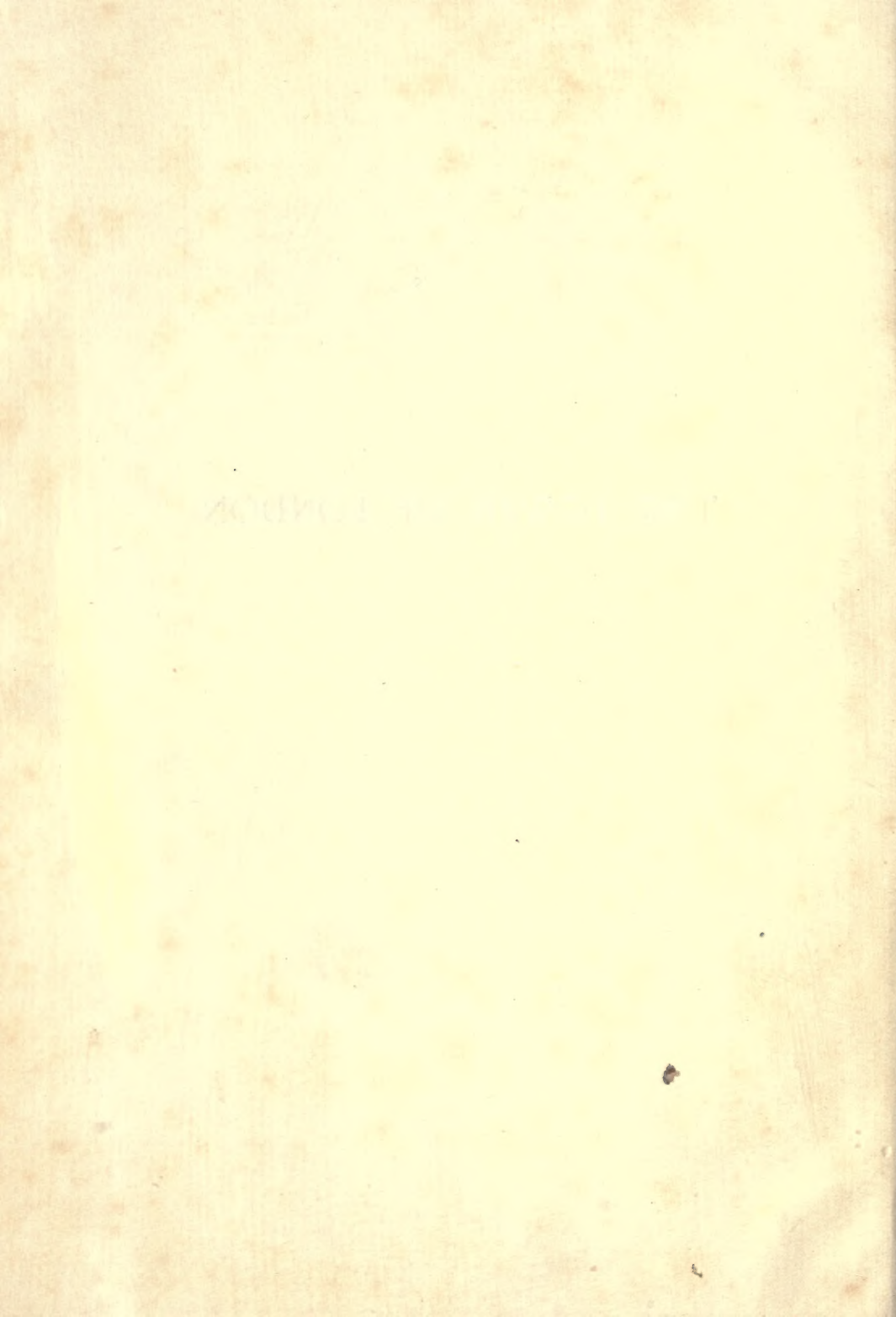


MUNCASTER CASTLE.

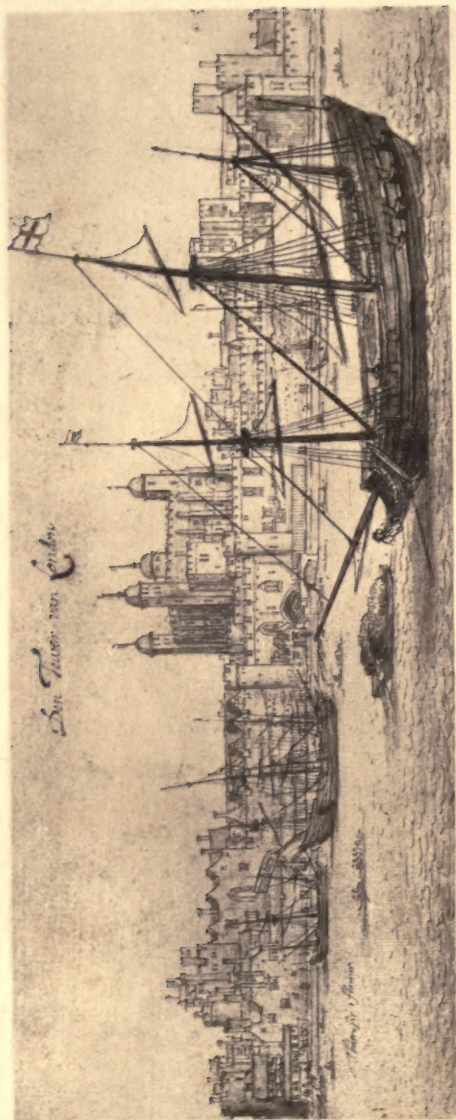




THE TOWER OF LONDON







View of the Tower in the time of Charles I.
(From an etching by Hollar.)

THE TOWER OF LONDON

BY

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER, F.S.A.

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THE TOWER

CHAPTER XII

THE STUARTS—JAMES I.

IN Nichols's "Progresses," that mine of information regarding James I., his court and times, it is related that James paid his first visit to the Tower on 3rd May 1603, "when His Majesty set forward from the Charter House and went quietly on horseback to Whitehall where he took barge. Having shot the bridge, his present landing was expected at the Tower stayres, but it pleased His Highness to passe the Towre stairs toward St Katherines, and there stayed on the water to see the ordinance on the White Tower (commonly called Julius Cæsar's Tower) being in number twenty pieces, with the great ordinance on the Towre wharfe, being in number 100, and chalmers to the number of 130, discharged and shot off. Of which, all services were sufficiently performed by the gunners, that a peale of so good order was never heard before; which was most commendable to all sorts, and very acceptable to the King."*

* The Venetian envoy Scaramelli, writing to the Doge from London on the 15th May 1603, says, "Et fra tanto non entrera sua Maestà in Londra, ma solamente prenderà il possesso della Torre ad uso antico, come del Trono et fondamento regale, essendovi in essa il Tesoro, et le Armi, ciò è tutte le forze del regno," which translated is, "Mean-time his Majesty will not enter London, but will only take possession of the Tower, according to ancient custom, as the Throne and the foundation of the royal power, for in the Tower are the treasury and the armoury—that is, all the strength of the realm." Two years later (on December 8th, 1605) Nicolo Molini, the Venetian Ambassador in England, writes to Venice about the Tower, "It is a most remarkable fact in this country, that if a nobleman is put in the Tower, he either loses his life or ends his days there." I am indebted to my friend, Mr Horatio F. Brown, for these two interesting notices which he found in the Venetian State Paper Records.

Owing to the plague then raging in London, the customary procession at the coronation was omitted, although the King rode in state from the Tower to Westminster, preparatory to the opening of his first Parliament on 15th of March 1605, as the Londoners had made their welcome for him ready. In Mr Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," he states that Shakespeare, with eight other players of the King's company of actors, "walked from the Tower of London to Westminster in the procession which accompanied the King in his formal entry into London. Each actor received four and a half yards of scarlet cloth to wear as a cloak on the occasion, and in the document authorising the grant, Shakespeare's name stands first on the list." This is the only time that we can positively know that Shakespeare was ever at the Tower; but his frequent introduction of the fortress into his historical dramas makes it certain that he must often have visited a place so full of dramatic episodes and historical memories.*

Four months earlier, while staying at Wilton, news had reached James of a plot to place the crown upon the head of Lady Arabella Stuart, and a large batch of alleged conspirators were taken to the Tower in consequence. Among them was Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Cobham, and his brother, George Brooke, Thomas Lord Grey

* Among the contemporary dramatists of Shakespeare, reference to the Tower is made by Peele, Decker, Webster, and Heywood. Peele, in his play of "Edward I.," where Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, mentions how his father broke his neck in attempting to escape from what he calls "Julius Cæsar's Tower." Decker and Webster refer to the fortress in their "Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt," and to Guildford Dudley and Jane Grey; Heywood, in his tragedy of "Edward IV.," recounts the murders of Clarence and the sons of Edward, and refers to Queen Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower in his "History of Queen Elizabeth." There are also allusions to the Tower and to Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and to Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in the "Doubtful Plays." The above information I have obtained from that rare scholar and critic, Dr Furnival. Probably scattered about the country are many other inscriptions recording the connection with the Tower of the dead, commemorated as was Sir Edward Walsingham on his tomb by his son Sir Thomas, in the church of St Nicholas at Chislehurst in Kent:

"A knight, sometime of worthie fame,
Lyeth buried under this stonie bower;
Sir Edmund Walsingham was his name,
Lieutenant he was of London Tower."



State Procession from the Tower in the days of the Stuarts.

de Wilton, Sir Griffin Maskham, Sir Edward Parham, Bartholomew Brookesby, Anthony Copley, and two priests named Weston and Clarke. This conspiracy, if it deserves the name, and for which Raleigh was for the second time sent to the Tower, owed its existence to the unlucky Arabella, daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother of Darnley, and consequently James's first cousin on the mother's side.

Arabella Stuart was also related to the Tudors, and this double relationship to the reigning sovereign and to the late Queen was her greatest misfortune, and the cause of her untimely death. She appears to have been amiable, refined, virtuous, and good-looking, but of a somewhat frail physique and countenance, to judge by the excellent miniature which Oliver painted of her. That her mind was not a strong one is very evident, and one cannot be surprised that she became insane under the burden of her misfortunes.

Lady Arabella was made use of as a tool by James's enemies, and at Lord Cobham's trial it was conclusively proved that she had no share in any of the schemes which had the placing of herself on the throne for their object. Had it not been for her unfortunate marriage she would probably have ended her life in peaceful obscurity. This unhappy lady disliked the life of a court, and had lived principally with her grandmother, old Lady Shrewsbury, "Bess of Hardwicke," as that much-married and firm-minded dame was nicknamed, in her beautiful homes of Chatsworth and Hardwicke Hall, in Derbyshire. In the last year of Elizabeth's reign, Arabella, whose hand had been asked in marriage by many suitors, and amongst them by Henry IV. of France, and the Archduke Mathias, met, and fell in love with William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford, and had been kept in close confinement by the Queen in consequence.

The plot to place Lady Arabella on the throne was regarded as dangerous by the court, owing to James's

unpopularity, which was not surprising, for at that time everything Scottish was cordially detested by the English. The Scotch had been as inimical to us as either the French or the Spaniards, and for a far longer period, whilst the Scottish alliance with France had added still more to the national dislike. Neither was the new King's appearance one to win the admiration of his new subjects, for a more ungainly individual had surely never appeared out of a booth at a fair. The English were as susceptible then, as they are now, to the outward appearance of their rulers, and even Henry VIII., for all his tyranny and cruelty, was popular among the people on account of his fine presence; and when Elizabeth appeared in public, all aglow with splendour, her lieges shouted themselves hoarse with delight, and worshipped that "bright occidental effulgence." What a contrast to these was James Stuart. With his huge head, and padded shanks, his great tongue lolling from out his mouth, his goggle eyes, and rolling gait, and the incomprehensible, to English ears, jargon of Lowland Scotch which he spoke, his was not a very kingly figure, and he made anything but a favourable impression upon his new subjects. It appears that Raleigh, at the time of James's arrival, let fall some remarks which were repeated to the King, to the effect that it would be well not to allow the Scottish locusts to eat too much of the Southern pastures. It has been supposed that Raleigh, at a meeting at Whitehall, proposed to found a republic, and Aubrey, a contemporary writer, even gives his words, "Let us keep the staff in our own hands, and set up a commonwealth, and not remain subject to a needy beggarly nation." Raleigh met the King for the first time at Burleigh, when James, who prided himself on his wit, said to Sir Walter, that he thought but "rawly" of him; it is a vile pun, but is interesting as showing the way in which his contemporaries pronounced Raleigh's name.

Cecil, who had brought Essex to the scaffold, now lost no time in bringing Raleigh, Essex's rival, to the

Tower, and on the 20th of July 1603, the prison gates of that fortress once again closed upon the founder of Virginia, on a charge of treason, based on the Arabella Stuart conspiracy, nor did they open for him until twelve years had passed. On the following day Raleigh attempted to stab himself with a table-knife, for he seems to have been maddened by his treatment by James and Cecil. In November the plague was so violent in London, that the Law Courts were transferred to Winchester, and it was to that city that Sir Walter and his fellow-prisoners were taken and tried on a charge of "attempting to deprive the King of his crown and dignity; to molest the Government, and alter the true religion established in England, and to levy war against the King."

George Brooke, a brother of Lord Cobham's, and two priests were found guilty and executed, Lords Grey de Wilton, Cobham, and Raleigh were respited, and were taken back to their prison in the Tower. Cobham never regained his liberty, he was a ruined man, and died probably in the Tower. The place of his burial is unknown.

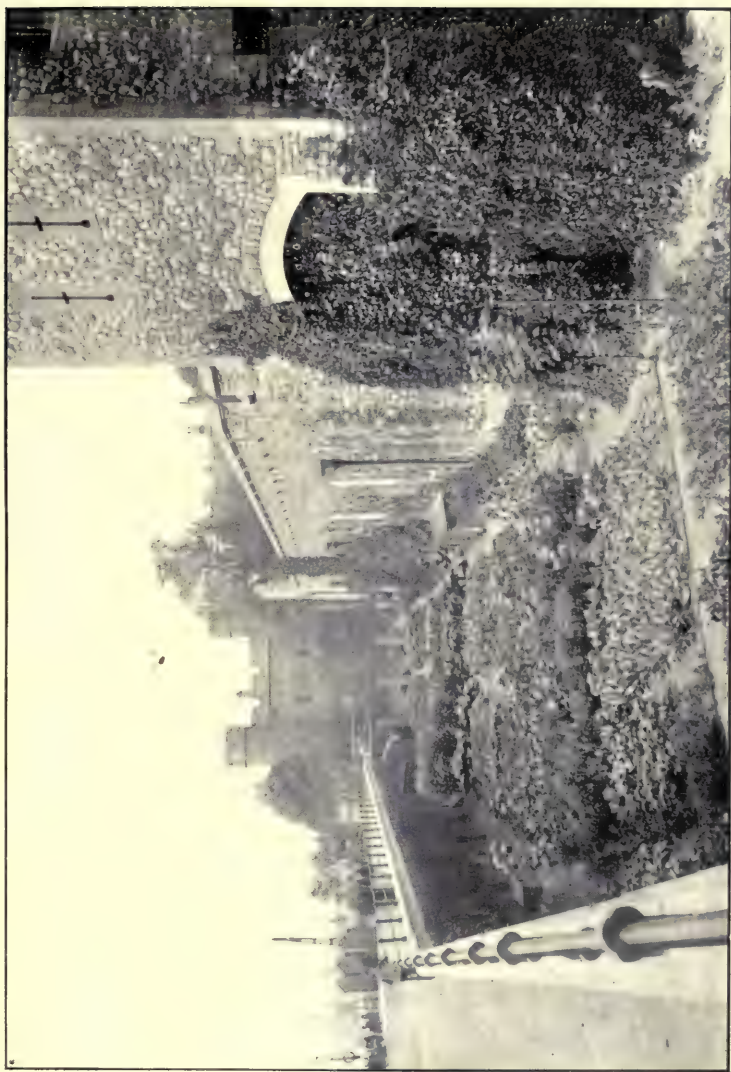
The de Cobhams were an early family of importance in the twelfth century, and from the thirteenth to the sixteenth one of the most powerful in the south of England. Henry de Cobham was summoned to Parliament in 1313. The direct line ended in Joan de Cobham, who married five times; her third husband was Sir John Oldcastle, commonly called Lord Cobham, *jure uxoris*, but inaccurately, for he was summoned to Parliament under his own name, Oldcastle.

In descent from Joan was Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, attainted first of James the First. He was born 1564, and succeeded to the title 1596-7, and shortly after installed Knight of the Garter. He married Francis Howard, daughter of the Earl of Nottingham, and widow of the Earl of Kildare. He was committed to the Tower December 16th, 1603, tried, and condemned to death, and actually brought out to be executed, but had been

privately reprieved beforehand by James the First, who played with Cobham and Gray, and their companions, as a cat would with mice. After fifteen years' rigorous confinement in the Tower, his health failed, and he was allowed out, attended by his gaolers, to visit Bath. This was in 1617, and was taken so ill on his way back he had to stay at Odiham, Hants, at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Moore. He died, with very little doubt, in the Tower, January 24th, 1619, but the place of his burial has been undiscovered. He had been well supplied with books, for the Lieutenant of the Tower seized a thousand volumes at the time of his death of "all learning and languages." In a letter from Sir Thomas Wynne to Sir Dudley Carlton (State Papers, Dom Jac, 1st vol., 105), 28th of January 1619, occurs this passage: "My Lord Cobham is dead, and lyeth unburied as yet for want of money; he died a papist." This probably was only gossip. While in the Tower he was allowed eight pounds a week for maintenance, but very little of this ever reached him, it probably was absorbed by his keepers and the Lieutenant. During his long imprisonment Lady Kildare never troubled herself further about him. She lived comfortably, first at Cobham, and afterwards at Copthall, Essex.

By the will of George, Lord Cobham, 1552, the Cobham estates, by an elaborate settlement, were strictly entailed, so that Henry, Lord Cobham, only had a life interest, and the King could not seize them; and probably it was to that fact he owed his life, for the King could possess them during his life, but not alienate them.

Unfortunately, the next heir was the son of George Brooke, executed for treason at Winchester, Lord Cobham's brother, who, at the time of his uncle's death, was an infant of tender age, and without friends, so negotiations were carried on with the next in succession, Duke Brooke, a cousin of Lord Cobham's, and this man parted with his prospective rights to the King for about £10,000, which



The Moat looking West

enabled this "specimen of King craft" to enter into possession. Duke Brooke, dying soon after, Charles Brooke, his brother, parted with several other manors to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. None of these transactions were legal; Henry, Lord Cobham, was not dead, nor the children of George Brooke, William, and his two sisters, Frances and Elizabeth. For some reason they were "restored in blood," but with the express proviso they should not inherit any of the property of their fathers or their uncles; nor was William to take the title of Lord Cobham. And this was all done with the connivance of Cecil, Lord Burleigh, brother-in-law to Henry, Lord Cobham. No wonder William Brooke became a devoted Parliamentarian in the next reign, and died fighting against the King at Newbury, 1643. Many letters of Henry Brooke have been preserved while in the Tower: "To my very good Lord and Brother-in-law, Lord Burleigh." He must both have been clever and learned, for during his captivity he translated Seneca's treatises, *De Providentia*, *De Ira*, *De Tranquillitate*, *De Vita Beata*, and *De Paupertate*: the original manuscript of one, *De Providentia*, is in the library at Ufford Place, Suffolk, the seat of his representative, Edward Brooke, Esq., written in a beautifully fine hand. Raleigh and Cobham's "treason" was that known as the Main or Spanish Treason, one of the supposed objects of which was to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne.

Lord Grey de Wilton, a young man of great promise, died in St Thomas's Tower in 1617, after passing nine years in the Brick Tower. Lord Grey had made an eloquent defence during his trial, which lasted from eight in the morning until eight at night, during which, according to the Hardwicke State Papers, many "subtle traverses and escapes," took place. When Grey was asked why judgment of death should not be passed against him, he replied, "I have nothing to say." Then he paused a little, and added, "And yet a word of Tacitus comes into my mind,

'non eadem omnibus decora,' the house of the Wiltons have spent many lives in their Princes' service and Grey cannot beg his."

For the next twelve years the Tower was Raleigh's home, and not till he had succeeded in bribing King James's favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by the payment of a large sum of money, did he again obtain his liberty. Before settling down in the Tower, and while the plague was still raging, Raleigh, with his wife and son, were taken to the Fleet Prison on several occasions. At length they were placed in the not uncomfortable rooms in the Bloody Tower, which he, with his family and servants, must have quite filled, for besides Lady Raleigh and her son Carew, there were two servants named Dean and Talbot, and a boy, who was probably a son of Talbot's. Their imprisonment was not absolutely rigid, for they were allowed the visits of a clergyman named Hawthorne, a doctor, Turner, and a surgeon, Dr John, as well as those of Sir Walter's agent, who came up from Raleigh's place, Sherborn, so that he was kept in touch with his affairs; one or two other friends were also admitted. In addition to these privileges Sir Walter was allowed the run—the liberty as it would be called then—of the Lieutenant of the Tower's garden, which lay at the foot of the Bloody Tower, as has already been mentioned in the description of that place.

In 1604 the penal laws against the Roman Catholics were re-enacted by Parliament, and in the following year the famous Gunpowder Plot was discovered, with the consequence that in the month of November of that year the Tower received many of the principal conspirators, and still more of those individuals who were in some way or other concerned in it. Foremost amongst the latter were the aged Earl of Northumberland, Henry Percy, and with him were Henry, Lord Mordaunt, Lord Stourton, and three Jesuit priests, Fathers Garnet, Oldcorn, and Gerrard. Northumberland, besides having to pay an enormous fine,



The Byward Tower and Moat from the Wharf

was kept a prisoner in the Tower for sixteen years; Mordaunt and Stourton were also heavily fined and remanded to the fortress during the King's pleasure; Fathers Garnet and Oldcorn were hanged—the former at St Paul's, in the usual manner, after being cruelly tortured, the latter at Worcester. As for the third priest, Gerrard, I have in another part of this work described the treatment he endured and his escape from the Tower.

Of the active conspirators, besides Guy Fawkes—who was executed with Thomas Winter, Rookwood, and Keyes in Old Palace Yard—Sir Everard Digby, the father of the accomplished Sir Kenelm, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates, were drawn on hurdles to the west end of St Paul's Churchyard, where they were done to death in the approved fashion of execution for high treason.

Guy Fawkes and most of his fellow-prisoners while in the Tower had been placed in the subterranean dungeons beneath the White Tower. Fawkes, besides being tortured by the rack, was placed in "Little Ease," in which horrible hole he is supposed to have been kept for fifty days. Father Oldcorn was imprisoned in the lower room of the Bloody Tower, whilst Father Fisher was in the White Tower; Northumberland, the "Wizard Earl," as he was called on account of his leaning towards chemical experiments, was lodged in the Martin Tower.

Until the month of August in that year (1605), Sir Walter Raleigh's imprisonment in the Bloody Tower had not been very stringent. Sir George Harvey had filled the position of Lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir George and Sir Walter were on friendly terms. His lodging, for a prison, was comfortable enough; his wife and son were still with him, Lady Raleigh having been confined of a second son about this time. In addition to the attendance of his servants and the visits of his friends, as I have mentioned before, he was allowed to have all the books he required for the great literary labour that now began to occupy much of his time. When not working in his

little garden by the Tower, or experimenting with his chemicals and decoctions in a small outbuilding which he had built in the garden, or taking exercise on the wall terrace which overlooked the wharf and the river beyond, he would be writing at his "History of the World," that wonderful fragment which is one of the marvels of our literature.

Unfortunately for Sir Walter, his friend Sir George Harvey, with whom he often dined and passed the evening, ceased being Lieutenant at this time, being succeeded by Sir William Waad. Raleigh's feelings towards the new Lieutenant appear to have resembled those of Napoleon to Sir Hudson Lowe. Waad, who had been Clerk of the Council, on his side seems to have had a personal dislike to the great captive over whom he was placed in charge, and to have done all he could—and he had the power of doing a great deal—to render Raleigh's life as unpleasant and galling as possible. For instance, Waad ordered a brick wall to be built in front of the terrace where Raleigh walked, so that the captive could no longer watch the passing life beneath him on the wharf or river. Then Waad complained to Cecil of Raleigh making himself too conspicuous to the people who passed beneath the Bloody Tower, and, not content with annoying Sir Walter, pestered Lady Raleigh, and deprived her of the poor satisfaction of driving her coach into the courtyard of the fortress, a privilege that had hitherto been allowed her. In these and many other petty ways the new Lieutenant contrived to make himself as unpleasant as he possibly could to Raleigh and his wife.

During the alarm consequent upon the Gunpowder Plot, Raleigh was examined by the Council, probably in the Lieutenant's, now the King's House, but naturally nothing could be found to implicate him with the conspiracy, and the King had to bide his time before he could bring his great subject to the block. In 1610, for some unknown reason, Sir Walter was kept a close

prisoner in his tower for three months, and Lady Raleigh was taken from him.

In Disraeli's "Amenities of Literature" is the following interesting description of those friends of Sir Walter who shared his pursuits and studies in the Tower :—

"A circumstance as remarkable as the work itself" ("History of the World") "occurred in the author's long imprisonment. By one of the strange coincidences in human affairs, it happened that in the Tower Raleigh was surrounded by the highest literary and scientific circle in the nation. Henry, the ninth Earl of Northumberland, on the suspicion of having favoured his relation Percy, the Gunpowder Plot conspirator, was cast into this State prison, and confined during many years. This Earl delighted in what Anthony Wood describes as 'the obscure parts of learning.' He was a magnificent Mæcenas, and not only pensioned scientific men, but daily assembled them at his table, and in these intellectual communions, participating in their pursuits, he passed his life. His learned society was designated as 'the Atlantis of the Northumberland world'! But that world had other inhabitants, antiquaries and astrologers, chemists and naturalists. There was seen Thomas Allen, another Roger Bacon, 'terrible and tho' vulgar,' famed for his 'Bibliotheca Alleniana,' a rich collection of manuscripts, most of which have been preserved in the Bodleian; the name of Allen survives in the ardent commemorations of Camden, of Spelman, and of Selden. He was accompanied by his friend Doctor Dee, but whether Dee ever tried their patience or their wonder by his 'Diary of Conferences with Spirits' we find no record, and by the astronomical Torporley, a disciple of Lucretius, for his philosophy consisted of stones; several of his manuscripts remain in Sion College. The muster-roll is too long to run over. In this galaxy of the learned the brightest star was Thomas Hariot, who merited the distinction of being 'the Universal Philosopher'; his inventions in algebra Descarte, when in England, silently adopted, but which Dr Wallis afterwards indignantly reclaimed; his skill in interpreting the text of Homer excited the grateful admiration of Chalman when occupied by his version. Bishop Corbet has described

'Deep Hariot's mine
In which there is no dross.'

"Two other men, Walter Warner, who is said to have suggested to Harvey the great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and Robert Huer, famed for his 'Treatise on the Globes'—these, with Hariot, were the Earl's constant companions; and at a period when science seemed connected with necromancy, the world distinguished the Earl and his three friends as 'Henry the Wizard and his three Magi.' . . . Such were the men of science, daily guests in the Tower during the imprisonment of

Raleigh; and when he had constructed his laboratory to pursue his chemical experiments, he must have multiplied their wonders. With one he had been intimately connected early in life, Hariot had been his mathematical tutor, was domesticated in his house, and became his confidential agent in the expedition to Virginia. Raleigh had warmly recommended his friend to the Earl of Northumberland, and Sion House became Hariot's home and observatory."

The elder Disraeli has argued that Raleigh could not possibly have written the whole of that large tome, "The History of the World," himself, for want of books of reference whilst in the Tower. But as his friends supplied him with books, and he himself had probably taken copious notes for the work while living in the old home of the Desmonds at Youghal, in Ireland, where a remnant of the old Desmond library is still existing, the argument can scarcely be considered proved. The late Sir John Pope Hennessy has pointed out in his work on "Raleigh in Ireland," that, by an odd coincidence, the son of the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, whose lands Raleigh held in Ireland, was a fellow-prisoner of Sir Walter's in the Tower during his first imprisonment in the fortress during Elizabeth's reign. Desmond died in prison in 1608, and was buried in St Peter's Chapel. Raleigh had this youth's sad fate in his mind, it seems, when he wrote from the Tower, "Wee shall be judged as we judge—and be dealt withal as wee deal with others in this life, if wee believe God Himself."

An almost contemporary historian, Sir Richard Baker, refers to Raleigh's imprisonment in the following quaint manner:—"He was kept in the Tower, where he had great honour; he spent his time in writing, and had been a happy man if he had never been released." A strange description, surely, of what is generally understood by the term, "happy man."

Henry, Prince of Wales, seems to have been the only member of his family who appreciated Sir Walter, frequently visiting him at the Tower. On one of the occasions when he had left him, the young prince remarked to



Arabella Stuart.
(From a Contemporary Miniature.)

one of his following that no king except his father could keep such a bird in such a cage. The Prince's mother, Queen Anne, seems also to have shown some interest in Raleigh's fate, and to have tried to induce her miserable husband to set him free.

In 1611 Arabella Stuart was brought a prisoner into the Tower, and with her, Lady Shrewsbury. When the news of Arabella's marriage with young William Seymour reached the King, her fate was sealed, for by this marriage the half-captivity in which she had lived was changed into captivity for life; and few of James the First's evil actions, and they were not a few, were more mean or cowardly than his treatment of his poor kinswoman, Arabella Hertford.

She had never been known to mix in politics, and if she had any ambition, it was the noble ambition of wishing to lead a pure life away from an infamous court. Poor Arabella used to declare that although she was often asked to marry some foreign prince, nothing on earth would induce her to marry any man whom she did not know, or for whom she had no liking.

At Christmastide of 1609, James, hearing a rumour that seemed to point to Arabella being married to some foreign prince, had sent her to the Tower, releasing her when he discovered that his fears were groundless, and giving his consent to her marrying one of his subjects should she wish to do so. Unfortunately, Arabella took advantage of the King's consent, trusting to his word, but she found to her bitter cost how hollow and false that promise was. In the following February (1610) she plighted her troth to William Seymour, both probably relying upon the Royal word. Whether James had forgotten that Seymour was a probable suitor for Arabella's hand when he gave his promise cannot be known, but Arabella could not have made a more unlucky choice, as far as she herself was concerned, for the Suffolk claims had been recognised by Act of Parliament; and the same Parliament which

had acknowledged James the First could not alter the order of succession, and, consequently, William Seymour being the grandson of Lord Hertford, by his wife, Catharine Grey, was in what was called the "Suffolk Succession." His marriage to Arabella brought her still nearer to the Crown, and any children born of the marriage would have had a good chance of succeeding to the throne.

The young couple were summoned to appear before the Council, and were charged to give up all thoughts of marriage. But, in spite of King and Council, they were secretly married in the month of May 1611—a month said to be unlucky for marriages. Two months afterwards the news reached the King, and the storm burst over the unlucky lovers. Arabella was sent a prisoner to Lambeth Palace, and her husband to the Tower. From Lambeth Arabella was first removed to the house of Mr Conyers at Highgate, and thence she was to be sent to Durham Castle in charge of the Bishop. At Highgate, however, she fell ill, or pretended to fall ill, and the famous attempt made to escape by herself and her husband took place.

By some means she procured a disguise in the shape of a wig and male attire, with long, yellow riding-boots and a rapier, and thus accoutred, on the 4th of June she rode to Blackwall, where she had hoped to find her husband, but, failing in this, she rowed with a female attendant and a Mr Markham, who had accompanied her from Highgate, to a French vessel lying near Leigh, which took them on board. Seymour, also disguised, escaped from the Tower by following a cart laden with wooden billets. He got away unperceived, and managed to reach a boat waiting for him by the wharf at the Iron Gate, but, on arriving at Leigh, they found the French ship, with Arabella on board, had put out to sea. The weather was against the ship in which Seymour was sailing making Calais, and he had to go on to Ostend, where he disembarked.

Meanwhile, a hue and cry rang out from London.



Lady Arabella Seymour.

Sweet brother
every one forsakes me but
those that cannot helpe me.
Your most unfortunate sister
Arabella Seymour

Her Autograph from the Original in the Possession of John Thane.

King's messengers galloped in hot haste from Whitehall to Deptford, and orders arrived at all the southern ports to search all ships and barks that might contain the runaways; a proclamation was issued to arrest the principals and the abettors of their flight. A ship of war was sent over to Calais, and others were despatched along the French coast as far as Flanders to intercept the fugitives. When half-way across the Channel, one of these vessels, named the *Adventurer*, came in sight of a ship crowding on all sail in order to reach Calais; the wind, meanwhile, had dropped, and further flight was impossible. A boat was lowered from the *Adventurer*, the crew who manned it being armed to the teeth. A few shots were exchanged, and the flying vessel, which proved to be French, was boarded, and the poor runaway was taken back to the English man-of-war; on board of her Arabella was made a prisoner, and as a prisoner was landed at the Tower, never to leave it again until her luckless body was taken from it for burial at Westminster.

James made as much ado about this attempted escape of the Hertfords as if he had discovered a second Gunpowder Plot. And not only did he have all those who had been concerned in Arabella's flight seized and imprisoned in the Tower, but kept the Countess of Shrewsbury and the Earl strict prisoners in their house, and ordered the old Earl of Hertford to appear before him.

From all appearances William Seymour showed a lack of courage at this time, not unlike the husband of Lady Catherine Seymour in the last reign, for he remained abroad while the storm with all its fury fell and crushed his young wife. Poor Arabella lingered on in her prison till death released her from her troubles on the 25th of September 1615. She had been kept both in the Belfry Tower and in the Lieutenant's House, but had lost her reason some time previous to her final release both from durance and the world. Her body was taken in the dead of night to Westminster Abbey, and placed below the coffin of Mary

Queen of Scots. Mickle, the author of "Cumnor Hall," and "There's nae luck about the house," is credited with having written the touching ballad on Arabella Stuart, which is included in Evans's "Old Ballads."

"Where London's Tower its turrets shew,
So stately by old Thames's side,
Fair Arabella, child of woe,
For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as she heard the waves arise,
And as she heard the black wind roar,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her tears did pour."

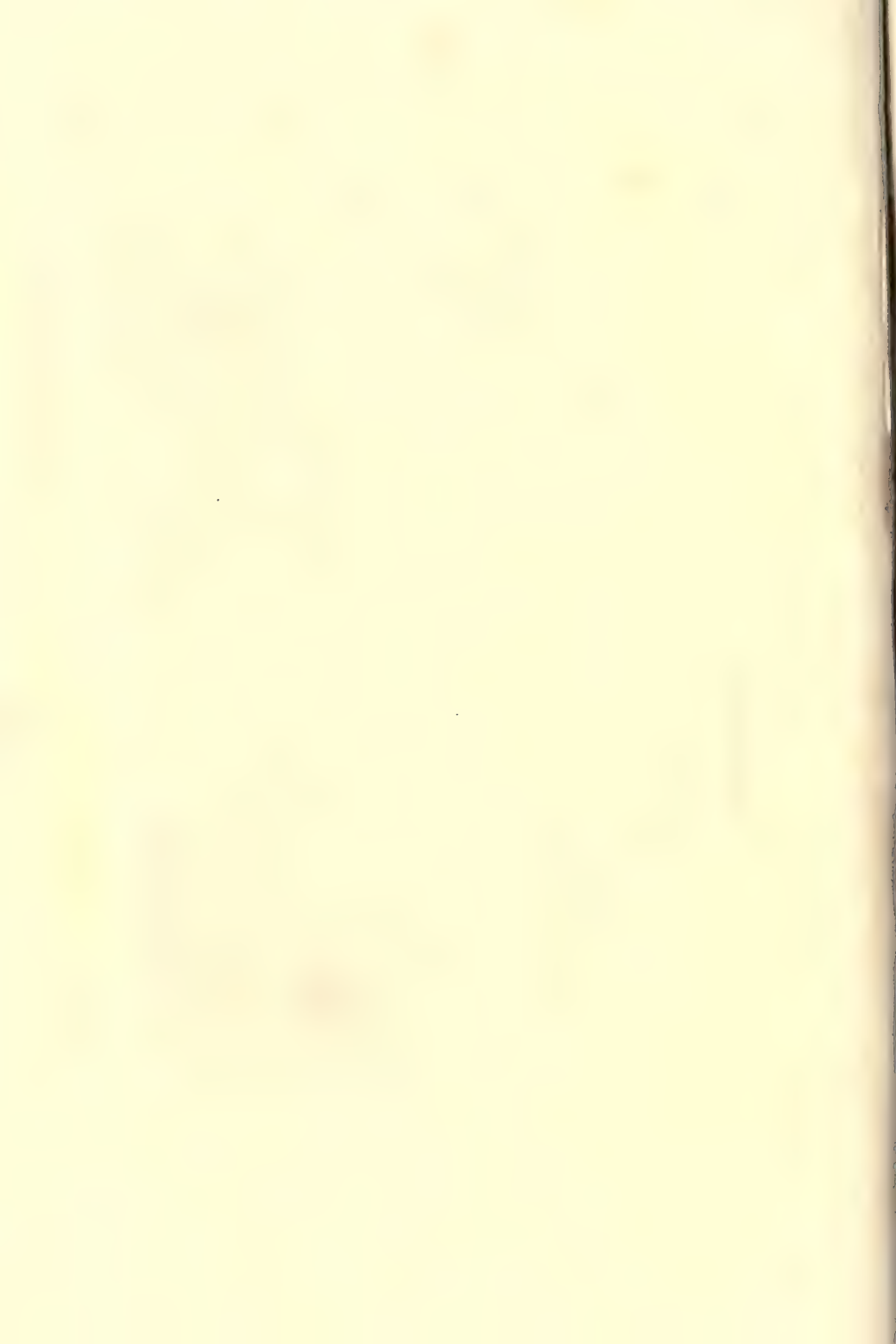
William Seymour survived Arabella for nearly half-a-century; he married again, his second wife being a sister of the Parliamentary general, the Earl of Essex, the son of Elizabeth's favourite and victim. In 1660 Seymour became Duke of Somerset, and lived just long enough to welcome Charles II. He had shown far more loyalty to Charles I. than he had done to poor Arabella Stuart.

In 1613, Sir William Waad, to the great delight of Raleigh, as well as of the other prisoners in the Tower, vacated his post as Lieutenant. He had been charged with the theft of the unfortunate Arabella's jewels, but his dismissal was also connected with a still more tragic story—the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—a murder which throws a very lurid light upon the doings of James the First's court and courtiers. Two years before Arabella's death, the Tower had been the scene of a most foul murder. Scandalous as was the court of James, murder had not yet been associated with it, but in the year 1613 the fate of Sir Thomas Overbury added that dark crime to its other villainies.

Macaulay has compared the court of James the First to that of Nero; it would have been more correct to have likened it to that of the Valois, Henry III. Although it was never proved, there were strong suspicions that the somewhat sudden death of Henry, Prince of Wales, was



*The Earl & Countess of Somerset.
(From a Contemporary Print.)*



brought about by poison, and there is no doubt that poison was made use of by James's courtiers, as the death of Overbury proves. Sir Thomas Overbury was the confidant of the King's worthless favourite, Robert Carr, a handsome youth who had been brought by James from Scotland in his train, and whom he had knighted in 1607. James had also given Raleigh's confiscated estates to his favourite two years after making him a knight, and in 1614 created him Lord Rochester and Earl of Somerset, as well as Lord Chamberlain. Overbury belonged to a Gloucestershire family, and had travelled on the Continent, whence he returned what was then called "a finished gentleman." Overbury and Carr were firm friends, and it was probably on the recommendation of the latter that James knighted Overbury in 1608. When, however, Somerset determined to marry the notoriously improper Lady Frances Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and the girl-wife of Lord Essex, from whom she was separated, Overbury most strongly persuaded his friend from committing such a rash action. His attitude coming to the knowledge of Lady Frances, she vowed to avenge herself upon Sir Thomas, and carried her threat to its bitter execution. On some frivolous pretext Overbury was sent to the Tower; Lady Somerset, as Lady Frances had become, notwithstanding Overbury's advice, now determined to rid herself of the man she mostly feared. With the help of a notorious quack, and of a procuress, Mrs Turner, with whom she had been brought up, she set about the task of consummating her revenge. Poison was supplied by Mrs Turner, with which the unfortunate Overbury was slowly killed; but as the drug—it is believed to have been corrosive sublimate—did not act sufficiently quickly, two hired assassins, named Franklin and Lobell, were called in, and stifled the victim with a pillow. Sir William Waad at this time had ceased to be the Lieutenant, through Lady Essex's influence, and had been succeeded by Sir Gervase Elwes, a creature of Somerset's, who was not only cognisant of Overbury's

death in the Bloody Tower, where he was confined, but even aided Lady Somerset in her crime. Mrs Turner was the inventor of a peculiar yellow starch which was used for stiffening the ruffs worn at that time ; she wore one of these ruffs when she was sentenced to die for her participation in this murder by the Chief-Justice, Sir Edward Coke, and was also hanged in it at Tyburn in March 1615, with the natural consequence that yellow starched ruffs suddenly ceased to be the fashion. Lady Somerset was also tried, and although found guilty of Overbury's murder, received a pardon from the King, but she and her husband, Somerset, spent six years as prisoners in the Tower, where they occupied the same rooms in the Bloody Tower which shortly before had been tenanted by the wife's victim. Sir Thomas Overbury was buried in St Peter's Chapel, his grave lying next to that of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Prince Henry's death in 1612 was a terrible loss to Raleigh. The Queen had already tasted Sir Walter's famous cordial or elixir, and when her son was given up by the physicians, Anne implored them to try Raleigh's specific medicine, which, according to its inventor, was safe to cure all diseases save those produced by poison. Henry was already speechless when the elixir was administered to him, but after he had swallowed one or two drops he was able to utter a few words before he expired. What was the nature of this wonderful mixture of Raleigh's cannot now be ascertained, although Charles II.'s French physician, Le Febre, prepared what was believed to be the actual concoction and wrote a treatise upon it. Some of its ingredients were indeed awful, the flesh of vipers forming one of them, and it speaks much for the strength of James's Queen that she survived the taking of this terrible physic.

Raleigh had intended dedicating his history to Prince Henry, but after that young Prince's death he seems to have lost his former zest in the work. There is a story



The true and lively portraiture
 of the honourable
 S^r Walter Raleigh.


 The coat of arms of Sir Walter Raleigh, featuring a shield with a cross and four quarters, topped with a crown and a banner that reads "AMORE ET VIRTUTE".



told that he threw part of the manuscript into the fire on hearing that Walter Burr, the publisher of the first edition in 1614, had been a loser by bringing it out. Of that first part Mr Hume, in his "Life of Raleigh," writes, "The history, as it exists, is probably the greatest work ever produced in captivity, except Don Quixote. The learning contained in it is perfectly encyclopædic. Raleigh had always been a lover and a collector of books, and had doubtless laid out the plan of the work in his mind before his fall. He had near him in the Tower his learned Hariot, who was indefatigable in helping his master. Ben Jonson boasted that he had contributed to the work, and such books or knowledge as could not be obtained or consulted by a prisoner, were made available by scholars like Robert Burhill, by Hughes, Warner, or Hariot. Sir John Hoskyns, a great stylist in his day, would advise with regard to construction, and from many other quarters aid of various sorts was obtained. But, withal, the work is purely Raleigh's. No student of his fine, flowing, majestic style will admit that any other pen but his can have produced it. The vast learning employed in it is now, for the most part, obsolete, but the human asides where Raleigh's personality reveals itself, the little bits of incidental autobiography, the witty, apt illustrations, will prevent the work itself from dying. To judge from a remark in the preface, the author intended at a later stage to concentrate his history with that mainly of his own country, and it would seem that the portion of the book published was to a great extent introductory. Great as were his powers and self-confidence, it must have been obvious to him that it would have been impossible for a man of his age (he was in his sixtieth year when he began the work) to complete a history of the whole world on the same scale, the first six books published reaching from the beginning of the world to the end of the second Macedonian war. In any case," adds Mr Hume, "the book will ever remain a noble fragment of a design, which could only have

been conceived by a master-mind." And who, recalling those mighty lines on death with which Raleigh bids farewell to his great work, but will agree with the above admirable criticism of the work?

"O Eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded: what now none hath dared thou hast done; and whom the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words: 'Hic Jacet.'" How noble, too, are the introductory lines to Ben Jonson, wherein he commends the serious study of history:

" . . . that nor the good might be defrauded, nor the great so cured;
But both might know their ways are understood,
And the reward and punishment assured."

No wonder that James disapproved of such sentiments and said of the "History," "it is too saucy in censuring the acts of princes."

To Raleigh, more than to any other of the great Elizabethan heroes, does England owe her mighty earth-embracing dominion. Sir Walter never ceased to urge the expansion of the empire, nor wearied in his efforts to make the English fleet the foremost in all the seas, not only as a check to Spain, but in order that the colonial possessions of the kingdom might be increased; and he, more than any of our great soldier-statesmen deserved those noble lines of Milton: "Those who of thy free Grace didst build up this Brittanick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie."

In 1616 Raleigh was allowed to leave the fortress, but, as I have said before, in order to obtain his liberty he had been obliged to bribe George Villiers and his brother, who had roused James's cupidity by persuading him that if Raleigh were allowed to lead a fresh expedi-

tion to the West Indies, he might return with a great treasure of which James would take the lion's share. A warrant, dated the 19th of March of this year, was drawn up, giving Raleigh permission to go abroad in order that he might make the necessary arrangements for his voyage. The twelve years of imprisonment had sadly marred and aged the gallant knight, but his spirit was as bold and courageous as ever, and he employed the first days of his liberty in revisiting his old London haunts; many changes must have struck him in the city. In Visscher's panoramic view of London, taken from Southwark nearly opposite to St Paul's, a very clear general impression may be gained of the appearance of the English capital in that year of sixteen hundred and sixteen, the year when Shakespeare was dying at Stratford-on-Avon, when Raleigh was on his way to his last journey across the Atlantic, and when Francis Bacon was writing his famous essays in Gray's Inn. Those quaint, circular, Martello-like buildings in the foreground are the Globe and Swan theatres, with the Bear Garden close by; but the former theatre, in Visscher's view, is not the one so intimately connected with Shakespeare, for that was burned down in 1613, and the building represented here is the new one erected upon its site. Opposite to the Swan Theatre, on the Surrey side of the river, are Paris Garden Stairs, where was a much frequented ferry, Blackfriars Bridge now spanning the river where this ferry once used to ply. There was also a theatre at Blackfriars, and Shakespeare and his players must often have used the ferry on their way from the Globe Theatre across the river from Blackfriars, where the poet lived. In front is old St Paul's, towering over all the surrounding buildings and dwarfing the highest; scores of spires and towers break the skyline as the eye follows the panorama towards the west, where stands the former old London Bridge, covered along its sides with picturesque houses. So large and

massive are the great blocks of gabled buildings that span the bridge, that it presents the appearance of a little town crossing the river, such as is the Ponte Vecchio at Florence in little. The gates at its ends are covered with men's heads, stuck all over their roofs like pins upon a pincushion. More steeples and towers crown the opposite bank, and as the eye travels farther eastward it is arrested by the Tower, with its encircling wall, and its river wharf all covered with cannon. The river is alive with vessels of every shape and size, State barges and little pinnaces, great galleons and small craft, appear in all directions, some with, some without sails. Beyond, the distant hills of Middlesex and Essex are dotted with villages and hamlets, whilst on the heights of Highgate cluster a group of windmills. It is a wonderful panorama that the old Dutch artist has handed down to us. Looking at it we see the same scene, the same picture of time-honoured churches and palaces, the noblest river in the world flowing beneath them, and bearing on its shining surface all the pleasure, commerce, industry, and travail of old London, that Shakespeare did, when, standing near his theatre at Bankside, he gazed upon that shifting scene. All is changed now, except the Tower. The great Gothic cathedral of St Paul's and most of its surrounding churches, whose towers and spires helped to make old London an object of beauty, perished in the great fire which swept over the city fifty years after Visscher drew his panorama. Old London Bridge escaped the fire, and indeed remained until 1834, although the houses clustering over it had been removed at the close of the reign of George II., and the only prominent building in the panorama which Shakespeare or Raleigh would now be able to recognise, could they look across the rivers Styx and Thames, would be the great White Tower with its surrounding lesser towers and battlements. All the rest, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," has passed away for ever.

But to return to Sir Walter Raleigh. He invested all that remained of his own and his wife's fortunes in furnishing the expedition to Guiana, which proved so disastrous, on which he now embarked. On his return, a ruined man and a prisoner, he expressed his amazement at having thus in one desperate bid placed his life and all that he possessed in that unlucky venture. But before Raleigh had left England, Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, had told his master, the King of Spain, that Raleigh was a pre-doomed man. For James had not only revealed every detail relating to the Guiana expedition to Gondomar, but on condition that if any subject or property belonging to Spain were touched he had promised to hand over Raleigh to the Spanish Government in order that he might be hanged at Seville. To assure Gondomar of his good faith, James actually showed the ambassador a private letter written him by Raleigh, in which the exact number of his ships, men, and the place where the great silver mine was said to be located on the Orinoco, were all set forth. As the Spaniards claimed the whole of Guiana, it was evident that if Raleigh landed there he must infringe upon the Spanish possessions, and thus place himself, according to James's promise to Gondomar, in the power of his enemies.

The expedition sailed from England at the end of March 1617, from Plymouth, and consisted of fourteen ships and nine hundred men. But its story was one of continued disaster, and on the 21st of June 1618, writing to his friend Lord Carew, Raleigh gives a detailed account of all his misfortunes. In the postscript he adds: "I beg you will excuse me to my Lords for not writing to them, because want of sleep for fear of being surprised in my cabin at night" (even on his own ship he was a prisoner, the crew having mutinied) "has almost deprived me of sight, and some return of the pleurisy which I had in the Tower has so weakened my hand that I cannot

hold the pen." Sir Walter's eldest son was killed gallantly fighting in Guiana.

Then followed a miserable time, and on his road to London the hope of life at times impelled him to attempt escape, but he was doomed to drink the bitter cup of his King's ingratitude to the dregs. On the 10th of August he again entered the Tower where so much of his life had been spent, and which was now to be his last abode on earth.

The next day the Council of State met to decide upon Sir Walter's fate, and incredible as it seems, it was actually debated whether Raleigh should be handed over to the tender mercies of the Spaniards or executed in London. Surely if what passed on this earth could have been known to Elizabeth, she would have burst her tomb at Westminster to protest against this abomination, this unspeakable shame and disgrace to the name of England.

James was now all impatience to get rid of Raleigh as quickly as possible; he trembled at the threats of Gondomar, and had the sapient monarch not given his word that Raleigh should die? The great difficulty before the Council, however, was to find a pretext for condemning Raleigh to death. Bacon and his colleagues racked their wise brains to invent a cause by which he could be found guilty of high treason. At length the Lord Chief-Justice, Montagu, with a committee of the Council decided that the King should issue a warrant for the re-affirmation of the death sentence given at Winchester in 1603, by which it might be made valid and carried out. Sir Walter pleaded that the King's commission appointing him head of the Guiana expedition with powers of life and death, invalidated the former sentence and its punishment, both in the eyes of justice and of reason. But Sir Walter was overruled. On the 24th of October the warrant for the execution was signed and sealed by the King, and four days later Sir Walter was taken from the Tower to the King's Bench. He



*Entrance to the Bloody Tower and Steps leading
to Raleigh's Walk*

was then suffering from ague, and having been roused from his sleep very early had not had time to have his now snow-white hair dressed with his usual care. One of his servants noticed this as he was being taken away, and telling him of it, Raleigh answered, smiling, "Let them kem (comb) it that have it," then he added, "Peter, dost thou know of any plaister to set a man's head on again when it is cut off?"

The end being now so certain and so near, the bright courage of the man returned; there was no shrinking with the closing scene so close at hand. He was not brought back to the Tower after his condemnation, and he passed his last night upon earth in the Gate House at Westminster, close to which the scaffold stood in Old Palace Yard. He had a last parting that evening with his devoted wife, his "dear Bess," but neither dared to speak of their only remaining son—that would have been too bitter a pang for them to bear. Sir Walter's last words to his wife were full of hope and courage: "It is well, dear Bess," he said, referring to Lady Raleigh having been promised his body next day, the only mercy allowed her by the Council, "that thou mayest dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive." Then she left him. During the long hours of that last night, he composed those beautiful lines which will last as long as the language in which they are written:

"Even such is time! who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust:
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from that earth, that grave, that dust,
The Lord shall raise me up I trust."

Raleigh wrote these lines in a Bible which he had brought with him from the Tower.

Carlyle has summed up Raleigh's life and death in the following pregnant lines, in his "Historical Sketches":—

"On the morning of the 29th of October 1618 in Palace Yard, a cold morning, equivalent to our 8th of November, behold Sir Walter Raleigh, a tall gray-headed man of sixty-five gone. He has been in far countries, seen the El Dorado, penetrated into the fabulous dragon-realms of the West, hanged Spaniards in Ireland, rifled Spaniards in Orinoco—for forty years in quest a most busy man; has appeared in many characters; this is his last appearance on any stage. Probably as brave a soul as lives in England;—he has come here to die by the headman's axe. What crime? Alas, he has been unfortunate: become an eyesore to the Spanish, and did not discover El Dorado mine. Since Winchester, when John Gibb came galloping (with a reprieve), he has been lain thirteen years in the Tower; the travails of that strong heart have been many. Poor Raleigh, toiling, travelling always: in Court drawing-rooms, on the hot shore of Guiana, with gold and promotions in his fancy, with suicide, death, and despair in clear sight of him; toiling till his brain is broken (his own expression) and his heart is broken: here stands he at last; after many travails it has come to this with him."

Sir Walter Raleigh died a martyr to the cause of a Greater Britain; his life thrown as a sop to the Spanish Cerberus by the most debased and ignoble of our kings. Raleigh's faults were undoubtedly many, but his great qualities, his superb courage, his devotion to his country, his faith in the future greatness of England, were infinitely greater, and outweighed a thousand times all his failings. The onus of the guilt of his death—a judicial murder if ever there was one—must be borne by the base councillors who truckled to the King, and by the King himself who, Judas-like, sold Raleigh to Spain.

Some less interesting State prisoners occupied the Tower towards the close of the inglorious reign of James Stuart. Among these were Gervase, Lord Clifford, imprisoned for threatening the Lord Keeper in 1617. Clifford committed suicide in the Tower in the following year. About the same time, Sir Thomas Luke, one of the Secretaries of State, and his daughter, were imprisoned in the Tower on the charge of insulting Lady Exeter, whom they accused of incest and witchcraft, but, whether the charges were true

or false, they were soon liberated. James's court seems to have combined all the vices, for Lord and Lady Suffolk were also prisoners in the fortress about the same time, accused of bribery and corruption.

To the Tower also were sent the two great lawyers—Lord Chancellor Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke—the former for having received bribes, the latter for the part he had taken in supporting the privileges of the House of Commons. Here, also, two noble lords, the Earl of Arundel and Lord Spencer, were in durance, owing to a quarrel between them in the House of Lords, when Arundel had insulted Spencer by telling him that at no distant time back his ancestors had been engaged in tending sheep, to which Lord Spencer responded: "When my ancestors were keeping sheep, yours were plotting treason." The dispute seems scarcely of sufficient importance to have sent both disputants to the Tower.

In 1622 the Earl of Oxford and Robert Philip, together with some members of Parliament, were sent to the fortress for objecting too publicly to the suggested marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., with a Spanish princess; and the Earl of Bristol was also in the Tower for matters connected with the same projected alliance. It was not always safe to have an opinion of one's own under James the First.

The last State prisoner of mark to be sent to the Tower in James's reign was Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, who had been found guilty of receiving bribes in his official capacity as Lord High Treasurer.

CHAPTER XIII

CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH

WITH the close of the reign of James I. the Tower ceased to be a royal residence—the Stuart kings, in fact, never passing more than a night or two in the old fortress prior to their coronation, after which they only visited it on very rare occasions. James himself only occupied the Tower-Palace on the eve of opening his first Parliament; and as the plague had broken out in the city at the time of Charles the First's coronation, that king did not even stay the previous night in the building, nor does he appear ever to have visited the fortress during the whole of his stormy reign of four and twenty years.

A very remarkable man occupied a prison in the Tower early in Charles's reign. This was Sir John Eliot, "fiery Eliot" Carlyle calls him. He was first of that noble band of patriots who defied Charles's tyranny, and had been sent to the Tower in the winter of 1624-25 for censuring Buckingham during Charles's second Parliament, but he remained there only a short time. In the March of 1628, however, Eliot, with a batch of independent members of the House of Commons—amongst whom were Denzil Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, and Heyman—was again imprisoned in the Tower. Eliot had boldly declared that the "King's judges, Privy Council, Judges and learned Council had conspired to trample under their feet the liberties of the subjects of the realm, and the liberties of the House." Denzil Holles and Valentine were the two members who had kept the Speaker in his chair by



The Byward Tower



main force ; the others were committed to prison for using language reflecting on the King and his Ministers. For the following three months these members of Parliament were kept in close confinement in the fortress, books and all writing materials being strictly kept from them. In May, Sir John Eliot was taken to Westminster, where an inquiry was held but no judgment given. After his return to the Tower, however, Eliot was allowed to write letters, and was also given "the liberty of the Tower," and permitted to see a few friends. In the month of October Eliot and the others were taken to the chambers of the Lord Chief-Justice, and thence to the Marshalsea Prison, a change which he jokingly described as having "left their Palace in London for country quarters at Southwark." Then they were tried, and Eliot, being judged the most culpable, was fined two thousand pounds, and ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. As for the fine, Eliot remarked that he "possessed two cloaks, two suits of clothes, two pairs of boots, and a few books, and if they could pick two thousand pounds out of that, much good might it do them." The fearless member never quitted the Tower again, for a galloping consumption carried him off two years after he had written the above lines. There can be no doubt that this consumption was not a little owing to the harsh treatment he endured. In 1630 he wrote to his friend Knightley, alluding to rumours of his being released. "Have no confidence in such reports ; sand was the best material on which they rested, and the many fancies of the multitude ; unless they pointed at that kind of libertie, 'libertie of mynde.' But other libertie I know not, having so little interest in her masters that I expect no service from her." His prison was frequently changed, and many restraints were put upon him, for, on the 26th of December, he writes to his old friend, the famous John Hampden, that his lodgings have been moved. "I am now," he says, "where candle-light may be suffered, but scarce fire. None

but my servants, hardly my sonne, may have admittance to me; my friends I must desire for their own sake to forbear coming to the Tower." Poor Eliot was dying fast in the year 1632, but his last letter to Hampden, dated the 22nd of March, is full of his old brave spirit, and the gentle humour that distinguished this great and good man. The letter concludes thus: "Great is the authority of princes, but greater much is theirs who both command our persons and our will. What the success of their Government will be must be referred to Him that is master of their power." The doctor had informed the authorities that any fresh air and exercise would help Eliot to live, but all the air they gave him was a "smoky room," and all the exercise, a few steps on the platform of a wall. On the 27th of November Eliot died, "not without a suspicion of foul play," wrote Ludlow some years afterwards.

Eliot's staunch friends, Pym and Hampden, moved in the House for a committee "to examine after what manner Sir John Eliot came to his death, his usage in the Tower, and to view the rooms and place where he was imprisoned and where he died, and to report the same to the House," a motion which shows how matters had changed for the better since the days of Elizabeth, none of whose Parliaments would have dared thus to question the treatment of State prisoners.

The blame of his untimely death—for he was but forty-two—rests upon those who let him die by inches in his prison as much as if they had beheaded him on Tower Hill. John Eliot died a martyr in the cause of constitutional liberty as opposed to monarchical autocracy. Eliot's son petitioned the King to be allowed to remove his father's body to their old Cornish home at St Germain's, but the vindictive and narrow-minded monarch, who would not even forgive Eliot after death had intervened, refused the prayer, writing at the foot of the petition, "Lett Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of the parish where he died." No stone marks the spot where he is

buried, and his dust mingles with that of the illustrious dead in St Peter's Chapel in the Tower, but his name will be remembered as long as liberty is loved in his native land.

We now come to a period of quite another sort.

In Carlyle's "Historical Sketches," John Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, is thus described :—"Short, swart figure, of military taciturnity, of Rhadamanthian energy and gravity. . . . Passing along Tower Hill one of these August days (in 1628) Lieutenant Felton sees a sheath-knife on a stall there, value thirteen pence, of short, broad blade, sharp trowel point." We know the use Felton made of that Tower Hill knife on his visit to Portsmouth, where Buckingham was then about to set sail for his second expedition to La Rochelle; how he stabbed the gay Duke to the heart, exclaiming, as he struck him: "God have mercy on thy soul!" how he was promptly arrested, brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower.

The reason, or reasons, for Felton killing Buckingham have never been made clear. He appears to have been a soured religious fanatic, but the crime was doubtless owing to some fancied injustice regarding his promotion in the army; and it has been thought that it was merely an act of private vengeance, rather than one of political significance. But after his arrest a paper was found fastened in Felton's hat, with the following writing upon it :—"That man is cowardly, base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman or soldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the sake of his God, King, and his countrie. Lett no man commend me for doing of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it, for if God hath not taken away our hearts for our sins, he would not have gone so long unpunished.—Jno. Felton." A sentiment which goes to show that Felton assassinated Buckingham with the fanatical idea of benefiting his country.

So hated was Buckingham by the people, that Felton passed into the Tower amid blessings and prayers. He

was placed in the prison lately occupied by Sir John Eliot in the Bloody Tower, and before his death made two requests—one, that he might be permitted to take the Holy Communion, and the other that he might be executed with a halter round his neck, ashes on his head, and sackcloth round his loins. On being threatened with the rack in order to induce him to give the names of his accomplices, Felton said to Lord Dorset that, in the first place, he would not believe that it was the King's wish that he should be tortured, it being illegal; and, secondly, that if he were racked, he would name Dorset, and none but him—a capital answer. When he was asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he answered: "I am sorry both that I have shed the blood of a man who is the image of God, and taken away the life of so near a subject of the King." As a last favour, he begged that his right hand might be struck off before he was hanged. He suffered at Tyburn, and his body was gibbeted in chains at Portsmouth. "His dead body," writes Evelyn, "is carried down to Portsmouth, hangs high there. I hear it creak in the wind." An eye-witness describes Felton as showing much courage and calm during his trial and at his death, and Philip, Earl of Exeter, who attended the execution, declared that he had never seen such valour and piety, "more temperately mixed," as in Felton's demeanour. This is surely one of the strangest mysteries in our history.

Prisoners still continued to come to the Tower, and in 1631, Mervin, Lord Audley, was executed on Tower Hill for a crime not of a political nature. Six years later a very distinguished ecclesiastic, John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, was imprisoned for four years within the Tower walls. Williams, who was a Privy Councillor, had repeated some remarks made by the King, in which His Majesty had advocated greater leniency in the treatment of the Puritans, and was accused of revealing Charles's private conversation, and being an enemy of Laud's was

very hardly dealt with in consequence. He was deposed from his bishopric, fined £10,000, and imprisoned in the Tower, where he caused some surprise, if not scandal, by not attending the church services in the fortress. However, after his release, Williams was reconciled to the King, and in 1641 became Archbishop of York. He had been successively Dean of Salisbury and Dean of Westminster, and had succeeded Bacon as Lord Chancellor in 1621, just before he had been appointed to the See of Lincoln. Williams certainly belonged to the Church Militant, and during the Civil War defended Conway Castle most gallantly for the royal cause. At the end of December 1641, he was back again in the Tower, with ten other Bishops who had protested that, owing to their being kept out of the House of Lords by the violence of the mob, all Acts passed during their absence were illegal. The Peers arrested the protesting Bishops on a charge of high treason; and on a very cold and snowy December night they were all sent to the Tower, where they remained until the May of 1642.

Lord Loudon, who had been sent by the Scottish Covenanters to Charles, had a narrow escape of leaving his head on Tower Hill in 1639. According to Clarendon, a letter was discovered of a treasonable nature, signed by Loudon, addressed to Louis XIII. of France, and Charles ordered Sir William Balfour, by virtue of a warrant signed by the royal hand, to have the Scottish lord executed the following morning. In this terrible dilemma Loudon bethought him of his friend, the Marquis of Hamilton, and gave the Lieutenant a message for that nobleman. Now it was one of the privileges of the Lieutenant of the Tower that he could at any time, or in any place, claim an audience with the sovereign. Hamilton persuaded Balfour to go with him to Charles, but on arriving at Whitehall, they found that the King had already retired for the night. Balfour, however, taking advantage of his privilege, entered the room with Hamilton, and together they besought

Charles to re-consider his decision, pointing out to him that Loudon was protected by his quality as Ambassador from the Scotch. The King, as was his wont, was obdurate. "No," he said; "the warrant must be obeyed." At length the Marquis, having begged in vain, left the chamber, saying, "Well, then, if your Majesty be so determined, I'll go and get ready to ride post for Scotland to-morrow morning, for I am sure before night the whole city will be in an uproar, and they'll come and pull your Majesty out of your palace. I'll get as far as I can, and declare to my countrymen that I had no hand in it." On hearing this, Charles called for the warrant and destroyed it. Loudon was soon afterwards released (Oldnixon's "History of the Stuarts").

Now comes the story of the last days of one of Charles's most noted counsellors—last days that, as in the case of many before him, were passed within the grim precincts of the Tower, and were the prelude to execution. On the 11th of November 1640, the Earl of Strafford was at Whitehall laying before Charles a scheme for accusing the heads of the parliamentary party of holding a treasonable correspondence with the Scotch army, then encamped in the North of England. Whilst he was with the King the news reached him that Pym at that very moment was impeaching him in the House of Commons on the charge of high treason. Strafford at once made his way to the House, but was not allowed to speak, and shortly afterwards heard his committal made out for the Tower. At the same time Archbishop Laud was arrested at Lambeth Palace, and carried off to the great State prison. "As I went to my barge," Laud writes in his diary, "hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there and prayed for my safety and return to my home." But neither he nor Strafford were ever to return to their homes. Perhaps Strafford's life might have been saved had it not been for the King's action, for when it became known that Charles had plotted with the hope of inducing the Scottish army

to march on London, seize the Tower and liberate Strafford, the great Earl was practically doomed. The city rose as one man, a huge mob surging round the Houses of Parliament and the Palace of Whitehall, shouting "Justice."

For fifteen days Strafford faced his accusers and judges at Westminster Hall, his defence being a splendid piece of oratory. He proved that on the ground of high treason his judgment would not count, and his judges were compelled to introduce an Act of Attainder in order to convict him; but for the next six months he was kept in the Tower, uncertain as to his ultimate fate until the 12th of May 1641, when the Bill of Attainder was passed by the Lords.*

Charles had sworn to Strafford that not a single hair of his head should be injured; but on the Earl writing to him and offering his life as the only means of healing the troubles of the country, the King yielded, and deserting his minister, gave his assent to the execution, and signed the warrant.

On the following morning Strafford was led out to die. There is no more dramatic episode in the great struggle between Charles and his people than that when Strafford, amidst his guards, passed beneath the gateway of the Bloody Tower, where, from an upper window, his old friend, Archbishop Laud, gave him his blessing. The Archbishop, overcome, sank back fainting into the arms of his attendants. "I hope," he is reported to have said, "by God's assistance and through mine own innocency that when I come to my own execution, I shall shew the

* In a series of fac-simile letters of illustrious personages published by John Thorne in 1793, is the following from Strafford to his wife. It is dated from the Tower the 4th February 1640—but this date is evidently a mistake, and 1641 must be the year:—

"Sweet Harte," he writes, "it is long since I writt unto you, for I am here in such trouble as gives me little or noe respekt. The Charges now cum in, and I am now able, prayse God, to tell you, that I conceive there is nothing Capitall, and for the rest I knowe at the worste his Ma.ty will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then we shall be happy by God's grace. Therefore, comfortt your self, for I trust these cloudes will pass away, and that we shall have faire weather afterwarde. Farewell.—Your loving husband,
STRAFFORD."

world how much more sensible I am to my Lord Strafford's loss than I am to my own."

Knowing how bitterly Strafford was hated by the people, the Lieutenant of the Tower invited him to drive to Tower Hill in his coach, fearing he might be torn to pieces if he went on foot. Strafford, however, declined the offer, saying, "No, Mr Lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and I trust the people too." With the Earl were the Archbishop of Armagh (Ussher), Lord Cleveland, and his brother, Sir George Wentworth. On reaching the scaffold Strafford made a short speech, followed by a long prayer, and giving his final messages for his wife and children to his brother, said: "One stroke more will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and will separate me from my dear brother and all my friends; but let God be to you and to them all in all." He then removed his doublet, and said, "I thank God that I am no more afraid of death, but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Then placing a white cap upon his head, and thrusting his long hair beneath it, he knelt down at the block, the Archbishop also kneeling on one side and a clergyman upon the other, the Archbishop clasping Strafford's hands in both his own. After they had left him Strafford gave the sign for the executioner to strike by thrusting out both his hands, and at one blow, "the wisest head in England," as John Evelyn, who was present, says, "was severed from his body." On that night London blazed with bonfires, and the people rejoiced as if in celebration of some great victory.

The great Earl's mistake was in serving and trusting such a king as Charles. Later on it transpired that Charles had a plan of removing Strafford from the Tower by throwing a hundred men into the fortress, thus relieving the Earl, and keeping possession of the Tower as a check upon the city. In pursuance of this plan, on the 2nd May 1641, Captain Billingsby with a force of one hundred

THE TRUE MANNER OF THE EXECUTION OF THOMAS EARLE OF STRAFFORD LORD
 Lieutenant of Ireland upon Tower-hill the 12th of May 1647.



Execution of the Earl of Strafford, May 12th 1647.



men presented himself at the gates of the Tower, but Sir William Balfour refused to admit them, and the King's scheme for taking the fortress fell to the ground.

The first beginnings of a Tower regiment, according to Mr J. H. Round, was the appointment of two hundred men as Tower Guards in 1640. In November of the same year Charles promised to remove this garrison, but he did not do so until the city offered to lend him £25,000, on the condition that these troops should be taken away, as well as the ordnance from the White Tower, which was a perpetual menace to the safety of the city. Aersen, the Dutch Ambassador, writing to his Government about this time, says, "*le dessein semble aller sur le tour.*" Still the King would not withdraw the soldiers or the cannon, and then the House of Lords expostulated with him, but Charles excused his breach of faith by saying that his object was merely to insure the safety of the stores and ammunition in the fortress.

After his plot to seize the Tower had been made public, the train bands belonging to the Tower Hamlets occupied and garrisoned the fortress. These train bands, as well as those of Southwark and Westminster, were distinct from the city train bands. On the 3rd of January 1642, the King made another attempt to garrison the Tower with his own troops, which also proved a failure. On this occasion Sir John Byron entered the fortress with a detachment of gunners and disarmed the men of the Tower Hamlets, but the city train bands came to the rescue, and Byron, with his gunners, had to beat a retreat. When, in 1642, the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Conyers, resigned his charge, the Parliament conferred the Lieutenancy upon the Lord Mayor of London. Later, in 1647, when the city had taken the side of the Parliament against the King, Fairfax was appointed Constable; the Constables had succeeded each other according to the chances which brought the King or the Parliament to the top, thus Lord Cottrington had been replaced by Sir

William Balfour, and he in his turn had given room to Sir Thomas Lumsford, a "soldier of fortune," writes Ludlow of him in his "Memoirs," "fit for any wicked design." Lumsford, so uncomplimentarily referred to by Ludlow, was supposed to be willing to act according to the King's good pleasure, and succeeded in making himself so unpopular with the Londoners, that they petitioned the House of Lords to beg the King to place the custody of the Tower in other hands, the Lord Mayor saying he could not undertake to prevent the apprentices from rising were Lumsford allowed to remain in office; so Charles unwillingly gave the keys of the fortress to the care of Sir John Byron. Byron, in his turn, was succeeded by Sir John Conyers, who had distinguished himself in the Scottish wars and had been Governor of Berwick; and after Conyers followed Lord Mayor Pennington,* "in order," as Clarendon writes, "that the citizens might see that they were trusted to hold their own reins and had a jurisdiction committed to them which had always checked their own." From 1643 to 1647 the Tower remained in the hands of the Parliament. In the latter year the army obtained the mastery, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Commander-in-Chief, became its Constable, under him being Colonel Tichbourne as Lieutenant of the fortress. Shortly after the King's execution, however, Fairfax resigned his post of Constable, none other than Cromwell, himself, stepping into the vacant place.

But we must return to Archbishop Laud, who for four years was a prisoner in the Bloody Tower in the prison chamber over the gateway of that gloomy building.

In his diary, the Archbishop has left a minute account of a domiciliary visit paid him by William Prynne in 1643. The Archbishop's trial being determined on by the House

* Sir Isaac Pennington was a fishmonger, and elected Alderman of the Ward of Bridge Without, January 29th, 1638; and became Lord Mayor, 1641-42. He was one of the Commissioners who sat upon the trial of Charles I., for which he was condemned to death at the Restoration, but was not executed. He was sent to the Tower August 25th, 1660, where he died on the 17th of the following December.

of Lords, Prynne was commissioned by the Peers to obtain Laud's private papers. "Mr Prynne," writes the Archbishop, "came into the Tower with other searchers as soon as the gates were open. Other men went to other prisoners; he made haste to my lodging, commanded the warder to open my doors, left two musketeer centinels below, that no man might go in or out, and one at the stairhead. With three others, which had their muskets already cocked, he came into my chamber, and found me in bed, as my servants were in theirs. I presently thought on my blessed Saviour when Judas led in the swords and staves about him."—This surely is rather a bold comparison for an Archbishop to make?—"Mr Prynne, seeing me safe in bed, falls first to my pockets to rifle them; and by that time my two servants came running in half ready. I demanded the sight of his warrant; he shewed it to me, and therein was expressed that he should search my pockets. The warrant came from the close committee, and the hands that were to it were these: E. Manchester, W. Saye, and Seale, Wharton, H. Vane, Gilbert Gerard, and John Pym. Did they remember when they gave their warrant how odious it was to Parliament, and some of themselves, to have the pockets of men searched? When my pockets had been sufficiently ransacked, I rose and got my clothes about me, and so, half ready, with my gown about my shoulders, he held me in the search till half-past nine of the clock in the morning. He took from me twenty and one bundles of papers which I had prepared for my defence; two Letters which came to me from his gracious Majesty, about Chartham and my other benefices; the Scottish service books or diary, containing all the occurrences of my life, and my book of private devotions, both which last were written through with my own hand. Nor could I get him to leave this last, but he must needs see what passed between God and me, a thing, I think, scarce offered to any Christian. The last place that he rifled was my trunk, which stood by my bedside. In that he

found nothing, but about forty pounds in money, for my necessary expenses, which he meddled not with, and a bundle of some gloves. This bundle he was so careful to open, so that he caused each glove to be looked into. Upon this I tendered him one pair of gloves, which he refusing, I told him he might take them, and fear no bribe, for he had already done me all the mischief he could, and I asked no favour of him, so he thanked me, took the gloves, bound up my papers, left two centinels at my door, and went his way."—(From "Troubles and Trials of Archbishop Laud.")

Prynne, whose ears Laud had been the means of cutting off some half-dozen years before, must have enjoyed this visit to his old foe. On the 10th of March 1643, the Archbishop was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall, but amongst all the charges brought against him none could be considered as proving him guilty of high treason. Serjeant Wild was obliged to admit this, but said that when all the Archbishop's transgressions of the law were put together they made "many grand treasons." To this Laud's counsel made answer, "I crave you mercy, good Mr Serjeant, I never understood before this that two hundred couple of black rabbits made a black horse."—(In Archbishop Tennison's MSS. in Lambeth Library. Quoted by Bayley.)

Laud's trial lasted for twenty days, the chief accusation brought against him being that he had "attempted to subvert religion and the fundamental laws of the realm." The outcome of the trial was that Laud was beheaded on Tower Hill on 10th of January 1644. Laud was a strange compound of bigotry and intolerance, of courage and of devotion to what he considered to be the true Church, and of which he seemed to regard himself as a kind of Anglican Pope. His life and character are enigmas to those who study them, and his death became him far better than his life had done.

Carlyle, in a delightful passage in his posthumously



WILLIAM LAUD

*Aerts Bisschop van Cantelbury, binnen Londen
Onthalf den 10 January. Anno 1645*

Arat Pieters Excuat

published "Historical Studies," writes: "Future ages, if they do not, as is likelier, totally forget 'W. Cant,' will range him under the category of Incredibilities. Not again in the dead strata which lie under men's feet, will such a fossil be dug up. This wonderful wonder of wonders, were it not even this, a zealous Chief Priest, at once persecutor and martyr, who has no discernible religion of his own?" "No one," said Laud, when told of the day on which he was to die, "no one can be more ready to send me out of life than I am to go." Indeed, no one could have left life in a calmer or more tranquil manner than did the Archbishop. It must be a great support to have a sublime opinion of oneself, and if ever man had a sublime opinion of himself it was Laud. The comparison he made in his diary, and which I have already quoted, between his Saviour and himself—between Prynne-Judas and Laud-Christ—proves the ineffable self-conceit of the prelate.

The fact that he himself was notoriously indifferent, if not callous, to the sufferings of others, has destroyed all the sympathy that might have been felt for this strange character in his fall and tribulations. For a mere difference of opinion Laud would order ears to be lopped off, noses slit, and brows and cheeks to be branded with red-hot iron. His best and most enduring monument is the addition he made to St John's College at Oxford, of which he was at one time the president, and in whose chapel his remains were re-interred, after resting for a time in the Church of All Hallows, Barking, and in the library of which his spectre is said to be seen occasionally gliding on moonlight nights, between the old bookshelves.

After the month of August 1642, when Charles had unfurled his standard at Nottingham, the Tower, although nominally still in the King's possession, was in reality held by the Parliament; and its prisoners were those who were opposed to the representatives of the people. Among these was Sir Ralph Hopton, who had protested against

a violent address made by the Parliament against Charles, Sir Ralph having declared that his fellow-members "seemed to ground an opinion of the King's apostacy upon less evidence than would serve to hang a fellow for stealing a horse." This remark brought him to the Tower, where he was soon joined by another member of Parliament, Trelawney (or Trelauney), who had informed the House of Commons that they could not legally appoint a guard of troops for themselves without the King's assent, under pain of high treason (Clarendon).

Sir Ralph, afterwards Lord Hopton of Stratton, distinguished himself later in the war in the West of England, where he had much success, and with the help of Sir Beville Grenville, gained a signal victory over the Parliamentarians at Stamford Hill, near Stratton, in Cornwall. Fairfax, however, ultimately proved too strong for him, and finally Hopton left England, dying at Bruges in 1652.

Besides these, Sir Thomas Bedingfield and Sir James Gardner were committed to the Tower by the House of Lords, "for refusing to be of the counsel of the Attorney-General," whilst the Earl of Bristol and Judge Mallet followed them to the fortress, "merely for having seen the Kentish petition." This petition was drawn up by the principal inhabitants of that county, praying, "that the militia might not otherwise be exercised in that county than the known law permitted, and that the Book of Common Prayer, established by law, might be observed." Lord Bristol soon obtained his liberty, but Mallet was kept a prisoner for two years on the charge of being "a fomentor and protector of malignant factions against the Parliament" (Clarendon).

In the same year, Sir Richard Gurney, Lord Mayor of London, was sent to the Tower on the charge of having caused the King's proclamation against the militia, and for suppressing petitions to Parliament, to be published in the city. Sir Richard was dismissed from his mayoralty, and imprisoned during the pleasure of the House. Another

Lord Mayor, loyal to the cause of the King, Sir Abraham Reynoldson, was, six years later, also a prisoner in the Tower; but his incarceration lasted only two months, whilst Gurney, it seems, remained for several years in the fortress. The Parliament meted out heavy punishment for "opinions," Lord Montagu of Boughton, the Earl of Berkshire, and some Norfolk squires, being likewise sent to the Tower on a charge of favouring the King's side, and of being hostile to the Parliament. In 1643 Justice Berkeley was imprisoned by order of the Lords on a charge of high treason, and also a Mr Montagu, a "messenger" from the French Court to the King.

At this time whole batches of Cavaliers began to be frequently brought to the Tower. Of these, Sir William Moreton, who was captured at the fall of Sudeley Castle, of which he was the governor, remained a prisoner until the Restoration, when he was made a judge. Another was Daniel O'Neale, who had greatly distinguished himself on the royal side in the Scottish war, and later in England. He was committed to the Tower on the invariable charge of high treason, but, like Lord Nithsdale, about half-a-century later, he managed to break his prison in female attire, and succeeded in reaching Holland, whence he returned to serve under Rupert as a lieutenant-colonel in the Prince's cavalry. According to Clarendon, O'Neale became a celebrated adept in court intrigue in the time of Charles II.

In this year (1643), Sir John Conyers was in command of the fortress, having received the charge from the Parliament in the hope that he would be gained over to that side. On being asked to take the command of the Parliamentary army, Conyers, however, declined, his refusal causing so much annoyance to the leaders of that party that he thought it more prudent to resign his charge of the Tower, being, as Clarendon puts it, too conscientious, "to keep His Majesty's only fort which he could not apply to his services." His place, as has already

been said, was given to Sir Isaac Pennington, Lord Mayor of London.

In 1644, Sir John Hotham, and his son, Captain Hotham, who had been imprisoned in the Tower in the preceding summer on the charge of intending to surrender the town of Hull to the King, were both beheaded on Tower Hill. Hotham may be described as the Bazaine of the Parliament. The town of Hull was the greatest magazine of arms and ammunition in England. Charles had in vain summoned Hotham, who was the Governor for the Parliament, to surrender the town, and on his refusal had declared him a traitor. There is little doubt that both Hotham and his son were Royalists at heart, and both were convicted of having entered into a correspondence with the King's party in order to come to terms for the surrender of the town and arsenal to the Royalist forces.

Another governor—Sir Alexander Carew, who held Plymouth for the Parliament—was beheaded in the same month as the Hothams for a like "intention." Carew is said to have been decapitated with the same axe with which Strafford was killed, and it was reported that at the time of Strafford's trial, Carew had said that sooner than not vote for the Earl's death, he would be ready to be the next man to suffer on the same scaffold, and with the same axe: a wish which was literally fulfilled. (Dugdale's "Short View of the Late Troubles.")

By one of those strange vagaries of fortune which are the characteristic of the history of this period, and in which the Tower played its accustomed part of imprisonment, George Monk, the future Duke of Albemarle, and one of the makers of our history, was imprisoned in the Tower for three years after his capture by Fairfax at the siege of Nantwich. He was a colonel at the time, and only regained his freedom by consenting to take the command of the Parliamentary forces sent to Ireland (Ludlow's *Memoirs*).

Two of Monk's fellow-prisoners, Lord Macquire and

Colonel MacMahon, who had both been fighting on the Royalist side in Ireland, made a desperate attempt to escape from the Tower in this same year (1644). They succeeded in sawing through their prison door and lowered themselves by a rope, which they had been enabled to find through directions written on a slip of paper that had been placed in a loaf of bread, sent to them by some of their friends. They got down into the moat, across which they swam, but were taken on the other side and hanged at Tyburn in February 1645, although Macquire pleaded that, as an Irish peer, he had the right of dying by the axe and not by the halter. For allowing the escape of these officers from their prison chamber the Lieutenant of the Tower was fined heavily.

That splendid cavalier, "Old Loyalty," as he was proudly called, John Paulett, Marquis of Worcester, who had defended Baring House so long and so well, came a prisoner into the Tower in this same year, accompanied by Sir Robert Peake, who had aided him in the defence of his home, and who had also been taken prisoner after the storming of the place. They were followed by Sir John Strangways, who had been taken at the siege of Cardiff. In 1647 Sir John Maynard, Serjeant Glynn, the Recorder of London, and the Lord Mayor, Sir John Gayre, with some of his aldermen and sheriffs, were in the Tower, and amongst the Royalists who were brought to the fortress as Charles's fate was closing over him, were the Earl of Cleveland, Judge Jenkins, Sir Lewis Davies, and Sir John Stowell.

At the time of the King's death on the scaffold in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, many of his most devoted adherents were close prisoners in the Tower, among them being James, Duke of Hamilton, one of Charles's closest friends, who had made a rash attempt to invade England in 1648, and, meeting Cromwell, was defeated and made prisoner at Uttoxeter. For fellows in misfortune the Duke had George Goring, Earl of

Norwich, Lord Capel, and the Earl of Holland—taken after the surrender of Colchester Castle—and Sir John Owen. The imprisonment of captured Royalists by the Parliament was but too often the prelude to their execution, but before the Duke and Lord Holland were beheaded, much interest was made to save them—more particularly Lord Holland; but Cromwell was obdurate, and they were both put to death in New Palace Yard. Lord Capel had succeeded in getting out of his prison. There is an interesting account of his escape and recapture given by Lord Clarendon in his “History,” and, although lengthy, may be quoted here as throwing an interesting light upon those times of revolution. “The Lord Capel, shortly after he was brought prisoner to the Tower from Windsor Castle, had, by a wonderful adventure, having a cord and all things necessary conveyed to him, let himself down out of the window of his chamber in the night, over the wall of the Tower, and had been directed through what part of the ditch he might be best able to wade. Whether he found the right place, or whether there was no safer place, he found the water and the mud so deep, that if he had not been by the head taller than other men, he must have perished, since the water came up to his chin. The way was so long to the other side, and the fatigue of drawing himself out of so much mud so intolerable, that his spirits were near spent, and he was once ready to call out for help, as thinking it better to be carried back to the prison, than to be found in such a place, from whence he could not extricate himself, and where he was ready to expire. But it pleased God that he got at last to the other side, where his friends expected him, and carried him to a chamber in the Temple, where he remained two or three nights secure from any discovery, notwithstanding the diligence that could not be used to recover a man they designed to use no better. After two or three days a friend whom he trusted much, and who had deserved to be trusted, conceiving he might be more

secure in a place to which there was less resort, and where there were so many harboured who were every day sought after, had provided a lodging for him in a private house in Lambeth Marsh; and calling upon him in an evening when it was dark, to go thither, they chose rather to take a boat they found ready at the Temple Stairs, than to trust one of that people with their secret, and it was so late that there was only one boat left there. In that the Lord Capel (as well disguised as he thought necessary) and his friend put themselves, and bid the waterman to row them to Lambeth. Whether, in their passage thither, the other gentleman called him 'my lord,' as was confidently repeated, or whether the waterman had any jealousy by observing what he thought was a disguise, when they were landed, the wicked waterman undiscerned followed them, till he saw into what house they went; and then went to an officer and demanded: 'What he would give him to bring him to the place where Lord Capel lay?' And the officer promising to give him ten pounds, he led him presently to the house, where that excellent person was seized upon, and the next day carried to the Tower."

Lord Capel was after this sentenced to be hanged, but this was commuted to his being beheaded, the sentence being carried out in front of Westminster Hall on the 9th March 1649. Clarendon writes of him as being, "the noblest champion his party possessed; a man in whom the malice of his enemies could discover very few faults, and whom his friends could not wish better accomplished." Arthur Capel had been created Baron Capel of Hadham in Hertfordshire by Charles I., and his son, Arthur, was created Earl of Essex by Charles II., coming, as we shall see, to a tragic end in the Tower in that monarch's reign.

Sir John Owen, that gallant Welsh knight, who had fought long and valiantly for the Royal cause, was taken prisoner at the engagement near Llandegas, and was imprisoned with the Duke of Hamilton and his fellow-

Cavaliers at Windsor Castle before going to the Tower. At his trial Owen told his judges "that he was a plain gentleman of Wales, who had been taught to obey the King; that he had served him honestly during the war, and finding that many honest men endeavoured to raise forces whereby he might get out of prison, he did the like." When he was condemned to be beheaded, he made his judges a low bow and said: "It was a great honour to a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords; for, by God," he added, "he was afraid they would have hanged him." But the gallant old Cavalier did not lose his head, for Ireton stood up in the House and said that although the noble lords who had been condemned to death had many advocates, plain Sir John Owen had not one to speak for him. Ireton interceded so well, that Sir John was pardoned, and after a few months' imprisonment in the Tower, was released. He went back to his beloved country, where he died in 1666, and rests in the church of Penmorven, in his native county of Carnarvonshire.

The execution of the other Cavaliers caused much indignation, and, as was the fashion of the times, some pamphlets were written on the subject against those in power, Colonel John Lilburne being the most prominent of the pamphleteers. He, with three other writers, Walwayn, Prince, and Overton, were sent to the Tower by order of the Parliament for writing against its authority. Lilburne was banished the country, the others were liberated. The Colonel, who was known as "Freeborn John," was a born pamphleteer, and no amount of prisons or pillories stopped his output of what was certainly seditious matter. There is a strong resemblance between "Freeborn John" and the French pamphleteer, Rochefort, of our own time, for whatever Government was in power he opposed it by his writings. In later life he became a Quaker, because he was determined to enjoy what he considered "Christian Liberty."

The Parliament met with considerable opposition from the Lord Mayor of the city. In 1648 Lord Mayor Sir Abraham Reynardson was kept prisoner in the Tower for two months, because he refused to publish in the city the Ordinance of the House of Commons, abolishing the title of King. Sir Abraham was one of the city worthies. He had been Master of the Merchant Taylors Company in 1640-41, and had filled the highest civic post in the city for six months prior to his imprisonment, and had valiantly resisted the "turbulent disorders," and the tyranny of the Rump Parliament, which had tried in vain to force the Corporation of London to follow its commands. Sir Abraham was not only imprisoned, but was also fined £2000, and degraded from the office of Lord Mayor. Reynardson's generosity was great, and he is reported to have spent £20,000 whilst he was Lord Mayor, not inclusive of the heavy fine. But his loyalty to the Crown was unshaken, and he most willingly suffered both loss of office and fortune in the Royalist cause. His portrait, recently acquired by the Company of Merchant Taylors, is one of the most interesting features of their splendid hall. Sir Abraham was re-elected to the Lord Mayoralty on the return of Charles II. (see C. M. Clode's "Memoirs of Sir A. Reynardson"). The list of Royalist prisoners gained additions almost every month. At this time an agent of the young King's, named Penruddock, was in the Tower with Sir John Gell, Colonel Eusebius Andrews, and Captains Benson and Ashley. Colonel Andrews, an old Royalist, was beheaded on Tower Hill; Gell, who was a Parliamentary General, and who left some interesting memoirs of the Civil War, was released after an imprisonment of two years. Benson was hanged at Tyburn, and Ashley was liberated. All these were suspected of plotting against the Parliament, and to them may be added Lords Beauchamp, Bellasis, and Chandos, committed to the Tower by the Council of State, "upon the suspicion of designing new troubles." Lord Howard

of Escrick and a minister named Love were in the Tower at the same period—the former, who was a member of Parliament, being imprisoned on a charge of bribery whilst contesting the city of Carlisle; he was dismissed the House and fined £10,000. The minister, Christopher Love, had been a preacher at St Anne's, Aldersgate, and St Lawrence's, Jewry, and was the author of many theological works. After the death of Charles the First he became as violent a Royalist as he had been a republican, and was found to be in correspondence with Charles the Second. His pardon was eagerly begged by many London parishes, and by no less than fifty-four of the clergy, but all they could get was a respite for a month, and Love was beheaded in July 1651. His execution caused much stir, as is proved by the fact that a Dutch allegorical engraving was made of the scene, an engraving which, after those of the executions of Strafford and Laud, is the earliest representation of an execution on Tower Hill in existence. Lord Clarendon writes that "when Love was on the scaffold he appeared with a marvellous undauntedness." In the same year, after the Battle of Worcester, the Tower was filled with the captured Royalists from that disastrous fight. With these came the Earls of Lauderdale, Kelly, and Rothes, General Massey and General Middleton, the earls being soon removed to Windsor Castle, where they remained prisoners until the Restoration. The two generals were enabled to escape from the Tower, and joined Charles in Paris, "to the grief and vexation of the very soul of Cromwell," writes Clarendon. These constant escapes from the Tower during the power of the Parliament and the Commonwealth would seem to point to great laxity in its protection, or to sympathy on the part of its guardians with the prisoners.

In the September of the following year the famous Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, and Earl of Glamorgan, was a prisoner of the Commonwealth in the Tower. It was he who, with much show of probability,

is supposed to have come within reasonable distance of inventing the steam-engine. He published in 1665 a book with a long title, which may be abbreviated into "A Century of Invention," which Horace Walpole unkindly called "an amazing piece of folly." Worcester died in 1667, and the model of his steam-engine is supposed to have been buried with him.

During the closing years of the Protectorate most of the State prisoners in the Tower were those implicated in schemes for assassinating Cromwell. One of these schemes, in 1654, brought Lord Oxford, Sir Richard Willis, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, and his brother, John Gerrard, with other Cavaliers, to the fortress, charged with belonging to a set of conspirators who aimed at taking the Protector's life. It was proved that they had met at a tavern where it was proposed to kill Cromwell, seize the Tower, and proclaim Prince Charles king. One of the conspirators, named Fox, turned what would now be called king's evidence, with the result that two of his fellow-conspirators were executed—Vowel, who was hanged at Charing Cross, and John Gerrard, who was beheaded on Tower Hill.

In the following year Cromwell made a raid among the officers of the Cavalier party, many of whom were seized and cashiered, Major-General Overton being sent to the Tower. Two other generals came there to bear him company in the same year, Generals Penn and Venables. They had made a disastrously unsuccessful expedition to the West Indies, which so exasperated Cromwell that on their return he ordered both of them to be imprisoned. A year later the Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to release "one that goes by the name of Lucy Barlow, who for some time hath been a prisoner in the Tower of London. She passeth under the character of Charles Stuart's wife; and hath a young son whom she openly declareth to be his; and it is generally believed; the boy being very like him; and both the mother and child provided for by him" ("Mer-

curis Politicus," 1656). This Lucy Barlow was better known later on as Lucy Walters, and her son, who was then, and for some time to come, known by the name of James Crofts, became Duke of Monmouth.

Clarendon describes at some length the strange story of the death in the Tower, in 1657, of Miles Syndercombe, once an intimate friend of Cromwell's, but who for some unknown reason became involved in one of the many plots for assassinating the Protector. Syndercombe was sentenced to death, and it being expected that an attempt at his rescue might take place, he was most carefully guarded in his prison. On the morning of the day fixed for the execution, however, Syndercombe was found dead in his bed, but nevertheless the corpse was dragged at a horse's tail to the place of execution, a stake being driven through it after it was buried: Cromwell's enemies accused him of having caused his former friend to be poisoned.

Cromwell, who, with all his natural courage lived in constant terror of assassination, in 1658 ordered all Royalists to live twenty miles away from London, and sent Colonel Russell, Sir William Compton, and Sir William Clayton, together with Henry Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough's brother, to the Tower. Mordaunt had been in the young King's employment, and, with a Dr Hewet, was put upon his trial for conspiracy. Mordaunt was acquitted, but Hewet was found guilty, and beheaded on Tower Hill. Another eminent Royalist, Sir Henry Slingsby, a great Yorkshire magnate who had fought for Charles, was also beheaded in the same year.

During the short interval that elapsed between the death of Cromwell in September 1658 and the return of Charles II. in May 1660, the Tower contained many important prisoners. Among them were Lady Mary Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and another lady, a Mrs Sumner, both of whom appear to have been mixed up in Mordaunt's conspiracy against Cromwell, as well as a Mr Ernestus Byron and a Mr

Harlow for the same cause. Other Royalists then in the fortress were Lord Falkland, Lord Delaware, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lords Falconbridge, Bellasis, Charles Howard, and Castleton, who had all taken part in a Royalist rising in Cheshire under the leadership of Sir George Booth. None of these, however, suffered more than a short imprisonment.

While the faction of the Parliament was making a desperate stand against the military party in the government of the country, an attempt was made by the former to seize the Tower. "The Lieutenant, Colonel Fitz, had consented that Colonel Okey, with 300 men, should be dispersed in the vicinity prepared for the enterprise, promising that on a certain day he would cause the gates to be opened at an early hour for the passage of the Colonel's carriage, at which time Colonel Okey with his men, embracing the opportunity, might seize the guards and make themselves masters of the place. This plot, however, was discovered, and on the night before its intended execution Colonel Desborough being despatched from the Army, with a body of horse, changed the guards, seized the Lieutenant, and placed a fresh garrison in the Tower under the command of Colonel Miller" (Ludlow's "Memoirs").

Shortly after this episode, and during a disturbance amongst the soldiers there, Lenthal, the Speaker of the House of Commons, proceeded to the Tower, and removing the Lieutenant, who had been appointed by the Committee of Safety, conferred the government of the fortress upon Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper. But when General Monk declared for the King, that officer seized the fortress in the name of his royal master, released many of the prisoners, and placed in it a garrison commanded by Major Nicholson.

It was now the turn of the Royalists, and in the month of March 1660, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge and Colonel John Lambert were placed in the Tower because they had

opposed Monk's design for the restoration of the King, an event which showed the other members of the Committee in which direction the wind was blowing, and they made an attempt to secure the Tower by victualling the fortress, with the intention of standing a siege if it were necessary. Ludlow proposed that a force of two thousand men should join Colonel Morley's regiment in the Tower, that the building itself should be stored with provisions for six months, and that two thousand sailors should also be placed within its walls as an additional security for its defence. This scheme, however, came to nothing.

Samuel Pepys has given a description of how Lambert escaped from his prison in the Tower, "The manner of the escape of John Lambert out of the Tower, as related by Rugge:—That about eight of the clock at night he escaped by a rope tied fast to his window, by which he slid down, and in each hand he had a handkerchief; and six men were ready to receive him, who had a barge to hasten him away. She who made the bed, being privy to his escape, that night, to blind the warder when he came to lock the chamber door, went to bed, and possessed Colonel Lambert's place and put on his night-cap. So, when the said warder came to lock the door according to his usual manner, he found the curtains drawn, and conceiving it to be Colonel Lambert, he said, 'Good-night, my lord.' To which a seeming voice replied, and prevented all further jealousies. The next morning, on coming to unlock the door, and espying her face, he cried out, 'In the name of God, Joan, what makes you here? Where is my Lord Lambert?' She said, 'He is gone; but I cannot tell whither.' Whereupon he caused her to rise and carried her before the officer in the Tower, and (she) was committed to custody. Some said that a lady knit for him a garter of silk, by which he was conveyed down, and that she received £100 for her pains."

Lambert was, however, retaken by Colonel Ingoldsby in Warwickshire, together with some other Roundhead



Vaulting in the Cradle Tower

officers who had joined him, and he was again placed in the Tower. At the Restoration he was banished to Guernsey, where he remained a prisoner until his death in 1683. Lambert had a high military reputation amongst the Roundheads, and had contributed greatly to the victory at Naseby, as well as defeating the Royalists both in Scotland and in the Midlands: his fame was such that Cromwell was supposed to have been somewhat jealous of his successes.

CHAPTER XIV

CHARLES II.

IMMEDIATELY after the return of Charles II. in the month of May 1660, the trials and executions of the late King's judges began. The first of the regicides to be sent to the Tower was Major-General Thomas Harrison, who was committed for high treason on 19th May, and on the 11th of the following October, drawn on a hurdle to Charing Cross, and there hanged and quartered. Harrison, who was the son of a Nantwich butcher, and had been bred for the law, had been useful to the Protector in keeping down the Presbyterian faction. He died stoutly asserting the righteousness of the cause for which he suffered. The same fate befell Gregory Clement and Colonel John James, both members of the High Court of Justice which had condemned Charles I. Clement had succeeded in hiding himself in a house near Gray's Inn, but was discovered and brought before the Commissioners of the Militia, to whom, however, he was not known by sight. He would probably have escaped, when it chanced that a blind man came into the room as Clement was quitting it, and recognised him by his voice, upon which Clement was arrested and sent to the Tower (Ludlow's "Memoirs"). Among the other regicides confined within the Tower during that summer were Colonel Bamfield, Colonel Hunks, Colonel Phair, Francis Corker, Captain Hewlet, and John Cook, the last of whom had conducted the prosecution against the King. Hewlet was accused of having been one of the masked executioners at Whitehall, but this was never proved.

James Harrington, the author of the political romance called "The Commonwealth of Oceana," was imprisoned in the Tower early in this reign. He became insane, and was transferred from prison to prison. His book, by which he was made famous, laid down a plea for a lasting republic, the government of which was to be maintained by rotation. This unhappy author died in 1677, and was laid near Sir Walter Raleigh in St Margaret's, Westminster.

In the same summer of Charles's restoration, the Marquis of Argyll, who was shortly afterwards beheaded at Edinburgh, was a prisoner in the Tower charged with high treason, and with having sided with Cromwell; with him was the Marquis of Antrim. The Laird of Swinton was another prisoner of this year, being imprisoned upon various charges, one of which was that he intended to kill the King whilst pretending to be touched by Charles for "the evil"—*i.e.* scrofula; and also for deserting the army at the Battle of Dunbar.

The next illustrious name that one comes to in the portentous annals of the Tower is that of Sir Harry Vane, whose death was a monstrous injustice, Charles confessing as much when he himself said of Vane that "he was too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way." Although Vane had much to do in bringing Strafford to his death, he was not in any way concerned with the execution of Charles I., and had, on the contrary, always been opposed to that great mistake. However, in the month of July 1660, he was sent to the Tower, whence he was taken to be imprisoned in the Scilly Isles, then brought back to the Tower in March 1662, and beheaded on Tower Hill in that same year. At his trial he had pleaded Charles's promise of a "merciful indemnity to all those not immediately concerned in his father's death," which should, at any rate, have saved Sir Harry from the scaffold. But Vane was too good a man for Charles to tolerate, and his execution was a judicial murder of the basest kind. Both Houses of Parliament had voted

for an Act of Indemnity in Vane's favour, but they were over-ruled by the King and his creatures. Pepys took the trouble to rise early on the morning of the 14th of June to see Vane's execution. "Up by four o'clock in the morning and upon business in my office. Then we sat down to business, and about eleven o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower Hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Harry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriffe and others there, and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him (reporters?) to be given to the Sheriffe, and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done." Sir Harry had been a thorn in Cromwell's flesh, and the Protector's exclamation, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" is historical.

To return to the year 1660, Colonels Axten and Hacker, the latter of whom had commanded the guard at the King's trial and at his execution, together with one of his judges, Thomas Scott, were hanged at Charing Cross.

In October of the same year, Henry Martin, one of the most prominent of the regicides, was imprisoned for life, and died twenty years later in Chepstow Castle. Another was General Edmund Ludlow, author of the "Memoirs," who died in Switzerland, after an exile of thirty-two years. Some twenty persons in all were executed in the most brutal fashion, while the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and the greatest sailor that England ever had before Nelson, Blake, were torn from their graves in the Abbey, gibbeted at Tyburn, and buried beneath the gallows, Cromwell's head having been cut from the body and stuck up on Westminster Hall.



Old Cannon and Mortars on the west side of the White Tower

Charles's government respected neither the dead nor the rights of nations in the matter of taking vengeance upon the late King's judges.

On the 22nd of April 1661, Charles left Whitehall in state for the Tower, to prepare for his coronation in the Abbey the following day, as was the custom. Charles the Second was the last of our sovereigns to sleep in the Tower on the eve of his coronation, he being lodged that night in the royal apartments on the southern side of the White Tower, the greater part of the Palace, including the Great Hall, having been pulled down during the Protectorate.

We will let Pepys recount the procession from the Tower—where, as was also the custom, Charles had created a number of Knights of the Bath—to Whitehall. “Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters, and his son and wife, and Sir W. Penn, and his son and I, went to Mr Young's, the flagmaker, in Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of the day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes, among others my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave show of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represented the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops came next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being the Master of the Horse; the King, in a most rich and embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow

the vintner (Wadlow was the original of 'Sir Simon the King,' the favourite air of Squire Western in 'Tom Jones') at the Devil in Flete Streete, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. Then followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took much notice of, and spoke to her, which made good sport among us. Glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window."

Another contemporary writer says: "Even the vaunting French confessed their pomps of the late marriage with the Infanta of Spain (the wedding of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain) at their Majesties' entrance into Paris, to be inferior in state, gallantry, and riches, to this most glorious cavalcade from the Tower."

The same year that saw the coronation of Charles witnessed a strange form of punishment to three prisoners in the Tower. These were Lord Monson, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Robert Wallop, who were imprisoned for holding republican views. They were sentenced to lose their rank, to be drawn on hurdles to Tyburn from the Tower and back again, and imprisoned for life.

A large number of other political prisoners were sent to the different prisons throughout the country, and many were also shipped off to the Pacific Islands, where they were sold as slaves. Perhaps the worst case of any was that of three of the late King's judges who had escaped into Holland. They were seized in that country by an emissary of the English Government, and, against all the laws of nations, brought back to England, imprisoned in the Tower, and suffered death as felons. These three

STEEPLE IN SOUTHWARKE IN ITS FLOURISHING CONDITION BEFORE THE FIRE. - *drawn by H. Wallis, at Page 3.*

D O N



*London before the Great Fire.
(From an Engraving by Wallis.)*

men were Colonel Okey—whom we mentioned as having attempted to seize the Tower after Cromwell's death—Colonel Barkstead, and Miles Corbet. They were executed in April 1662. Barkstead had been knighted by Cromwell, the Parliament had entrusted him with the custody of the Tower, and he had also acted as Major-General of London. He is supposed to have enriched himself whilst head of the Tower, by exacting money from the prisoners in his keeping. His head was placed over the Traitor's Gate in the Tower. Although he and his companions may have deserved their fate, the manner of their seizure reflects the greatest discredit upon the government of Charles, which, as I have already said, neither respected the rights of the living nor revered the dead.

Between the years 1660 and 1667, some necessary repairs were undertaken in the Tower, some five hundred pounds being expended thereon. In 1680 more extensive repairs were made, owing to reports made by members of the House of Lords who had been appointed by the King in Council, to inquire into "repairs and other works to be done, in and about the said Tower of London, for the safety and convenience of the garrison therein" (Harleian MSS.). An elaborate report was drawn up, the estimate for the necessary alterations amounting to £6097, 2s., but like most of the important undertakings at that time, little, if anything, was accomplished. The order for these repairs issued by the Treasury stated that the above sum would be provided "so soon as the state of His Majesty's affairs would permit": but knowing the state of Charles's "affairs," we may be sure nothing came of it.

During the Great Fire of 1666, the Tower ran the most perilous risk in all its history of utter destruction, and it was only by the timely blowing up of the buildings which abutted on the walls of the fortress and by the side of the moat, that the historical structure was saved. The conflagration began at midnight on the 1st September

in a house in Pudding Lane, not far from where the monument erected in its commemoration now stands. Pepys, that most invaluable of chroniclers and domestic historians, then lived in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars. "Lord's Day, 2nd September," he writes: "I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places (perhaps Pepys mounted to the top of the White Tower), Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me. And there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire in this and the other side of this and of that bridge." On the seventh of this September Pepys bears witness to the King's energy in bringing assistance to the sufferers by the conflagration. "In the meantime," he writes, "his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the Graffs (?), which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire, and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond expression, for several miles about the country."

Charles certainly showed the Stuart courage as well as resourcefulness at a crisis, for there can be little doubt that he was chiefly instrumental in saving the Tower, by ordering the blowing up of the dangerous buildings attached to its walls.

In Hollar's panoramic view of London before and after the Great Fire, here reproduced, it will be seen how very close was the approach of the conflagration to the walls of the ancient fortress. Another danger threatened the Tower in this same year, a Captain Rathbone, with some other officers, having formed a plan for scaling the outer walls, and killing Sir John Robinson,* after securing the

* Sir John Robinson was a clothworker, and elected Alderman of Dowgate, December 18th, 1655, and chosen Sheriff, June 24th, 1657. He was removed to Cripplegate, December 7th, 1658, and made Lord Mayor in 1662, being appointed Lieutenant of the Tower on September 22nd, 1663. He was the eldest son of the Reverend William

APPEARETH NOW AFTER THE SAD CALAMITIE AND DESTRUCTION BY FIRE, In the Yeare M. DC. LXVI.



*London after the Great Fire,
(From an Engraving by Hollar.)*

Worcester Mass. 1008. Am. Priv. 1008.

gates. It was one of the Anti-Royalist plots with which the period was so rife, and, like the majority of them, ended in failure; Rathbone and his gang were taken prisoners and promptly hanged at Tyburn.

Among other prisoners there at this time was Thomas, Lord Buller of Moor Park, incarcerated for having challenged the Duke of Buckingham to a duel, and also the Marquis of Dorchester, for "quarrelling with and using ill language to that duke"; the latter was likewise in the Tower, and not for the first time. On this occasion Buckingham was charged with treasonable correspondence and with stirring up a mutiny in the Army. Few persons of the time were so frequently made acquainted with the prison chambers of the Tower as this roystering ne'er-do-well, "that life of pleasure, and that soul of whim," George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was, in all, five times confined in the Tower, his first visit having been paid during the Protectorate because he had married Fairfax's daughter, an event that greatly enraged Cromwell. In 1666 he was imprisoned for insulting Lord Ossory, the son of the Duke of Ormond, in the House of Lords. But he was never a prisoner for long, the last occasion being when, together with Shaftesbury, Wharton, and Salisbury, he opposed the "Courtiers' Parliament." All four were sent to the Tower, but Buckingham, after making a humble apology, was released. On leaving the Tower he passed under Shaftesbury's windows; the latter had refused to submit. "What," said Shaftesbury to Buckingham, "are you leaving us?" "Why, yes," answered Buckingham, "such

Robinson, Archdeacon of Nottingham, and was knighted at Canterbury on 26th May 1660, and created a baronet in the June of the same year. . . . He was a nephew of Archbishop Laud, and married Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore, a knight and an alderman. He was Lieutenant of the Tower from 1661 to 1678. King Charles II. and his Queen, the Queen-mother and the Duke and Duchess of York, dined with him at the Clothworkers' Hall, where he kept his mayoralty on the 23rd of June 1663. The pageant performed by his Company at his inauguration was entitled "London's Triumph." The *Gazette* of April 23rd to 26th, 1666, contains an account of the trial of certain persons for high treason for conspiring to kill him and other officers of the Tower, and to fire the city. He was a benefactor to the Clothworkers' Company, who still preserve his portrait in their hall.

giddy fellows as I am can never stay long in one place."

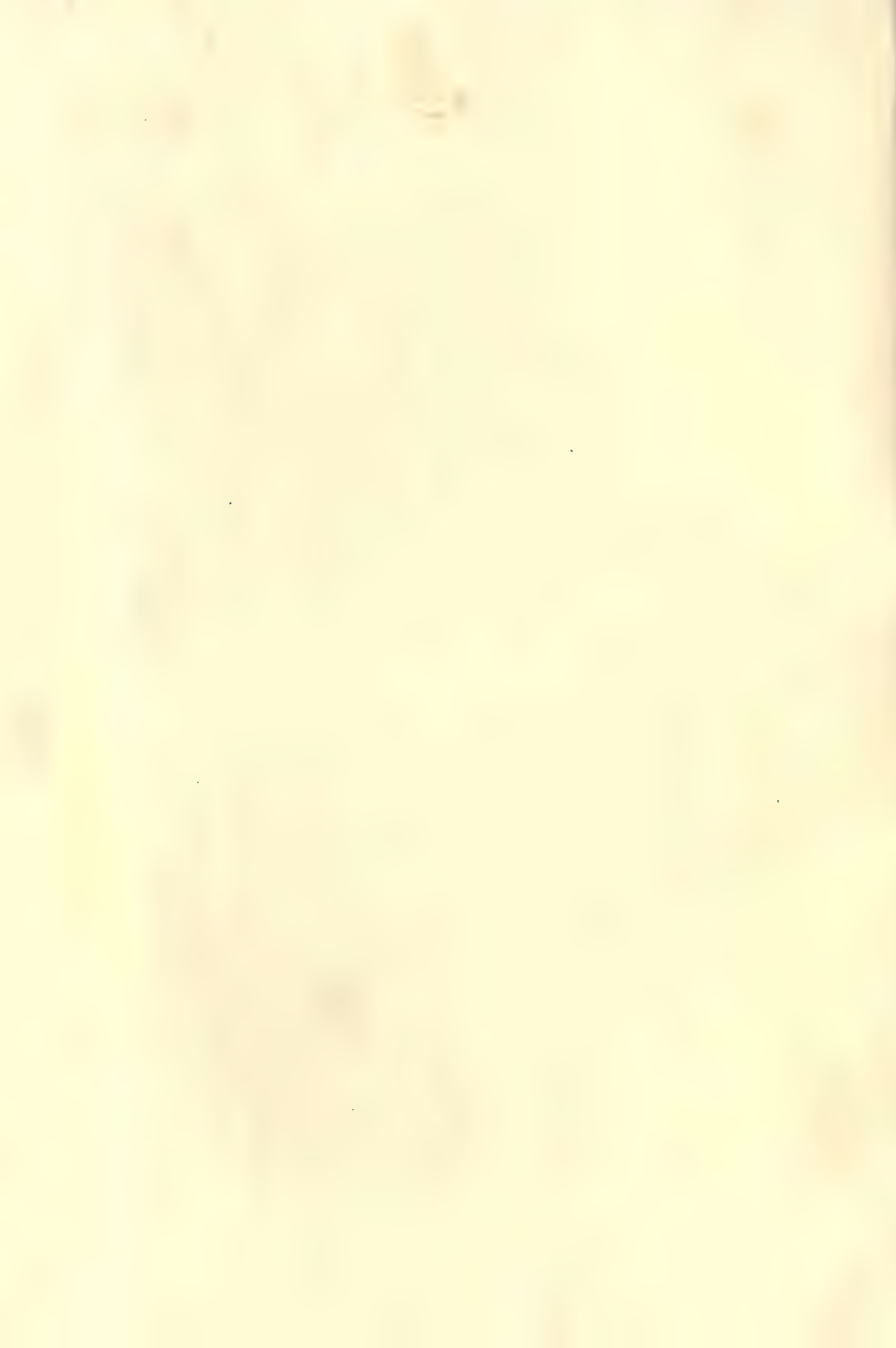
Constantly in trouble, Buckingham was so boon a companion of the King's that Charles could not long let him remain out of his sight, whatever the follies of which the Duke might have been guilty. Another of these brilliant but dissipated friends and courtiers of Charles II. who was sent to the Tower, was the infamously famous John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He was there in 1669 for having abducted Elizabeth Mallet, "*la triste heritière*," as Grammont calls her. Ultimately Rochester married the lady, and she made a most devoted wife to a most worthless and unfaithful husband.

Charles had been greatly irritated by the preference of the beautiful Frances Stuart, "*la Belle Stewart*" of Grammont, for the Duke of Richmond, and his rival had to pass three weeks in the Tower in consequence of the Royal jealousy. The Duke, however, had his way, and married the fair Frances after eloping with her. Another of Charles's courtiers was placed in the fortress in 1665, Lord Morley, for having killed a Mr Hastings. Morley was a noted duellist, and also what was afterwards termed a "*Mohawk*," and aided by one, Bromwich, had murdered his victim in a street brawl.

Pepys, we have noted, was often in and about the Tower during these years, but the most interesting entry in his diary relating to the fortress, belongs to the year 1662. Under the date of the 20th October he writes: "To my Lord Sandwich, who was in his chamber all alone, and did inform me that an old acquaintance hath discovered to him £7000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for the discovery, my lord two, and the King the other three, when it is found; and the King's warrant to search, runs for me and one Mr Lee. So we went, and the guard at the Tower Gate making me leave my sword, I was forced to stay so long at the alehouse close by, till my boy run home for my cloak. Then walked to Minchen



*The Tower in the time of Charles II
(from an etching by Hollar)*



Lane, and got from Sir H. Bennet the King's warrant for the paying of £2000 to my lord and other two of the discoverers. After dinner we broke the matter to the Lord Mayor, who did not, and durst not, appear the least averse to it. So Lee and I and Mr Wade were joined by Evett, the guide, W. Giffin, and a porter with pickaxes. Coming to the Tower, our guide demanded a candle, and down into the cellars he goes. He went into several little cellars and then out-of-doors to view, but none did answer so well to the marks as one arched vault, where after much talk, to digging we went, till about eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing, yet the guides were not discouraged. Locking the door, we left for the night, and up to the Deputy Governor, and he do undertake to keep the key, that none shall go down without his privity.

November 1st. To the Tower to make one trial more, where we staid several hours, and dug a great deal under the arches, but we missed of all and so we went away the second time like fools. To the Dolphin Tower. Met Wade and Evett, who do say that they had from Barkstead's own mouth." Pepys and his fellow treasure-hunters then paused in their operations, but on the 17th December we read in the Diary, "This morning were Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design upon the Tower, but it raining, and the work being done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next." And this is the last we hear of the Tower treasure, and for all that we know that £7000 is still under some vault in the old building, hidden in the "butter firkins" in which it was supposed to have been placed.

Three years after the Great Fire, Pepys gives an account of a visit he paid to his friend Sir William Coventry on the 11th of March 1669, when he went to see him in what was then called "My Lord of Northumberland's Walk," a place not now to be identified, which had at its end an iron shield with the Earl's arms engraved upon it and holes in which to place a peg for every turn

made by the pedestrian during his walk : this must have been the prison exercise of the so-called "Wizard Earl," Raleigh's friend.

Pepys visited his friend Sir William Coventry very frequently when the latter was imprisoned in the Tower. Sir William had, through the medium of Henry Savile, challenged the Duke of Buckingham to a duel in March 1669, and three days after the challenge Savile was committed to the Gate House Prison, and Coventry to the Tower.

Savile was a gentleman of the Duke of York's, who, being indignant at the slight put upon him by being sent to the Gate House, asked if he might not be sent to the Tower, and his wish was granted. Pepys was unremitting in his attentions to his old friend Coventry, although by constantly seeing him he was placing himself in the black books of Charles and the Duke of York. We find him calling, on March 4th, upon Coventry in his prison in the Brick Tower when he was in charge of a son of "Major Bayly's, one of the officers of the Ordnance," again on the following day he visits him and finds Coventry, "with abundance of company with him." The visits were continued on the following days until the 16th of the same month, after which Coventry was liberated. The stir his imprisonment had made, and the number of visitors who called upon him—in one day some sixty coaches stood waiting outside the Tower Gates for those who called on Sir William—had much annoyed the King, the Duke of York, and Buckingham. Sir William Coventry, of whom Bishop Burnet writes that he was "a man of great notions and eminent virtue; the best speaker in the House of Commons, and capable of bearing the chief ministry, as it was once thought he was very near it, and deserved it more than all the rest did," after this quarrel with Buckingham and his imprisonment in the Tower retired from public affairs, going to Minster Lovel in Oxfordshire, and dying at the age of sixty, in 1686. He had been Secretary of



COLL. BLOOD

*Colonel Blood.
(From a Contemporary Engraving.)*



the Admiralty, and twice member for Yarmouth, and in 1667 had been one of the Commission of the Treasury.

There is a blank in the list of commitments to the Tower between the years 1668 and 1678. They are supposed to have been lost, but we know that the year after Pepys' friend Sir John Robinson had ceased to command in the Tower, the gossiping diarist himself was a prisoner within the walls, having been in some way concerned in the so-called Popish Plot of 1679. It is greatly to be deplored that no account of Samuel's experiences in the Tower have come down to us, for his diary ends ten years before this date : Pepys was in the Tower from the month of May 1679 until the following February. His expenses, however, have been recorded :—"For safe keeping of Sir Anthony Deane and Mr Pepys, from and for the 22nd day of May 1679 unto and for the 24th of June 1679, being four weeks and six dayes, at £3 per week, ancient allowance, and 13s. 4d. per weeke, present demands, according to the retrenchments, £6, 9s. 6d." (Bayley's "Tower of London.")

Among other prisoners in the Tower in this reign was Nathaniel Desborow, or Disbrew, as his name is sometimes written. Desborow was Cromwell's brother-in-law, "clumsy and ungainly in his person," and, a born plotter, he hated all who were placed above him. He had been made Chancellor of Ireland by his nephew Richard Cromwell, but nevertheless he helped to pull down the Protector's son and successor from his short-lived position. There were many others besides, imprisoned for political and non-political offences, and of the latter was Stephen Thomson, who was imprisoned for "stealing and conveying beyond the seas the sole daughter and heiress of Sir Edmund Alleyn, deceased, she being an infant."

The most sensational event that occurred in the Tower during the reign of Charles II. was the attempt made by a ruffian who called himself "Colonel" Blood to steal the Crown and Regalia. Blood, half sailor, half highwayman,

and a complete scoundrel, was about fifty years old when, in the month of May 1671, he made what was literally a dash for the Crown. Blood appears to have served under Cromwell, and consequently styled himself "Colonel"; after the war he became a spy of the Government, and a short time before his performance at the Tower he had almost succeeded in having the old Duke of Ormond hanged on the gallows at Tyburn.

At this time Sir Gilbert Talbot held the appointment of "Master of the Jewel House." The allowance for this charge had been reduced, and, as a kind of compensation, the Master had permission to allow the public to inspect the Regalia, then kept in the Martin Tower, or Jewel Tower, as it was then called, a fee being charged which became the Master's perquisite. Three weeks before Blood made his attempt, he had called at the Martin Tower disguised as a clergyman, "with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle." He was accompanied by a woman whom he represented as his wife. The lady requested permission to see the Regalia, but soon after being admitted to the Tower complained of "a qualm upon her stomach," and old Talbot Edwards, who had been an old servant of Sir Gilbert's, and had been placed by him in charge of the Regalia, called to his wife to look after the *soi-disant* Mrs Blood. That lady having been given something to remove her "qualms" was, together with her husband, most profuse in the expression of her gratitude to the old keeper and his wife, and promised to return upon an early occasion.

The next time Blood came to the Tower he was alone, bringing some gloves for Edwards's wife as a token of gratitude for the kindness shown to "Mrs Blood." On this occasion he informed Edwards that he had a young nephew who was well off, and in search of a wife, and suggested that a match might be arranged between him and their daughter. Blood was invited to bring his nephew to make the acquaintance of the young

lady, and it was arranged that the old couple should give a dinner at which the meeting should take place. At the dinner Blood took it upon himself, being still in his clerical disguise, to say grace, which he did with great unction, concluding with a long-winded oration, and a prayer for the Royal family. After the meal he visited the rooms in the Tower, and seeing a fine pair of pistols hanging on the wall, asked if he might buy them to give to a friend. He then said that he would return with a couple of friends who were about to leave London, and who were anxious to see the Regalia before leaving, it being decided that he should bring them the next morning. That day was the 9th of May, and at seven in the morning old Talbot Edwards was ready to receive his reverend friend and his companions, who soon put in an appearance. Blood and his confederates had arms concealed about them, each carrying daggers, pocket pistols, and rapier blades in their canes.

They were taken up the stairs into the room where the Regalia was kept, but immediately they had entered, the ruffians threw a cloak over Edwards's head and gagged him with a wooden plug, which had a small hole in it so that the person gagged could breathe; this they fastened with a piece of waxed leather which encircled his neck, and placed an iron hook on his nose so as to prevent him from crying out. They swore they would murder him if he attempted to give an alarm—which the poor old fellow could scarcely have done under the circumstances. But the plucky old keeper struggled hard, whereupon they beat him upon the head with a wooden mallet, and stabbed him until he fainted. The villains, thinking they had killed him, then turned their attention to rifling the treasures in the room. One of them, Parrot, put the orb in his breeches pocket, Blood placed the Crown under his cloak, and the third began to file the sceptre in two pieces, it being too long to carry away without being seen. At this moment steps were heard;

Edwards's young son having just returned from Flanders in the very nick of time. The thieves dashed down the stairs past the young man who was coming up, carrying with them the orb and crown, the sceptre being left behind in the hurry of their flight. The pursuit was immediate; young Edwards had brought with him his brother-in-law, a Captain Beckman, and the latter hearing cries of "Treason! Murder!" from the terrified women in the Tower, and the cry "The Crown is stolen!" rushed after Blood and the two other men. These had meanwhile crossed the drawbridge between the Main Guard at the White Tower and the Wharf; at the bridge a warder had tried to stop them, but Blood fired his pistol, and the man, although not wounded, fell to the ground, and they dashed past him. At St Katharine's Gate, near which horses were in waiting for the thieves, Beckman overtook them; Blood again discharged his pistol but missed his pursuer, who ducking his head, promptly seized the sham clergyman, from under whose cloak the Crown fell to the ground, rolling in the gutter. Then followed what the *London Gazette* of the day called a "robustious struggle," Blood ultimately being secured, remarking that "It was a gallant attempt, for it was for a Crown!"

When the Crown fell to the ground, some of the gems came loose from their settings, and a large ruby, which had belonged to the sceptre, was found in Parrot's pocket. Little harm, however, was done, except to the poor old keeper, who was nearly eighty years of age and had been terribly injured; he was soon past all suffering, and was buried in the Chapel of St Peter's, where his gravestone can still be seen.

After his capture Blood occupied a prison in the White Tower for a short time, but the King soon sent for him. And although it is not, and cannot be known, whether Charles was an accessory or not in the attempted theft, or whether Blood knew too much of the King's affairs,

yet, whatever the reason, Blood was not only pardoned but rewarded, the King giving him a pension of £500 a year, and bestowing upon him landed estates in Ireland, the "Colonel" becoming one of the most assiduous of the Whitehall courtiers. Whether Charles also rewarded Blood's accomplices is not recorded, but none of them were ever punished for the attempted robbery. John Evelyn recounts meeting Blood at court on the 10th of May 1671. "How he came to be pardoned," he writes, "and ever received into favour, not only after this but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I never could come to understand. This man had not only a daring, but a villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well-spoken, and dangerously insinuating."

Charles the Second, always in want of money, might very possibly have commissioned Blood, after he had stolen the Crown, to pawn or sell its gems in Holland or elsewhere, and the thieves could then have divided the spoil. There can be little doubt that had not young Edwards and his brother-in-law arrived at the Tower when they did, Blood and the two, or others, would have got safely away with the jewels. The plot had been admirably planned, and only the accident of the return of the keeper's son, which Blood could not possibly have foreseen, prevented its successful accomplishment.

In later years Blood is said to have become a Quaker—not a desirable recruit for that most respectable body, one would imagine. He died in 1680, and has had the honour of having had his bold, bad face placed in the National Portrait Gallery; it fully bears out Evelyn's description of the "villainous unmerciful" look of the man.

A very different individual from Blood, who was also in the Tower about the same time, was William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. He had been imprisoned for no offence, unless that of writing a pamphlet on Unitarianism could be considered a punishable crime. William Penn's

father, the celebrated Admiral, Sir William, had accused the Duke of York of showing cowardice in a sea fight with the Dutch, and the son's pamphlet was made the stick with which to beat the father. Young Penn passed some months in the Tower, where he wrote his famous work, "No Cross, no Crown." Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, was sent to the Tower to see, and to convert, the young Quaker from his errors in belief, but Penn only said to the prelate: "The Tower is to me the worst argument in the world," and Stillingfleet found that he could make no impression.

In 1678, William Howard, Viscount Stafford, a Roman Catholic peer, was accused of being concerned in the Popish Plot, that monstrous tangle of lies, invented, for the greater part, by the infamous Titus Oates. Stafford was accused by Oates, with four other Roman Catholic peers, of being mixed up in the plot to overthrow the King, and to place the Duke of York upon the throne. From his place in the House of Lords Stafford had declared his innocence of the charge, but he was committed to close imprisonment in the Tower in the month of October (1678), remaining a prisoner until the month of November 1680, when he was tried at Westminster Hall, Titus Oates being the principal witness against him. In Reresby's "Memoirs" it is said that Charles wished to save Stafford, whom he knew to be innocent; but his mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom Reresby believed to have been bribed, prevented the King from acting in the matter as he would otherwise have done, and Charles allowed an innocent man to be judicially murdered in order not to thwart his mistress's wishes. Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 29th of December 1680, the crowd hooting him on his way to the scaffold, for Titus Oates's infamous accusations had made any Roman Catholic an object of hatred to the populace. On Stafford asking one of the Sheriffs, of the name of Cornish, to interfere, the latter brutally replied: "I am ordered to stop no man's



William, Lord Russell.
(From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery)



mouth but your own." So fervently, however, did Stafford proclaim his innocence on the scaffold, that many of the spectators, "with heads uncovered, exclaimed: 'We believe you, God bless you, my Lord!'" "He perished," writes Sir J. Reresby, "in the firmest denial of what had been laid to his charge, and that in so cogent and persuasive a manner, that all the beholders believed his words, and grieved his destiny." The same tribunal which had condemned Stafford, three years after his death reversed the attainder they had pronounced against him, it having, in the meanwhile, been proved that Stafford had perished an innocent man, done to death by the false witness of the villain Oates. Lord Stafford was buried in the Chapel of St Peter's.

The Rye House Plot brought two of the best and noblest heads in England to the block—William, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney. Both suffered death for the good cause of the liberty of England. Russell was the proto-martyr in that faith, Sidney the second.

England under Charles the Second was fast drifting back into the worst of the tyrannies that had darkened her former history. The King, as he proved on his death-bed, was a Roman Catholic in religion, and although professing to belong to the Church of England, moved in the steps of his brother James, who was an avowed Papist; and the country was rapidly becoming, politically, a dependency of the French King, and, in religion, a fief of the Pope. The four most conspicuous Englishmen who clearly saw the danger that threatened the freedom, both civil and religious, of England, and who had done their utmost to save their country—patriots in the best sense of that much-abused term, were at the time of the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683, either out of the country or in prison.

Shaftesbury, after an imprisonment of five weeks in the Tower, had crossed to Holland after his liberation in November 1681. The news of his acquittal had been re-

ceived with great rejoicings in the city, Reresby writing that "the rabble lighted bonfires." The Duke of York, according to Lenthall, expressed his indignation publicly at "such insolent defiance of authority such as he had never before known." But Shaftesbury's friends and admirers had a medal struck in honour of his liberation, on one side being the Earl's portrait in profile, and on the other a view of London taken from the Southwark side of the Thames, with the sun casting its rays over the Tower from out the clouds; above is inscribed the word, "Laetamur," with the date 24 of November 1681 beneath. This medal gave rise to Dryden's satirical poem called "The Medal," in which he compares Shaftesbury to Achitophel.

Russell, Sidney, and Essex were arrested and placed in the prisons of the Tower. They suffered death in the cause of constitutional liberty, as against the arbitrary power of the King, and also for wishing to exclude the Duke of York from the succession to the throne after his brother's death. This plan was quite distinct from the Rye House Plot—a plot that arranged for the assassination of the King and the Duke of York on their road to Newmarket races.

Russell and Sidney were betrayed by Lord Howard of Escrick, and although warned of his danger, Russell, unlike Shaftesbury, refused to flee, saying he had done nothing to make him fear meeting the justice of his country. However, on entering the Tower, he seems to have had a foreboding of his fate, for turning round to his attendant, Taunton, he said he knew that there was "a determination against him to take his life, for the devil is unchained." "From the moment of his arrest," writes Bishop Burnet, "he looked upon himself as a dying man, and turned his thoughts wholly to another world. He read much in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms. But, whilst he behaved with the serenity of a man prepared for death, his friends exhibited an honourable anxiety to

save his life. Lord Essex would not leave his house, lest his absconding might incline a jury to give more credit to the evidence against Lord Russell. The Duke of Monmouth offered to come in and share fortunes with him, if it would do him any service. But he answered, 'It would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.'"

During the fortnight which elapsed between his arrest and his sentence, Russell's devoted wife did all that was humanly possible to save her husband's life, and the night before the trial she wrote to him: "Your friends believe I can do you some service at your trial. I am certainly willing to try; my resolution will hold out, pray let yours. But it may be the Court will not let me. However, do let me try." Lady Russell not only tried, but succeeded in being of assistance to her husband during his trial, which took place in Westminster Hall on July 13th, 1683. Lord Russell asked his judges if he might have "some one to help his memory," as he put it, and the request being granted, "My wife," he said, "is here to do it." And all through that long summer day, whilst he was being tried for his life, Lady Russell sat by her husband's side writing down notes of the evidence, and giving him her advice. When the news came, during the course of the trial, that Essex had been found in the Tower with his throat cut, Russell burst into tears. He wept for the fate of his friend, whilst his own misfortunes only made him appear the more serene and indifferent to the malice of his enemies. Jeffries, who presided, took care in his charge to the jury to turn Essex's untimely end into an additional proof of Russell's guilt.

Essex had been arrested soon after Russell, and on the same charge, that of being concerned in the Rye House Plot, and was accused of high treason. Taken from his seat at Cassiobury to the Tower, he was placed in the same room which was occupied by his father. It is described in the depositions placed before the Commissioners

in William the Third's time, as being "on the left hand as you go up the mound, after passing the Bloody Tower Gate." In Dalrymple's history it is stated that Essex was confined in the same room which his father, Lord Capel, had occupied, and in which Lady Essex's grandfather, the Earl of Northumberland, had killed himself in Elizabeth's reign. To this prison Essex was brought in the month of July in the year 1683—a year so fatal to some of England's truest patriots—and there, as has already been stated, he was found with his throat cut. Whether Essex died by his own hand, or by the hands of others, will never be known. On the whole, the evidence points to suicide; and this is the opinion of the most trustworthy authorities, such as Green and Gardiner.

Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, had been one of the most popular of the liberal leaders in the country. He had held high offices in the State, he had been Ambassador from the court of Charles II. to that of Copenhagen, he had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and, for a short time, Prime Minister. The only son of the gallant Lord Capel of Hadham, who had been executed by Cromwell, Essex had every reason to expect some gratitude from the son of the man for whose sake his father had given his life. But with the Stuarts the sense of gratitude was an unknown quantity, and Essex was doomed to share the fates of his friends, Russell and Sidney, accused by the same traitor who had betrayed both them and himself. On the day of Essex's death, the King and his brother James had been visiting the Tower, a place in which neither of them had set foot for a dozen years. After James's flight at the Revolution, it was eagerly believed that this visit was in some way connected with Essex's death. In a curious contemporary print, Essex is seen being murdered by three well-dressed individuals, the position in which his body was found after death being also shown at the same time. In the depositions alluded to above, the sentry at the prison door stated that two men had entered the room



Arthur Comte d'Essex





Gate and Portcullis in the Bloody Tower

on the morning of the Earl's death, that an alarm was given by Essex's valet when he found his master's body on the floor of the closet next his bedroom with his throat cut. Two children deposed that they had seen a hand throwing a razor out of the Earl's window, that a woman then left the house and picked it up. A sentry, named Robert Meek, who had made some remarks tending to prove that Essex had met with foul play, was found dead soon afterwards in the Tower moat.

Bad and heartless as were both the King and his brother James, none can believe that they would commit a cold-blooded murder themselves; and had they hired others to do so, the fact of the brothers having gone that same morning to the fortress gives the idea of murder high improbability, and Essex's death will remain one of the many unsolved tragic mysteries of the Tower. That the authorities believed the theory of suicide is proved by the register of St Peter's in the Tower, in which is the following entry: "Arthur, Earl of Essex, cutt his own throat within the Tower, July 13, 1683. Buried in this Chapel."

But to return to Lord Russell. After his condemnation, and during the few days that were left to him on earth, Russell was visited by Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, as well as by Bishop Burnet, both of whom urged him to sign a paper declaring his adherence to the principle of non-resistance, which they declared to be an article of Christian faith. Russell said, in answer, that he had always believed in the right of a nation to defend its religion and liberties when they were threatened, expressing his willingness to give up his life in their defence; and if he erred in this, "God," he said, "would forgive him, as it would be the sin of ignorance." He also told the prelates that both he and Lady Russell were agreed on this subject, and that nothing could alter their views. Lady Russell was fighting in these days to save the life she valued far above her own; but all was useless; it was

a hopeless struggle. "I wish," said Lord Russell, "that my wife would give over beating every bush for my preservation"; but he added, "if it will be any consolation for her after my death to have done her utmost to save me I cannot blame her."

On the 19th of July, two days before the day fixed for his execution, Russell wrote a letter to the King that was not to be delivered to Charles until after the writer's death. In that letter he assured the monarch that "he had always acted for the best interests of the Crown, and that if he had been mistaken he hoped the King's displeasure would be satisfied with his death, and would not extend to his widow and children." The following day he received the Blessed Sacrament from Tillotson. "Do you believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith as taught by the Church of England?" asked the Dean; and Russell assenting, "Do you," continued the Dean, "forgive all your enemies?" "With all my heart," answered Russell. Then after reading and signing the paper which he intended to give to the Sheriff on the scaffold—his farewell to his country—Russell sent for his wife, who came at once, bringing with her their three children. "Stay and sup with me," he said to her, "let us eat our last earthly food together." At ten o'clock that night the parting between these two took place. "Both," writes Burnet, "were silent and trembling, their eyes full of tears which did not overflow. When she had left, 'Now,' said he, 'the bitterness of death is past.' Then he broke down: 'What a blessing she has been to me, and what a misery it would have been if she had been crying to me to turn informer and to be a Lord Howard.' And then he praised his devoted wife to the good Bishop as she deserved to be praised, for a nobler, more loyal or devoted wife than Rachel, Lady Russell, is not to be found in all history."

Some of the things Russell said to Burnet on that last evening of his life are well worth recording. Speaking of death he said, "What a great change death made, and

how wonderfully those new scenes would strike on a soul." He had heard, he told Burnet, "how some persons who had been born blind were struck when, by the couching of their cataracts, they obtained their sight; but what," said he, "if the first thing they saw were the rising sun?"

Lincoln's Inn Fields was the place chosen for his execution, the scaffold being erected not far from his own house. This was on the 29th of July, and when the Sheriffs arrived to take him they found Russell quietly winding up his watch. "Now," he said, "I have done with time, and must think henceforward of Eternity." He then gave the watch as a souvenir to Burnet, that good old Bishop of Salisbury who had clung so closely to his friend in his trials as to a beloved brother, and to whom we owe the touching account of that friend's last days upon earth.

On the 7th of December of this same year, Algernon Sidney was executed on Tower Hill, having been condemned to death by a picked jury and the infamous Chief-Justice Jeffreys, on the trumped-up charge of conspiring against the life of Charles; only one witness appeared against him, but he was condemned by his writings, which were certainly strongly republican; yet, considering what the rule of the second Charles had become, a man of Algernon Sidney's lofty spirit, with his love of freedom, could not have written or thought otherwise. It has been well said of him that not only did he write from his judgment but also from his heart, and he informed his readers of that which he felt as well as that which he knew. He was condemned principally for the treatise in which he advocated the rights of subjects, under certain contingencies, to depose their king, and although this paper had never been published, or, in fact, printed, it was sufficient material for Jeffreys, who bullied the jury into a committal against Sidney. Algernon Sidney's life had been as noble as was his name, but his unbending republican principles had made him the *bête noire* of both Charles and James, and any evidence by which he could

be entrapped into a charge of treason was welcome to them. When he came forth from the Tower to die in the cause of liberty, "Englishmen," as Dalrymple has finely written, "wept not for him as they had done for Lord Russell, their pulses beat high, their hearts swelled, they felt an unusual grandeur and elevation of mind whilst they looked upon him." One of the Sheriffs asked Sidney if it was his intention to make a speech upon the scaffold, to which he answered, "I have made my peace with God, and have nothing to say to man," adding, "I am ready to die, and will give you no further trouble." His last prayers were for "the good old cause." When his head lay on the block, the executioner asked him if he would raise it again. "Not till the general resurrection; strike on!" And these were Algernon Sidney's last words.



James, Duke of Monmouth.
(From a Contemporary Engraving.)

CHAPTER XV

JAMES II.

DURING the four years in which James the Second misgoverned England, the most interesting events connected with the Tower were the tragedy of the Duke of Monmouth's death, and the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops.

James was the first of our sovereigns to omit passing the night previous to his coronation in the Tower, and the fortress now ceased entirely to be a royal residence, being given over to the uses which it still fulfils.

After the Duke of Monmouth's capture near the New Forest, on the 13th of July 1685, after his luckless attempt to wrest the Crown from James at Sedgemoor, he, with Lord Grey of Wark, was brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower, the warrant for his committal being thus worded: "James, Duke of Monmouth, 13 July, for High Treason in levying war against the King and assuming a title to the Crown." Monmouth had married Lady Anne Scott, daughter of the Earl of Buccleuch, when he was only fourteen years of age, but the union does not appear to have been a happy one. When the Duchess came to take her last leave of him after his condemnation, the interview is said "to have passed with decency, but without tokens of affection"; the prisoner's heart was elsewhere. Monmouth had no lack of clergymen to see him pass out of the world at the close of his short and wasted life, for during the day and night before he died, four ecclesiastics were in attendance upon him, and they never left him till the end.

These were Tenison, then Vicar of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, but afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and Primate; Turner, Bishop of Rochester; Hooper, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; and the saint-like Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. When Tenison reproached the Duke for the want of feeling he had shown towards his wife, Monmouth replied that "his heart was turned against her, because in his affliction she had gone to the play and into public companies, by which I knew she did not love me." The woman he loved best, and with whom he had been living, was Lady Harriet Wentworth, the daughter of Lord Cleveland.

Accompanied by the four clergymen, Monmouth left the Tower on the morning of the 15th of July, at ten o'clock; the writ for the delivery of the Duke's body to the Sheriffs is still to be seen in the Record Office, being addressed to Sir William Gostling and Sir Peter Vanderpatt, and endorsed by them on receiving the Duke from the charge of the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Monmouth passed on foot through a lane of soldiers, preceded by three officers, who carried pistols and accompanied him on to the scaffold. The Duke's appearance caused a commotion in the crowd which had come to see him die; he had always been a favourite with the people, his personal beauty probably being the principal reason for his popularity; and he was also regarded as a kind of hero on the Protestant side, as opposed to James the Second and the Romish priests. The populace had recently given him the title of "King Monmouth."

The scaffold was all draped in black. Monmouth made no speech to the people, but only conversed with the clergymen near him; but he had prepared the following statement, written on a sheet of paper, which he gave to one of the Bishops:—"I declare that the title of King was forced upon me, and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world I do declare that the late King told me he



Execution of the Duke of Monmouth, July, 1685.



was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope that the King who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this 15 July 1685. Monmouth." This extraordinary statement was also signed by the four clerics and the two Sheriffs.

"Pray do your business well," Monmouth said to Jack Ketch, the headsman. "Do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard you struck him four or five times; if you strike me twice, I cannot promise you not to stir." Unfortunately poor Monmouth was even worse served by the executioner than Russell had been, and it was not until the blows had been repeated five times that the once beautiful head was separated from the body. Jack Ketch was almost torn to pieces by the horrified and furious mob.

It is almost incredible to believe, did one not know the baseness of James's character, that he had two medals struck in commemoration of Monmouth's execution—"savage medals," as they were appropriately called. "Thus," writes John Evelyn of Monmouth's death, "ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father, and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit; an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, seduced by knaves, who would have set him up only to make a property, and taken the opportunity of the King being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He failed and perished, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches and a second Dukedom in Scotland."

The son of that Marquis of Argyll who had raised the standard of rebellion in Scotland in conjunction with Monmouth's rising in England, and who was beheaded in Edinburgh in the same year, was a prisoner in the Tower for some weeks. The following is the entry with reference to him taken from the Tower records:—"25 June 1685. Archibald Campbell, son to the late Marquis

of Argyll, upon suspicion of dangerous practices to the State. Signed by his Majesty's command. Sunderland." The young man was, however, discharged on the 19th of the following October. After his liberation he went to Holland, returning to England with William III., when he was created first Duke of Argyll.

The Stuarts had solemnly vowed to rule England in the Reformed and Protestant faith, but within a quarter of a century of their restoration, the Church of Rome had not only been allowed by them to recover many of its privileges, but Roman Catholicism had become the religion of the King and court. James had set aside the Test Act, a measure passed by Parliament in 1663, which required every individual in the civil and military employment of the State to take the oath of supremacy and allegiance, to declare against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to declare in favour of the doctrine of the Sacrament as taught by the Church of England. By annulling this act James re-admitted Roman Catholics to any office in the country, both in civil and military situations. Four Roman Catholic peers were added to the Privy Council; priests and Jesuits flocked into the country in great numbers, and Mass was publicly celebrated in the Chapel Royal. London again saw the almost forgotten costumes of the different religious orders, the brown-robed Franciscans, and the white-robed Carmelites, whilst the Jesuit priests opened a school at the Savoy. At the same time the King added largely to the standing army, and a camp of thirteen thousand men was established at Hounslow, destined, if James thought necessary, to keep the capital in check. Whilst James was thus trying to coerce his subjects to the Roman Catholic religion, the Protestants across the Channel were being persecuted by Louis; for by a strange coincidence—if not by a pre-arranged plan—the same year that saw the violation of the Test Act in England, witnessed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France, with the result that



*Contemporary Portraits of
The Duke of Monmouth & others.*

thousands of French reformers were driven from their homes and crossed to England—a living proof of the curse that a bigoted and arbitrary ruler could be to his subjects.

In the succeeding year, 1686, James attempted to gag the English Church. The King had appointed two Roman Catholic priests to high preferments—Massey to the Deanery of Christ Church, and Parker to the See of Oxford; and when the English clergy protested from their pulpits against these appointments, James summoned an Ecclesiastical Commission, at the head of which he placed Jeffreys. The first action of this Commission was to suspend Compton, Bishop of London, who had refused to suspend the Dean of Norwich (Sharpe), one of the offending preachers against the Papist appointments made by the King.

In 1687 Oxford had the high honour of bringing about the Revolution, which saved England from a fresh tyranny and led to the final overthrow of the Stuart princes.

James intended to place a Roman Catholic, of the name of Farmer, over the Fellows at Magdalen College; but the College, instead of accepting this nominee of the King, chose one of their number, Hough, for their head. Whereupon, the Ecclesiastical Court, with Jeffreys at its head, declared the Magdalen election null and void, and Parker, the Bishop of Oxford, James's nominee to that see, was forced upon Magdalen as its President. Parker died in 1688, and James again appointed a Roman Catholic bishop *in partibus*, Bonaventure Giffard, to take his place. Previously, the King had visited Oxford, and after abusing the Fellows for their independence, had expelled five-and-twenty of them. These arbitrary measures led to a clerical revolt throughout England. In the April of the following year, James issued a form of indulgence, which he ordered to be read in all the churches. By this form the King hoped to unite the Roman Catholics with the Protestant Nonconformists under the banner of "liberty of conscience"

against the Church, and thus make the Church herself assist in her own defeat by the use of his ecclesiastical supremacy (Wakeman's "History of the Church of England").

The clergy protested, and six bishops, with Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at their head, drew up a petition to the King, protesting against the form. The petition was most humble; it stated that the petitioners considered this Declaration of Indulgence to religious dissenters to be founded "upon such a dispensing power as hath often been declared illegal by Parliament, and particularly in the years 1662 and 1672, and in the beginning of your Majesty's reign; and in a matter of so great moment and consequence to the whole nation, both in Church and State, your petitioners cannot, in providence, honour, or conscience, so far make themselves parties to it as the distributors of it all over the nation, and the solemn publication of it once again, even in God's House, and in the time of Divine Service, must amount to in common and reasonable contention."

The King read the petition, scowled, and returned it to Sancroft, saying angrily: "I did not expect this from the Church of England!" adding, "If I change my mind you shall hear from me; if not, I shall expect my commands shall be obeyed."

Three weeks afterwards the Bishops and the Archbishop were summoned to appear before the Privy Council. Jeffreys insolently inquired whether they were ready to give recognisances to be tried for misdemeanours before the Court of the King's Bench, and waiving their plea of being Peers of Parliament, he refused the prelates bail, and had them committed to the Tower. In order to avoid the demonstration in the Bishops' favour, which both James and Jeffreys dreaded if they were taken through the streets of the city, they were conveyed to the Tower in the royal barge along the river. But their passage to the fortress was one long ovation, and as the barge approached the



*The Seven Bishops.
(From a Contemporary Print.)*



Tower, numbers of people rushed knee-deep into the water to receive the blessing of the prelates, and, on their arrival, even the warders received them kneeling at the landing-place.

As the Seven Bishops passed under St Thomas's Tower, and landed at the Traitor's Gate, the bells of St Peter's Chapel were ringing for evening service. Passing over the green, they entered the chapel and attended the service. The appropriateness of the second lesson struck all who were present, being a chapter in the 2nd of Corinthians—"Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in imprisonments."

A most uncomfortable week must have been passed by these Reverend Fathers of the Church in the Tower, for they were all crowded together in the by no means spacious Martin Tower. On the 15th of June they were taken from the Tower to the bar of the Court of King's Bench—on this occasion they were admitted to bail. Their trial began a fortnight later, taking place in Westminster Hall, and was one of the most memorable of the great historic events that that building has witnessed. When the verdict of "Not guilty" was pronounced, the old oak roof of William Rufus's hall re-echoed with the shouts of the people gathered below; it was a moment, as Wakeman has eloquently written in his "History of the Church of England," "unparalleled in the history of English courts of law. The crowd within and without Westminster Hall broke into a frenzy of enthusiastic joy. Men fell upon each other's necks, and wept and shouted and laughed and wept again; and amid the cheers of men and the boom of cannon the heroes of the Church passed in safety to their homes."

The names of these seven "humble heroes" who had so nobly stood up in defence of the rights of the Church of England and of the liberty of their land, were Sancroft,

the Primate; Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; William Lloyd, Bishop of St Asaph's; John Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough; Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol; and Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely. Sancroft had been promoted from the Deanery of St Paul's to Canterbury after the death of Archbishop Sheldon, and had helped much in the rebuilding of St Paul's. He left a fine library to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of which he had been master. Thomas Ken was famous for his unaffected piety, and the beautiful hymn he composed. Lloyd helped Bishop Burnet to write his "History of the Reformation." Lake had fought in the army of Charles I., and had been Bishop of Man and Bishop of Bristol, before occupying the See of Chichester; Trelawney was successively Bishop of Bristol, Exeter, and Winchester; and Francis Turner had been Dean of Winchester, a position he had held, together with the Bishopric of Rochester, before being preferred to Ely.

Compared with these men the State prisoners in the Tower in the reign of James II. were not of much interest. After Monmouth's rebellion, Lord Stamford, with Lord Delamere and Charles Gerrard, "commonly called Lord Bandon," were prisoners in the fortress. Sir Robert Cotton and John Crewe Offleigh were in the Tower charged with "dangerous and treasonable practices," and also Mr J. Cook, a member of the House of Commons, "for his indecent and undutiful speech, reflecting on the King and the House of Commons."

A strange case was that of Sir Bevil Skelton, who was a prisoner in September 1688, and "who had been recalled from France for exceeding his instructions in certain political transactions," for not only was he speedily released, but was made Governor of the Tower, an appointment which caused much dissatisfaction. This appointment was the last of James's unpopular acts, and when, three months later, the King fled the country, the



The Seven Bishops going by Water to the Tower.

House of Lords removed Skelton from his post, and gave the keys of the Tower into the custody of Lord Lucas.

On the 11th of December 1688, James left Whitehall, a King without a crown, and as he crossed the Thames to reach Lambeth, he dropped the Great Seal into the river, hoping thereby that everything would fall into confusion for the want of that symbol of legitimate authority. The curious Dutch engraving representing the amiable act of the last of our male Stuart monarchs gives a view of old London Bridge, and the Tower beyond, looming large against a wintry sky. On the same day that James threw away the Great Seal of England, his Lord Chancellor, the justly detested Jeffreys, was taken, in the disguise of a common sailor, in a small house at Wapping, as he was about to go on board a collier which would have taken him to Hamburg. Once in the power of the mob, Jeffreys' life was in deadly peril, and he suffered severely at the hands of the people, but was finally rescued and taken before the Lord Mayor, who, poor man, died in a fit soon after the terrible judge had been brought before him, more revolting in his abject terror of death than even during the Bloody Assizes in the West, when he had condemned shoals of men and women to tortures and death with jibes and ghastly pleasantries. Protected by two regiments of the City trainbands, Jeffreys was taken into the Tower on the 12th of December, and given in charge of Lord Lucas, the Governor. The warrant of Jeffreys' arrest, which is unique, is among the Tower records, and runs as follows:—"We, the peers of this Realm, being assembled with some of the Privy Council, do hereby will and require you to take into your custody the body of George, Lord Jeffreys (herewith sent to you), and to keep him safe prisoner until further order; for which this shall be your sufficient warrant." This warrant is signed by thirteen peers, including the Bishop of Winchester.

James having fled, and the Great Seal being at the

bottom of the Thames, there was no King or Parliament existing at the time the warrant was made out. Jeffreys was half dead with terror when the coach in which he was taken to the Tower entered its gates. All the way from the Mansion House he had implored the soldiers about him to preserve him from the furious rabble that surged around the carriage with ferocious cries of a well-merited hatred. This brute, who had sent scores of innocent people to the block and the gallows, who had rejoiced, like the fiend he was, at the sufferings of his victims as they left his presence for the gibbet, or the plantations, to be sold as slaves, now attempted to excite pity for himself amongst those persons who came to see him in the Tower, by telling them that he had only acted as he had done by the orders of King James, and that James had chidden him for showing too much clemency.

Jeffreys was only forty years old when he was taken to the Tower, but he soon wasted away, tormented, one might imagine, by the spectres of those whom he had destroyed, and of the thousands whom he had made desolate. Whether he died from drinking brandy to excess or not, is of little moment, but according to Oldnixon, his body "continued to decay" until the 19th of April 1689, when he died at the age of forty-one. He had been Chief-Justice at thirty-five, and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven. No one looking at his portrait in the National Portrait Gallery would imagine that the melancholy-looking and distinguished young man, with his long, flowing wig, could be the most cruel, vindictive, and unmerciful judge with whom the English Bench has ever been cursed.



de k. vlocht by nacht, wyt het hof met de segels van Ryck.



CHAPTER XVI

WILLIAM AND MARY

ONLY one prisoner of State suffered death during the twelve years of the joint reigns of William of Orange and Mary. This was Sir John Fenwick, who had been implicated in a plot to assassinate William, and being found guilty of high treason, was beheaded on Tower Hill on 28th January 1697.

There were, however, a number of more or less unfortunate important State prisoners at different times in the fortress, the most interesting of these being the future Duke of Marlborough, for "abetting and adhering to their Majesties' enemies." In Lord Wolseley's admirable history of that great soldier's life, we read under the date of 5th May 1697: "Marlborough was kept a close prisoner in the Tower, no one being allowed to see him except by order of the Secretary of State. His wife left the Princess Anne at Sion House in order to be near him in town, and she left no means untried to obtain his release. There still exist many orders signed by Lord Nottingham granting her permission to see him in prison, the earliest being dated five days after his committal, and worded 'for this time only.' A Mr Chudleigh was a frequent visitor; the first order of admission given him was to see Marlborough in presence of a warder, 'for this time only.' Later on, we find an order addressed to Lord Lucas, the Constable of the Tower, signifying the Queen's pleasure that friends and relatives of the prisoners lately committed should have access to them from time to time. They were sub-

sequently allowed to dine together, when all dread of invasion had passed away. Marlborough, in the Tower, had fewer friends than ever, but his wife makes honourable mention of Lord Bradford, who not only refused to sign the warrant which committed him to prison, but paid him a visit when there. . . . Writing to Lady Marlborough, Princess Anne says: 'I hear Lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told of it, for methinks it is a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place.' . . . 'At length, on June 15, Marlborough was brought before the Court of King's Bench on a writ of habeas corpus, and released from the Tower upon finding bail for £6000 for his appearance when required.'" ("Life of Marlborough," vol. ii.)

The same charge of "abetting and adhering to their Majesties' enemies," upon which Marlborough had been imprisoned, was brought against Lord Brudenell, the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Robert Thorold, and Colonel Langston.

In the same year the ruffianly head of the gang of "Mohawks," Lord Mohun, who figures in Thackeray's "Esmond," was twice in the Tower for having committed two assassinations—the first, that of the actor William Mountford, whom Mohun had murdered in a quarrel over the celebrated actress, Mrs Bracegirdle; and the second, when, with Edward, Earl of Warwick, he had helped to kill one Richard Coate. In 1695, Sir Basil Firebrace was in the Tower, as well as the Earls of Salisbury, Peterborough, and Arran, with Lord Montgomery, all imprisoned on the charge of being concerned in Jacobite plots. With these were Sir Edward Hale, Sir Thomas Jenner, Lord Castlemaine, Lord Forbes, Colonel Lumley, Captain Shackerley, Lord Preston, Sir Richard Cleaver, Sir Robert Hamilton, and Edward Griffin, upon whom James conferred a barony whilst he was imprisoned in the Tower, a title James had no more right to bestow than Griffin had



View of the Tower in the time of James II



to receive. Griffin, it seems, owed his imprisonment to an accident. He was in active correspondence with the court at St Germain, and had ordered a large pewter bottle to be made with a false bottom, in which to conceal letters. Late one night he gave this bottle to his cook with directions to have it soldered. Whilst this was being done, a packet of letters was discovered in the false bottom directed to James II. The cook was immediately seized, and Griffin, with his wife, was sent to the Tower, whence, however, he made his escape, but soon afterwards surrendered himself to the authorities. He died in the Tower in 1710.

The affection and loyalty inspired by the Stuarts brought many prisoners to the Tower, refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the joint sovereigns being answered by the authorities with confinement in the fortress, on the charge of "abetting and adhering to their Majesties' enemies." Of these, Francis Cholmondeley, Lord Yarmouth, and some others, were there in 1690, the names of Lords Newburgh, Clancarty, Tyrone, Morley, Monteagle, Dartmouth, Cahir, the Earl of Clarendon, Major-General Dorrington, and General Maxwell, also figure on the list, but against these no specific charge is now apparent. Two years afterwards a Mr Henry Grey, a member of the House of Commons, was there, accused of taking bribes, as well as Lord Falkland; and the Earl of Torrington's defeat by the French fleet off Beachy Head was punished by an enforced residence in the State prison.

That the fortress was crowded with prisoners towards the close of William's reign is apparent by two papers which, by the kindness of Mr Birch, the Curator of the Soane Museum, I have been allowed to copy here, but it must be added that out of all the State prisoners in the Tower under William's rule only one suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The papers are as follows:—

At the Committee for ye Affaires of Ireland in ye Councill Chamber att
Whitehall, Aprill the 15 1695.

It is ordered by their L^{ds} that Sir Christopher Wren Surveyr
Genl. of his Majities Works doe repaire to the Tower of London to
view Beauchamp Tower and Bloody Tower and report what it will
cost to Repaire and putt them in a condition to hold Prisoners of
State. Sir Christopher Wren is also to surveigh the ground behind
the Chapell in the Tower where it is proposed to Erect some build-
ings for keeping prisoners, and to report in like manner what it will
cost and how many prisoners it can be made to hold, and he is
further to consider of the annexed Draught proposed for the Erecting
the Said Buildings, and give his opinion upon it, or else make such
other Draught as he shall think fitt, and Lay the same together with
his report upon the whole matter before the Committee as soon as
conveniently may be.

WM. BRIDGEMAN.

To Ye Rt Honble ye Committee of Councill for the Affaires of Ireland.
May it please yr L^{rs}.

In obedience to yr L^{rs} Order of the 15th instant, that I should view the
severall places in the Tower therein mentioned—viz. Beauchamp
Tower and ye Bloody Tower and report wt Expense will put them
in condition to hold prisoners of State and what number they will
hold I have accordingly viewed the same and report that both the
said places were put the last summer in better repair than they have
been in many years being whited, mended, and made strong, but to
make them fitt for prisoners of State, if by that Expression it be
intended that they should be wainscotted and made fitt for hangings
and furniture it may cost £200 or much more but with such walls,
windows and winding stairs they never can be made proper with any
cost without rebuilding. I have also in pursuance of y^r L^{rs} Order
viewed the place behinde the Chappell and considered and do
approve the annex'd draught proposed to be built wch I take to
be as Large as ye place will afford containing 15 square and if it be
well built in 3 storeys, Cellars and garretts it will cost £600. As to
the number of Prisoners the place may hold I can only report wt
number of rooms each place contains. Beauchamp Tower hath
a large Kitching 2 large rooms and 2 small servants rooms. Bloody
Tower hath a kitching one room and one closset. The new building
may contain 9 single rooms, besides cellars and garrets and a
kitching all wch is humbly submitted.

CHR WREN

Aprill 17 1695.



The Port of London, Commanded in a Day



By J. & J. Ton Robert L. Linn

CHAPTER XVII

QUEEN ANNE

FEW prisoners of any degree were committed to the Tower during the reign of Anne, except during the first year of her rule, when the Continental wars brought some French prisoners of war, who were confined there. In 1712, however, the famous Sir Robert Walpole was committed to the Tower "for high breach of trust and notorious corruption." Walpole's committal was entirely due to political intrigue, and his disgrace and imprisonment closely resembled that of the Duke of Choiseul in the reign of Louis XVI., when half of the French society of the day flocked to the fallen Minister's house at Chanteloup. Walpole's apartment in the Tower was crowded all day long with a succession of smart folk, among whom the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, with whom the Queen had broken off her former great intimacy, were conspicuous; Godolphin, Somers, Sunderland, and Pulteney, Earl of Bath, were also frequent visitors.

Three years after Walpole had left his rooms in the Tower they were occupied by George Granville, Earl of Lansdowne—a nobleman of strong Jacobite proclivities. He was a poet as well as a Jacobite, and finding Walpole's name written on the window of the room, he wrote beneath it the following distich:—

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again."

It may be interesting at this place to recall some of the incidents connected with the Mint in the Tower.

Few persons on reading the name of John Rotier, which is placed on the commemoration brass tablet in the Chapel of St Peter's in the Tower bearing the names of the illustrious dead there buried, would probably have an idea of his claims to distinction. So little artistic interest is connected with the old fortress that Rotier's name deserves more than a passing mention.

John Rotier, or Roettier, belonged to a family of medallists, and was the son of an Antwerp jeweller who had been of considerable assistance to Charles II. during his exile. Rotier came over to England soon after Charles returned, and, on the recommendation of the King, was received into the Mint under Simon the chief medallist. In the year 1662, Rotier, with his two brothers, became the King's medallist, with quarters in the Tower. Pepys often came to see the three brothers at work, and was much interested in 1667, when Rotier was engaged in making a new medal for Charles, in which the figure of Britannia was being taken from the beautiful face and form of Miss Stuart, one of Charles's mistresses, and afterwards Duchess of Richmond; this is the same figure, with a little alteration, that appears on our copper pence at the present day. Rotier had also made a Great Seal for Charles, and on the accession of James he made that monarch's coronation medal.

The King's profile appears on the obverse of this medal, and on the reverse is a trophy of armour, with ships in the background, and the words "Genus Antu Antiquum" engraved above. It appears to be an excellent likeness, the determined lines of obstinacy and self-will which marked James's face being admirably rendered. When William came to the throne of his father-in-law Rotier fell into disgrace, being supposed to be a Jacobite, a not unnatural supposition, seeing his connection with both James and Charles. But what was more alarming than

THE SOUTH-EAST PROSPECT OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. PETER IN THE TOWER.



To George Holmes Esq.
Surveyor-General of the Revenue in the Tower of London.
 This Plate is humbly inscribed by the Publisher, R. Wallcut & Co. in the Strand.

This Chapel is built by Henry VIII. and finished by Edward VI. in the year 1546. It is a fine example of the architecture of that reign, and is one of the most beautiful buildings in the Tower. The Chapel is now used as a library, and contains many valuable books and manuscripts. The Chapel is open to the public, and is a most interesting place to visit.



any supposition of Jacobite sympathies was a rumour that the exiled King had returned, and was lying concealed in Rotier's lodgings: he was promptly accused of stealing some dies from the Mint, and of striking coins for the service of James.

A Committee of the House of Commons sat on the poor medallist, its decision being that "It is too great a trust and may be of dangerous consequence for the said Roettier to have the custody of the dies, he being a Roman Catholic and keeping an Irish Papist in his house, and having the custody of the said dies, it lies in his power to let them out when he pleases, or to coin false money in the Tower. That the Lord Lucas has complained that the Tower is not safe while so many Papists are entertained in Roettier's house." All Roettier's dies and puncheons were accordingly seized, and he himself was driven from the Tower. He appears to have returned, however, in 1703, just after a visit he had received from Sir Godfrey Kneller, who had been sent to him by Queen Anne to execute a medal of her Majesty, which, however, the old medallist was unable to perform; he died shortly afterwards, and was buried in St Peter's Chapel.

In an interesting article by Mr W. J. Hocking in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1895, entitled "Money-making in the Tower," there is some curious information respecting the Mint once established in the Tower. Mr Hocking says that coining operations have been carried on in the Tower in every reign since the Conquest, save in those of Richard I. and Edward V. It is even possible that the Romans struck their money in the Tower, for Constantine had a mint working in London, the treasurer of which bore the title of *Praepositus Thesaurorum Augustinium*. In Edward the Third's reign it was enacted that all moneys, wherever coined, should be made in the same manner as in the Tower. James I. was present at the trial of the Pix in the Tower,

and "diligently viewed the state of his money and mint."

Money was coined in fifteen places at least, besides the Tower, in the reign of Charles I. It was during his tenure of the crown that Nicholas Briot, a French engraver, worked at the Tower, the money then turned out being said to be the finest in the world.

After the Restoration small steel rolling-mills were set up in the Tower driven by horse and water power, the cost of striking one year's coinage being £1400. The new milled coinage was a great improvement on the old hammered coins. It was at this time that the great English medallist Simon's "Petition Medal" was produced. This came from a competition, between him and Roetier; the latter won the competition, and consequently made the puncheons and dies for the new coinage. Simon was infuriated by his defeat and spoke some hasty words which, being repeated to Charles, caused his dismissal. Some twenty of Simon's "petition medals" were struck, with the legend round their edges as follows:—"Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this his tryall piece with the Dutch (Roetier's), and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully order'd and more accurately engraven, to relieve him." For one of these medals as much as £500 has been given by a firm of London coin-dealers, so rare is the piece.

The punishment meted out to coiners and clippers of coins in this reign was incredibly barbarous. In those so-called "good old times" in one day seven men were hanged and a woman burned for clipping and counterfeiting the current coin.

A Coinage Act was passed by Parliament in 1696, and under its provisions all the old hammered money was called in, melted in furnaces near Whitehall, and sent in ingots to the Tower, to reappear in the new milled form. That wonderful man, Sir Isaac Newton, was made Master of the Tower Mint, and the number of mills being increased



The Beauchamp Tower

by his advice, in a few months, owing to his energy, a time of great commercial prosperity ensued. In 1810 the new Office of the Mint was opened on Little Tower Hill, where it still remains.

The following is taken from Mr Hocking's article on the Tower Mint:—

“On the morning of December 20th, 1798, James Turnbull, one Dalton, and two other men were engaged in the press-room swinging the fly of the screw-press, while Mr Finch, one of the manager's apprentices, fed the press with gold blank pieces, which were struck into guineas. At nine o'clock Mr Finch sent the men to their breakfast. They all four went out; but Dalton and Turnbull returned almost directly. And while the latter held the door, Turnbull drew a pistol and advanced upon Mr Finch, demanding the key of the closet where the newly-coined guineas were kept. Finch, paralyzed with fear and surprise, yielded it up. An old gentleman who was in the room expostulated; but both were forced into a sort of passage or large cupboard and locked in. Turnbull then helped himself to the guineas, and managed to get off with no less than 2308. For nine days he effectually concealed himself in the neighbourhood, and then, while endeavouring to escape to France, was apprehended. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. In his defence he cleared Dalton from any willing complicity in the crime.” Turnbull was executed at the Old Bailey.

CHAPTER XVIII

GEORGE I.

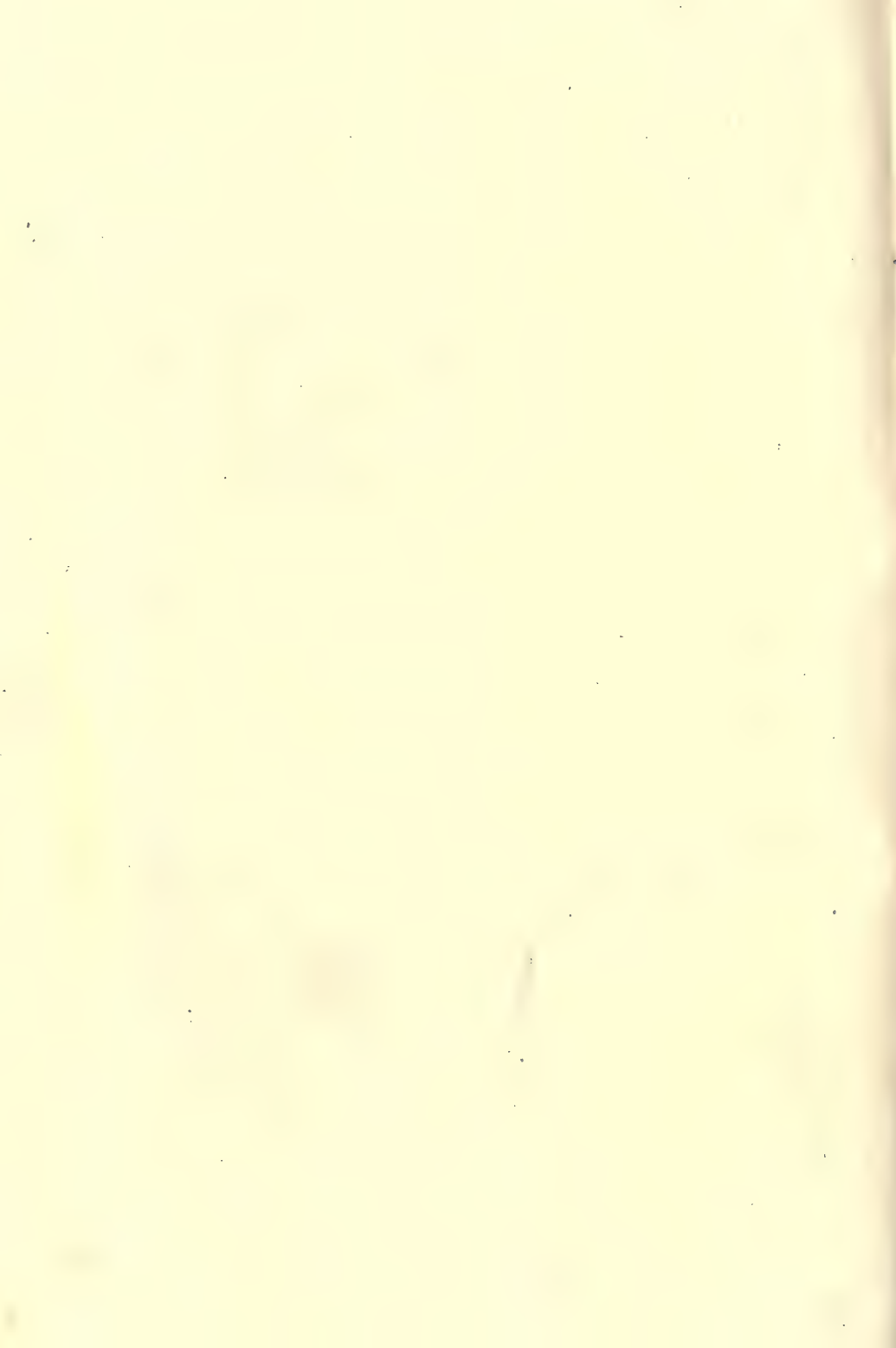
WITH George the First the Whigs came into power, and soon after the new King's accession, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and the former Lord Treasurer, was sent to the Tower on the charge of having advised the French King as to the best means for capturing the town of Tournai. Harley had resigned his Treasurer's staff three days before Queen Anne's death, and on the 10th of June 1715, he was impeached by the Commons, of whom only a short time before he had been the idol, and committed to the Tower. His courage never wavered, although he was left to languish for two years in the fortress, and at length, on petitioning to be tried, he was acquitted in July 1717. He died seven years later, aged sixty-two. Lord Powis and Sir William Wyndham soon followed Lord Oxford to the Tower, but the latter was very shortly after set at liberty without even undergoing a trial. Wyndham was member for the county of Somerset from 1708 until his death in 1740; he had been Secretary of State for War and Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Anne, as well as Master of the Buckhounds. His talents and his eloquence made him one of the foremost men of that brilliant age, and Pope sang his praises :

"How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit ;
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The Master of his passions and our own ?"

Another distinguished prisoner at this time in the Tower



View of the Tower in the time of George I



was George Granville, Lord Lansdowne of Bideford. Descended from that race of heroes, the Grenvilles of the West, of whom Admiral Sir Richard of the *Revenge* was the most famous, and grandson of Sir Bevil Grenville, killed at the Battle of Lansdowne, George Granville belonged by race and conviction to the party of the Stuarts, and, too proud to seek safety in flight, as did so many of his contemporaries at the accession of the House of Hanover, he remained in England, and even protested from his place in the House of Lords against the Bill for attainting Ormonde and Bolingbroke. Strongly suspected of favouring the cause of James Stuart, Lansdowne was accused of having taken part in a plot for raising an insurrection in the West Country, where his name was a pillar of strength, "being possessed," as Lord Bolingbroke said, "now with the same political phrenzy for the Pretender as he had in his youth for his father." The plot was discovered, and at the close of September 1715, Lansdowne and his wife were committed to the Tower and kept there in close confinement until all danger of insurrection had passed away, and until the rising in the North had been crushed. In Queen Anne's time, Lansdowne had been sung as

"Trevanion and Granville as sound as a bell
For the Queen and the Church and Sacheverell."

In 1710 he had succeeded Walpole as Minister for War, but he prided himself more upon his literary gifts than upon those of his birth and rank, or upon his political eminence. He wrote poetry, sad stuff, and plays which were worse than his poems, for in these he out-Wycherlyed Wycherley. The plays of the days of the Restoration not excepted, there is nothing more indecent in theatrical literature than Granville's "The Old Gallant."

The famous rising in Scotland in 1715 in favour of the son of James II., the Chevalier de St George, or, as his adherents called him, James the Third, brought many of

the leaders of that ill-starred rebellion to the Tower, and some to the block. Of the latter the young Earl of Derwentwater was the most conspicuous. James Radcliffe, Lord Derwentwater, was the only Englishman of high birth who took up arms for the Jacobite cause in this rebellion of 1715. He appears to have been a youth of high merit, and was only twenty-six when he was persuaded to throw life and fortune on the side of the Chevalier. One who knew him writes "that he was a man formed by nature to be generally beloved." His connection with the Stuarts was possibly brought about by the fact that his mother, Mary Tudor, was a natural daughter of Charles II., and also that he was a Catholic by birth. He was a very wealthy landowner, with vast estates, which, after his execution, were given to Greenwich Hospital. They brought him in, including the mines, between thirty and forty thousand pounds a year, a great fortune in those days. His home, from which he derived his title, was situated in the most beautiful of the English lakes, the lovely Lake of Derwentwater in Cumberland, and was called Lord's Island.

Derwentwater had been taken prisoner at Preston, with six Scotch noblemen, William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, Robert Dalziel, Earl of Carnwath, George Seton, Lord Wintoun, William Gordon, Lord Kenmure, William Murray, Earl of Nairn, and William Widdrington, Lord Widdrington. They were brought up to London with their arms tied behind them, their horses led by soldiers, and preceded by drums and music, in a kind of trumpety triumph, and imprisoned in the Tower. Much interest was made on their behalf in both Houses of Parliament; in the Commons, Richard Steele pleaded for them, and in the Lords, a motion for reading the petition presented to both Houses, praying the King to show mercy to the prisoners, had only been carried against the Ministry by a majority of nine. An address was presented to George the First, praying him to "reprieve such of the condemned



Window in the Cradle Tower

lords as deserved mercy." To this petition George, or rather, his Prime Minister, Robert Walpole, answered that the King would act as he thought most consistent for the dignity of the Crown and the safety of the people, thus virtually rejecting the address. Many of those who had places in the Government and had voted against the Ministry were dismissed from their offices.

The trial of the Jacobite lords commenced on the 9th of February, and lasted ten days. Wintoun, the only one of the prisoners who pleaded "not guilty," was the only one pardoned; the others were condemned to death, Lord Cowper, the Lord High Steward, pronouncing sentence on the 29th of February as follows:—"And now, my Lords, nothing remains but that I pronounce upon you, and sorry I am that it falls to my lot to do it, that terrible sentence of the law, which must be the same that is usually given against the meanest offenders in the like kind. The most ignominious and painful parts of it are usually remitted by the grace of the Crown, to persons of your quality; but the law in this case being deaf to all distinction of persons, requires that I should pronounce, and accordingly it is adjudged by this Court, 'That you, James, Earl of Derwentwater, William, Lord Widdrington, William, Earl of Nithsdale, Robert, Earl of Carnwath, William, Viscount Kenmure, and William, Lord Nairne, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came, and thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hang'd by the neck, but not till you be dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your face; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!'"

Widdrington and Carnwath were released by the Act of Grace in 1717, and Lord Nairne was subsequently pardoned, the four remaining noblemen being left to die.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 24th of February, Derwentwater and Kenmure were brought out of the Tower in a coach and were driven to a house known as the Transport Office, on Tower Hill, facing the scaffold, which was draped in black cloth; there they remained whilst the final preparations for their execution were being carried out.

The first to be led out was young Lord Derwentwater; as he mounted the scaffold steps his face was seen to be blanched, but beyond this he showed no other sign of emotion in that supreme moment, and when he spoke to the people it was with a firm voice and a composed manner. After praying for some time he rose from his knees and read a paper in which he declared himself a faithful subject of the Chevalier St George, whom he said he regarded as his rightful King. There was some roughness upon the surface of the block, which Derwentwater perceiving, he bade the executioner plane it smooth with the axe. He then took off his coat and waistcoat, telling the headsman to look afterwards in the pockets, where he should find some money for himself to pay him for his trouble, adding that the signal for the blow would be when for the third time he repeated the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," by stretching out his arms. He was killed at one stroke. Thus perished in his twenty-eighth year a man who was loved by all who knew him, rich and poor, and whose memory still lingers in his beautiful northern lake country in many an old song and ballad.

There is a curious legend connected with Derwentwater's death to the effect that after his execution, the peasantry rose and drove Lady Derwentwater from Lord's Island, believing that it was at her instigation that her husband had joined the Jacobite rising; a ravine near their old home, through which Lady Derwentwater is supposed to have fled, still goes by the name of the "Lady's Rake." On the night of his execution a brilliant "aurora borealis" lighted the northern skies of Derwent-



The Earl of Derwentwater.
(From a Contemporary Engraving.)

water, which the people in that district interpreted as being a signal of Heaven's displeasure at the death of the popular young Earl; and the aurora is still called in the North, "Lord Derwentwater's Lights."

After the scaffold had been cleaned, and every mark of the first execution removed, Lord Kenmure was brought out from the house in which he had waited whilst Derwentwater was being put to death, and came on the scaffold accompanied by his son, two clergymen, and some other friends. Kenmure, unlike Derwentwater, belonged to the Church of England. He made no formal speech, but expressed his sorrow at having pleaded guilty. He told the executioner that he should give him no signal, but that he was to strike the second time he placed his head upon the block. It required two blows of the axe to kill him.

Kenmure had married the sister of Robert, Earl of Carnwath, who was one of his fellow-prisoners, but who was respited and pardoned. By judicious management, Lady Kenmure was able to save a remnant out of the forfeited estates of her husband, and, later on, George the First returned part of the family estates to her and her children.

Some of the crowd who had gone to Tower Hill that morning in the hope of seeing three of the Jacobite lords beheaded, must have been surprised when only two appeared; the third doomed man, Lord Nithsdale, had made his escape from the Tower a few hours before his fellow-captives were led out to die.

Lord Nithsdale's escape on the eve of his execution reads more like a romance than sober history. But it was his wife who made the name famous for all time by her devotion and undaunted courage. All hope seemed lost after the Address for Mercy had been rejected by the King, and all idea of respite had indeed been abandoned except by the brave Lady Nithsdale, who was the daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, and was born about the year 1690. On hearing of the capture of her

husband at Preston, Lady Nithsdale had ridden up to London from their home, Torreglas, in Dumfriesshire, through the bitter winter weather, and, although not a strong woman, had endured all the hardships of the long journey and the anguish of anxiety regarding her husband, with heroic courage.

Before leaving Torreglas she had buried all the most important family records in the garden. Accompanied by her faithful Welsh maid, Evans, and a groom, she rode to Newcastle, and thence by public stage to York, where the snow lay so thick that no mail-coach could leave the city for the south. Nothing daunted, Lady Nithsdale rode all the way to London. On her arrival in the capital, her first object was to intercede for her husband with the King. She went to St James's Palace, where George was holding a drawing-room, and sat waiting for him in the long corridor on the first floor, through which the King would pass after leaving his room before entering the state rooms. Lady Nithsdale had never seen George the First, and in order to make no mistake, she had brought a friend, a Mrs Morgan, who knew the King by sight. When George appeared, "I threw myself," Lady Nithsdale writes, "at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But seeing that he wanted to go off without taking my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me on my knees, from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the Blue Ribands who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat from my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell to the ground in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away from grief and disappointment."

There was no time to be lost, and after this last chance

of obtaining a hearing from King George had failed, Lady Nithsdale knew that she, and she alone, could save her husband's life. To this almost hopeless task she now devoted all her mind and all her courage.

Returning to the Tower, where she had already been on several occasions, she pretended to be the bearer of good news. On this occasion she only remained long enough to tell Lord Nithsdale the plan she had formed for effecting his deliverance, after which she returned to her lodgings in Drury Lane. There she confided her plan to her landlady, a worthy soul, named Mills, and prevailed upon her to accompany her to the Tower, together with Mrs Morgan, after some arrangement had been made in their costumes, to which "their surprise and astonishment made them consent," writes Lady Nithsdale, "without thinking of the consequences." On their way to the fortress Lady Nithsdale entered into the details of her plan. Mrs Morgan was to wear a dress belonging to Mrs Mills over her own clothes, and in this dress Lady Nithsdale would disguise her husband, and so transformed, he could make his way out of the Tower. It was a bold scheme, and was admirably carried out in every detail.

On arriving at the Governor's, now the King's, House, where Lord Nithsdale was imprisoned, Lady Nithsdale was only allowed to bring one friend in at a time, and first introduced Mrs Morgan, a friend, she said, of her husband, who had come to bid him farewell. Mrs Morgan, when she had come into the prisoner's room, took off the outer dress she was wearing over her own, and into this Lord Nithsdale was duly introduced. Then Lady Nithsdale asked Mrs Morgan to go out and bring in her maid Evans. "I despatched her safe," she writes, "and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs Mills, who held her handkerchief to her face, as was natural for a person going to take a last leave of a friend before his execution; and I desired her to do this that my lord might go out in the same

manner. Her eyebrows were inclined to be sandy, and as my lord's were dark and thick, I had prepared some paint to disguise him. I had also got an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers, and rouged his face and cheeks, to conceal his beard which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go out quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been, and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, 'My dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is. I am to present my petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow it is too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened me the door. When I had seen her safe out, I returned to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so that as he had the same dress that she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candle might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, whilst he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone, bewailing the negligence of my maid Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then I



The Tower from Tower Hill

said, 'My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you; you know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the door, and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk, but I continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such a consternation, that he was almost out of himself, which, Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling Lord Nithsdale anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we certainly should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to Mr Mills, who by this time recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, brought Lord Nithsdale to it. In the meantime, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise in my distress. When I was in the room I talked as if he had been really present. I answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, and walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber

might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord formal farewell for the night, and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent, on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower was then open, when I had finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring more favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant, as I passed by (who was ignorant of the whole transaction), that he need not carry in candles to his master, till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first." What an admirable wife was Lady Nithsdale, and what a devoted maid to her was her "dear Evans."

Lord Nithsdale got safely out of London in the suite of the Venetian Ambassador,—whose coach and six were sent some days after his escape to Dover,—disguised in the livery of one of the Ambassador's footmen. From Dover he succeeded in getting to Calais, and later on to Rome.

Although Lady Nithsdale had succeeded in rescuing her lord from the scaffold, her self-devotion did not end there, her task, she thought, was still incomplete. In spite of the personal peril she herself ran if found in England or over the border, for the King was mightily annoyed at the ruse by which she had snatched her husband from the jaws of death, Lady Nithsdale determined to protect her son's estates, which, owing to the attainder of his father, were now Government property. Her first step was to recover the papers she had hidden in the garden at Torreghlas. "As I had hazarded my life for the father,"

she writes, "I would not do less than hazard it for the son." Attended by the faithful Evans and her groom, who had accompanied her upon the memorable ride from York to London, Lady Nithsdale returned to Dumfriesshire. Having arrived safely at Torreglas, she put a brave face upon her errand, and invited her neighbours to come and see her as if she had been sent by the Government itself. On the night before these invitations were due, this most astute and courageous lady dug up the family papers in the garden, sending them off at once to a place of safety in the charge of a trusty retainer. Before day broke she had again started on her return journey to the south, and while the Dumfries justices were laying their wise heads together, and consulting whether they should or should not give orders for the seizure of Lady Nithsdale, she had put many miles between herself and them. When the good folk of Dumfries arrived at Torreglas, they found that the lady they sought in the name of the law had given them the slip.

It is pleasant to picture the impotent rage of George Rex when he heard of this second defiance of his kingly authority ; he declared that Lady Nithsdale did whatever she pleased in spite of him, and that she had given him more trouble than any other woman in the whole of Europe.

Lady Nithsdale joined her husband in Rome, where they lived many years together, he dying in 1749, and his devoted wife following him to the grave soon afterwards. She rests in the beautiful Fitzalan Chapel, near Arundel Castle. One hopes that the faithful Welsh maid, Evans, was with them till the end. According to Lord de Ros, Lady Nithsdale's portrait, painted by Godfrey Kneller, still hangs in her Scottish home. "Her hair," he says, "is bright brown, slightly powdered ; with large soft eyes, regular features, and a fair complexion. Her soft expression and delicate appearance give little indication of the strength of mind and courage she displayed.

Her dress is blue silk, with a border of cambric, and over it a cloak of brown silk."

Another of the Jacobite lords, Wintoun, also escaped from the Tower. Little is known regarding the manner in which he broke his prison and thus cheated the headsmen, but it is supposed that he managed to saw through the bars of his window, having previously bribed his gaoler to let him be free and undisturbed in his work of filing the iron. In his case there were no romantic details, or, if there were any, they have not come down to us. Of Lord Wintoun's escape, Lord de Ros writes: "Being well seconded by friends of the cause in London, he was conveyed safely to the Continent."

Another large batch of prisoners who were suspected of being Jacobites came into the Tower in the year 1722, the most notable of them being Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Lords North, Orrery, and Grey, Thomas Layer Corkran, Christopher Layer, and an Irish clergyman named Kelly. Of these, the last was the only one executed on the charge of high treason.

The plot in which these persons of varying degrees were accused of being implicated, was to seize the Tower, and raise a rebellion in favour of the Chevalier, an idea which goes to show that the old fortress was even as late as the days of our first Hanoverian sovereign regarded as an essential to the assumption of the supreme power in the country. Atterbury was attainted and banished, after undergoing a strict imprisonment, which he endured with much patience from the 24th of August 1722, until the 18th of January in the following year.

"How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour;
How shines his soul unconquered in the Tower,"

as Pope has sung it. Atterbury never returned to England, dying after eight years of exile in France.

In 1724 the Earl of Suffolk was committed to the



Middle Gate

Tower "for granting protection in breach of the standing orders of the House of Lords," whatever that crime may have been, and in the following year Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was imprisoned there "for venality and corruption in the discharge of his office."

CHAPTER XIX

GEORGE II.

BEFORE coming to the year 1746, when the old fortress was the scene of the imprisonment and death of the Jacobite leaders of the rebellion of 1745, it will be necessary to enter at some length into the treatment of some obscure Scotch prisoners who, shortly before the great outbreak in Scotland, were put to death in the Tower. The story of the deaths of these unfortunate men has never appeared in any account of the Tower and its prisoners, and I am therefore all the more anxious to give as full an account as I have been able to find of that event. It was owing to the kindness of Mr Gardiner, who placed in my hands a pamphlet with illustrations of the time, describing the fate of the brothers Macpherson and Shaw, that I became aware of this tragic story.*

This triple execution, which, as I have said, took place shortly before the Jacobite rising in Scotland in the "'45," may have had something to do with the strong feeling against the English Government which prevailed in the North; it was certainly one of those acts by which governments make themselves and their ministers odious. And the execution on Tower Green in 1744 may well have caused the unpopularity, not to say hatred, amongst the Scotch of the English Government.

The only reference I have been able to find to this

* The pamphlet has been copied *in extenso*, and will be found in the Appendix. The illustrations, with the exception of one which I was allowed to reproduce by the kindness of Mr Birch, the Curator of the Soane Museum, were also lent me by Mr Gardiner.



. North West View of the Tower of London. | View of the Tower of London.

event are two short passages in Hume and Smollett's "History of England" (vol. xi. page 164), and the other in a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann ("Walpole's Letters," vol. i., Letter LXXIV.).

"King George was in Germany," writes Hume, "the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of the British army, was employed in Flanders, and great part of the Highlanders were keen for insurrection; their natural feelings were, on this occasion, stimulated by the suggestion of revenge. At the beginning of the war, a regiment of those people had been formed and transported with the rest of the British troops to Flanders. Before they were embarked, a number of them deserted with their arms, on pretence that they had been decoyed into the service by promises and assurances that they should never be sent abroad; and this was really the case. They were overtaken by a body of horse, persuaded to submit, brought back to London, pinioned like malefactors, and tried for desertion; three were shot to death *in terrorem*, and the rest were sent to the plantations. Those who suffered were persons of some consequence in their own country, and their fate was deeply resented by the clans to which they belonged. It was considered a national outrage, and the Highlanders, who are naturally vindictive, waited impatiently for an opportunity of vengeance."

So far, the historian upon the subject. This is the letter-writer's account of the matter. "We are," writes Walpole to Mann on the 19th May 1743, "in more confusion than we care to own. There lately came up a highland regiment from Scotland to be sent abroad. One heard of nothing but their good discipline and quiet disposition. When the day came for their going to the water-side, one hundred and nine of them mutinied, and marched away in a body. They did not care to go to where it would be equivocal for what King they fought. Three companies of dragoons are sent after them. If you happen to hear of any rising, don't be surprised—I shall

not, I assure you. Sir Robert Monroe, their Lieutenant-Colonel, before their leaving Scotland, asked some of the Ministry: 'But suppose there should be any rebellion in Scotland, what shall we do for these eight hundred men?' it was answered, 'Why, there would be eight hundred fewer rebels there.'

It seems to have been a scandalous act on the part of the Government to have drafted these Scottish soldiers to Flanders immediately upon their arrival in London, after they had promised that they should not be taken on foreign service. And the cruelly harsh treatment meted out to the deserters, and the execution of the three men, must have stirred up a strong feeling of hatred in Scotland against George the Second's Government—a hatred which burst into open flame in the "'45."

The next event in the history of the Tower is the imprisonment and execution of the Scotch Jacobite lords after the rebellion of 1745. For more than a score of years the old fortress had been free of political prisoners, and Tower Hill had seen no more executions. The blood of the "Rebel Lords," as they were called, was the last that dyed the scaffold in England. These "Rebel Lords" were the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl of Cromarty, and Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Tullibardine had already taken up arms for the cause of James in 1715, and when he was taken prisoner after the "'45," was a broken-down, elderly man whose life was drawing to a close, and who was so feeble that, when the standard of Prince Charles was unfurled at Glenfinnan, he had to be supported by men upon either side whilst he held the flagstaff. His father, the Duke of Athol, had obtained leave from George I. to will his title and estates to his second surviving son, James, who succeeded to the dukedom in 1729. Tullibardine had meanwhile fled to France, but in 1719 made a desperate attempt to raise the clans at Kinsale. He was defeated by General Wightmore at Glenshiel, and a proclamation was issued for his



Scotch Prisoners entering the Tower 1712



apprehension, together with the Earl Marischal and the Earl of Seaforth. A reward of two thousand pounds was promised for the capture of any of these noblemen. During the next twenty-six years Tullibardine's life was passed in France. On the 25th of July 1745, he landed with Prince Charles at Borodale, and, as it has been said, it was he who unfurled the Prince's standard on the 19th of August at Glenfinnan.

After the defeat of the Pretender's forces at Culloden, Tullibardine fled to Mull, but he was too broken in health even to attempt escape from the English troops sent out for his capture, and finally surrendered himself to Buchanan of Drumskill. Taken first to Dumbarton Castle, and then to Edinburgh, he was sent from the latter place to London by sea. On his arrival at the Tower, Tullibardine was in an almost dying state, and Lord Cornwallis, the Governor, was allowed by the following order, to send a Dr Wilmott to attend "the person formerly called Marquis of Tullibardine, a prisoner in your custody, from time to time as he shall desire during his indisposition, provided the same to be in the presence of you or the Lieutenant." On the 9th of July this staunch Cavalier died in the Tower, thus escaping a public execution; he was only fifty-eight years old. He was buried in St Peter's Chapel. William, Earl of Kilmarnock, who was head of the family of Errol, had fought at Culloden, and was taken prisoner with Lord Balmerino. These, together with the Earl of Cromarty, who had been captured at the castle of Dunrobin, in Sutherland, were brought to London by sea, the warrant which committed them to the Tower being dated the 28th of July.

The following letter from Mrs Osborn, the famous Dorothy Osborn's great-niece by marriage, and a daughter of the first Lord Torrington, and wife of John Osborn, of Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, to her son, Sir Danvers Osborn, dated 9th December 1745, gives an interesting picture of the state of public feeling. She writes of the "most shameful panick" which had seized London on the

news of the advance of the Scottish army. People were hurrying from their country houses for shelter in the capital, and bringing their plate with them wherever they could. This "panick" lasted for four days, and then came the news of the retreat from Derby northwards, and people went home again. She says: "The Prisoners come to the Tower a fryday, 'tis not yet clear if the Pretender's brother is there. They have strong suspicion still, but the Ministry don't choose to talk about it." In the following June, Mrs Osborn writes from Kensington: "'Tis thought 'twill be August before the Lords can be try'd. After some forms are past, the Peers must have 20 days notice. Lady Cromarty is in town, has been at the Tower to enquire after her lord. She was at Williamson's, and cryd most bitterly, but no one is suffered so much as to look up at the windows. They were all brought into Williamson's, and from there one by one conducted to their apartments. No one knows where the other is, and they are kept very strict, since the King of France has ordered a most insolent Letter, and takes himself to be King of England to forbid us punishing the Rebels. Is the Prelates got off or not?" asks Mrs Osborn, adding rather cold-bloodedly: "I wish they could have been beheaded at Edinburgh, and not make such a long piece of work as the forms will do here."

The trial of these "Rebel Lords" took place at Westminster Hall with much ceremonial. The Lord High Steward, Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, arrived from Ormond Street, attended by a train of gentlemen-at-arms, Black Rod and Garter King at Arms supporting him. He was received by the guard in Old Palace Yard, "by drums beating as to the Royal family." The peers were in their robes, and the grand old Hall was filled to its utmost limits with a vast crowd of spectators. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, says: "I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever saw; you will easily guess it was the

trial of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine. A coronation is a puppet show, and all the splendours of it idle ; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes, and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday ; the three parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet ; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar amidst the idle curiosity of the crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the Royal Family was there, which was a proper regard for the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches, frequent and full. The Chancellor was Lord High Steward, but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister (Henry Pelham) that is no Peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers in a manner for their orders : and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish ; and instead of keeping to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. Lord Kilmarnock is past forty, but looks younger. He is tall and slender, with an extremely fine person ; his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission ; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation. But when I say this, it is not to find fault, but to show how little fault there is to be found. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw ; the lightest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man ; in the intervals of form with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have

his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. When they were brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go, old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me!' At the bar he played with his fingers upon the axe, while he talked with the gentleman gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see, he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. When the trial began, the two Earls (Kilmarnock and Cromarty) pleaded guilty, Balmerino not guilty, saying he would prove his not being at the taking of the Castle of Carlisle, as was said in the indictment. Then the King's Counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable. Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their house, and returning, demanded of the judges whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord Steward asked the Peers severally whether Lord Balmerino was guilty. All said, 'Guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. On Wednesday the prisoners were again brought to Westminster Hall, at about eleven o'clock, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation."

The executions were fixed to take place on the 18th of August, the news being broken to Lord Kilmarnock by his friend, Mr J. Foster, a clergyman. When old Balmerino was told by the Lieutenant of the Tower, General Williamson, of the fatal day, he was at dinner with his wife (Margaret, daughter of Captain Chalmers). "Lady Balmerino," writes Williamson, "being very much

surprised, he desired her not to be concerned at it, his lady seemed very disconsolate, and rose immediately from table, on which he started from his chair, and said 'Pray, my Lady, sit down, for it shall not spoil your dinner.' 'The brave old fellow,' as Walpole calls Lord Balmerino, and with justice, turned upon the General, 'Lieutenant,' he said, 'with your damned warrant you have spoiled my Lady's dinner.'"

The following account of the execution of the Jacobite leaders is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the month of August 1745, and appears to have been the most accurate and the most detailed :—

At six o'clock a troop of lifeguards, and 1000 of the footguards—being fifteen men out of each company, marched from the parade in St James's park thro' the city to Tower-hill, to attend the execution of the Earl of Kilmarnock and the Lord Balmerino, and being arrived there were posted in lines from the Tower to the scaffold, and all around it. About 8 o'clock the Sheriffs of London, and their under sheriffs and their officers, *viz.* six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch Street, where they breakfasted, and went from thence to the house, lately the Transport Office, on Tower-hill near Catherine's Court, hired by them for the reception of the said lords, before they should be conducted to the scaffold which was erected about thirty yards from the said house.

At ten o'clock the block was fixed on the stage and covered with black cloth, and several sacks of sawdust up to strew on it; soon after their coffins were brought, covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, etc. On the Earl of Kilmarnock's was a plate with this inscription, "Gulielmus Come de Kilmarnock decollatur 18 Augusti 1746. Etat suae 42," with an Earl's coronet over it, and six coronets over the six handles; and on Lord Balmerino's, was a plate with this inscription, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino decollatur 18 Augusti 1746. Etat suae 58," with a baron's coronet over it, and six others over the six handles. At a quarter after ten the Sheriffs went in procession to the outward gate of the Tower, and after knocking at it some time, a warder within asked, "Who's there?" The officer without replied, "The sheriffs of London and Middlesex." The warder then asked, "What do they want?" The officer answered, "The bodies of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino," upon which the warder within said, "I will go and inform the Lieutenant of the Tower," and in about ten minutes the Lieutenant of the Tower with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and Major White with Lord Balmerino, guarded by several of the warders, came to the gate; the prisoners were then

delivered to the Sheriffs who gave proper receipt for their bodies to the Lieutenant, who as usual said, "God bless King George!" to which the Earl of Balmerino assented by a bow, and the Lord Balmerino said, "God bless King J——s." Lord Kilmarnock had met Lord Balmerino at the foot of the first stairs, he embraced him, who said to him, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." Soon after the procession, moving in a slow and solemn manner, appeared in the following order:—

1. The Constable of the Tower.
2. The Knight Marshal's men and Tipsters.
3. The Sheriffs' Officers.
4. The Sheriffs, the prisoners, and their chaplains. Mr Sheriff Blachford walking with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and Mr Sheriff Cockayne with the Lord Balmerino.
5. The Tower Warders.
6. A guard of musqueteers.
7. The two hearses and a mourning coach.

When the procession had passed through the lines within the area of the circle formed by the guards, the passage was closed, and the troops of horse who were in the rear of the foot in the lines wheeled off, and drew five feet deep behind the foot, on the south side of the hill facing the scaffold. The lords were conducted into separate apartments in the house, facing the steps of the scaffold; their friends being admitted to them. The Earl of Kilmarnock was attended by the Rev. Mr Foster, a dissenting minister, and the Rev. Mr Hume, a near relative of the Earl of Hume; and the chaplain of the Tower, and another clergyman of the Church of England, accompanied Lord Balmerino; who on entering the door of the house, hearing several of the spectators ask eagerly "Which is Lord Balmerino?" answered smiling, "I am Lord Balmerino, gentlemen, at your service." The parlour and passage of the house, the rails enclosing the way thence to the scaffold, and the rails about it, were all hung with black at the sheriff's expense. The Lord Kilmarnock in the apartment allotted to him, spent about an hour at his devotions with Mr Foster, who assisted him with prayer and exhortation. After which Lord Balmerino pursuant to his request, being admitted to confer with the Earl, first thank'd him for the favour, and then ask'd, if his lordship knew of any order signed by the Prince (meaning the Pretender's son) to give no quarter at the battle of Culloden! And the Earl answering No, the Lord Balmerino added, nor I neither, and therefore it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders! The Earl replied he did not think this a fair inference, because he was informed, after he was prisoner at Inverness, by several officers, that such an order, signed by George Murray, was in the Duke's custody; "George Murray!" said Lord Balmerino, "then they should not charge it on the Prince!" Then he took his leave, embracing Lord Kilmarnock, with the same kind of noble and generous compliments, as he had used before, "My dear Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that



The engraving is taken from the original drawing by the artist, and is published by the author, at the 'Temple of the Arts'.

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF TOWER HILL AND THE PLACE OF EXECUTION
of the LORDS KIMARNOCK and BALMERINO on Monday 15 of August 1796

The engraving is taken from the original drawing by the artist, and is published by the author, at the 'Temple of the Arts'.

I cannot pay the reckoning alone ; once more, farewell for ever !” His persone was tall and graceful, his countenance mild, and his complexion pale ; and more so as he had been indisposed. He then returned to his own room. The Earl then, with the company kneeling down, join’d in a prayer delivered by Mr Foster ; after which having sat a few moments, and taken a second refreshment of a glass of wine, he expressed a desire that Lord Balmerino might go first to the scaffold ; but being informed this could not be, as his lordship was named first on the warrant : he appeared satisfied, saluted his friends, saying he would make no speech on the scaffold, but desired the minister to assist him in his last moments, and then accordingly with other friends, proceeded with him to the scaffold. The multitude who had long been expecting to see him on such an awful occasion, on his first appearing upon the scaffold, dressed in black with a countenance and demeanour, testifying great contrition, showed the deepest signs of commiseration and pity ; and his lordship at the same time, being struck with such a variety of dreadful objects at once, the multitude, the block, his coffin, the executioner, the instrument of death, turned about to Mr Hume, and said, “ Hume, this is terrible,” tho’ without changing his voice or countenance. After putting up a short prayer, concluding with a petition for his Majesty King George, and the royal family, in vindication of his declaration : in his speech, his lordship embraced and took a last leave of his friends. The executioner, who before had something administered to keep him from fainting, was so affected by his lordship’s distress, and the awfulness of the scene that, on asking his forgiveness, he burst into tears. My Lord bade him take courage, giving him at the same time a purse with five guineas, and telling him that he would drop his handkerchief as a signal for the stroke. He proceeded, with the help of his gentlemen, to make ready for the block, by taking off his coat, and the bag from his hair, which was then tucked up under a napkin cap, but this being made up so wide as not to keep up his long hair, the making it less caused a little delay ; his neck being laid bare, tucking down the collar of his shirt and waistcoat, he kneeled down on a black cushion at the block, and drew his cap over his eyes, in doing which, as well as in putting up his hair, his hands were observed to shake ; but either to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay both his hands upon the block, which the executioner observing, prayed his lordship to let them fall, lest they should be mangled, or break the blow. He was then told that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, upon which he rose, and with the help of a friend took it off, and the neck being made bare to the shoulders, he kneeled down as before. In the meantime, when all things were ready for the execution, and the black bays which hung over the rails of the scaffold having, by direction of the Colonel of the Guard, or the Sheriffs, been turned up that the people might see all the circumstances of the execution ; in about two minutes (the time he before fixed) after he kneeled down, his lordship dropping his handkerchief, the executioner at once severed the

head from the body, except only a small part of the skin, which was immediately divided by a gentle stroke ; the head was received in a piece of red baize, and, with the body, immediately put into the coffin. The scaffold was then cleansed from the blood, fresh sawdust strewed, and, that no appearance of a former execution might remain, the executioner changed such of his clothes as appeared bloody.

In the meantime Lord Balmerino was waiting for his own end with that imperturbable courage which never seemed to desert him. He talked cheerfully with his friends, and drinking a glass of wine, blithely asked them to drink to his "ain degraes ta haiven." When the under-sheriff came to summon him to the scaffold the old lord interrupted him by asking how the executioner had done his work upon Lord Kilmarnock, and remarking that it was well done, turned to his friends and said, "Gentlemen, I shall detain you no longer," immediately proceeding to the scaffold, "which he mounted with so easy an air as astounded the spectators." He wore the uniform in which he had fought at the battle of Culloden, a blue coat turned up with red, with brass buttons, and a tie wig. Having walked several times round the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and going up to the coffin lying ready to receive his body, he read the inscription, saying, "It is right"; then he carefully examined the block which he called his "pillow of rest." He required his spectacles to read the speech he had prepared, and "read it with an audible voice, which, so far from being filled with passionate invective, mentioned his Majesty as a prince of the greatest magnanimity and mercy, at the same time that, thro' erroneous political principles, it denied him a right to the allegiance of his people." This speech was duly handed over to the Sheriff, and when the executioner came forward to beg Lord Balmerino's pardon, as was the custom, the staunch old nobleman said, "Friend, you need not ask me forgiveness, the execution of your duty is commendable!" Then he gave him three guineas, adding, "Friend, I never was rich, this is all the money I have now, and I am sorry I

cannot add anything to it but my coat and waistcoat." These he himself placed upon his coffin, together with his neckcloth, and putting on a plaid cap, declared that he died a Scotchman. He next bade farewell to his friends, and then looking down upon the crowd said to a gentleman who stood near him, "Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold, but remember, sir, that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble, if I should shew any signs of fear." As he passed the executioner he took the axe from his hand and felt the edge, and, returning it to the man, clapped him on the shoulder to encourage him. Turning down the collar of his shirt he showed the man where to strike, bidding him "do it resolutely, for in that would consist his kindness." After giving the Tower warders some money, he asked which was his hearse, and ordered the driver to bring it nearer. "Immediately," says the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "without trembling, or changing countenance, he again knelt at the block, and having with his arms stretched out, said, 'O Lord, reward my friends; forgive my enemies—and receive my soul,' he gave the signal by letting them fall, but his uncommon firmness and intrepidity, and the unexpected suddenness of the signal, so surprised the executioner, that though he struck the part directed, the blow was not given with strength enough to wound him very deep; on which it seemed as if he made an effort to turn his head towards the executioner, and the under jaw fell and returned very quick, like anger and gnashing the teeth; but it could not be otherwise, the part being convulsed. A second blow immediately succeeding, the first rendered him, however, quite insensible, and a third finished the work. His head was received in a piece of red baize, and with his body put into the coffin, which, at his particular request, was placed on that of the late Marquis of Tullibardine in St Peter's Chapel Church in the Tower, all three Lords lying in one grave."

At the close of that year the brother of the ill-fated

Earl of Derwentwater, Charles Radclyffe, was also executed on the same spot. He came very gallantly to the scaffold dressed "in scarlet trimm'd with gold, a gold laced waistcoat, and white feathers in his hat." He was actually Earl of Derwentwater, his coffin in St Giles's in the Fields bearing the inscription, "Carolus Radclyffe, Comes de Derwentwater, decollatur, 8 Dec. 1746, *Ætis* 53. Requiescat in Pace." But although the Derwentwater estates had only been confiscated to the Crown for his life a clause in a later Act of Parliament directed that "the issue of any person attainted of High Treason, born and bred in any foreign dominion, and a Roman Catholic, shall forfeit his reversion of such estate, and the remainder shall for ever be fixed in the Crown, his son is absolutely deprived of any title or interest in the fortune of that ancient family to the amount of better than £200,000." Charles Radclyffe, was the younger brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, and with him had been taken prisoner at Preston, and condemned to death after trial and conviction. But he had been respited, and it was thought would ultimately have been pardoned, had he not escaped from his prison in Newgate. He went to France, and following the Pretender to Rome, was given a small pension by that prince, and this was literally all that he had to live upon. Later, he returned to Paris, and there he married the widow of Lord Newburgh, by whom he had a son. He came to England in 1733, but went back again to France and accepted a commission from Louis XIV., "to act as officer in the late rebellion." But before he could reach Scotland on board the *Esperance*, he, his men, and several other Scotch and Irish officers were captured by an English vessel, and Charles Radclyffe ended his unfortunate career as intrepidly as he had lived it, on Tower Hill.

By this time the axe had almost done its work in England, and Tower Hill was to see only one more head laid upon the block—that of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat,



*The Effigie of the late CHARLES RATCLIFFE Esq^r
who was beheaded on White Tower Hill, Monday Decem^r 8th
1746, for being concern'd in the Rebellion in the Year 1745.*



who was the last of the Jacobite lords to be executed. Lord Lovat's long life had begun in 1667, and it had been as wild and vicious as it had been lengthy. Like the Regent Orléans, he might very justly have been called a "fanfaron de vice." In his youth he had lived in Paris, where he had become a Roman Catholic, if such a man as Lovat could be said to have any religion. He enjoyed what was probably a unique experience in that he was imprisoned both in the Bastille and in the Tower, for although there is no authority for saying that he was the only man who underwent imprisonment in the great State prisons of England and of France, on the other hand, there is also no authority for saying that he was not. He had been in the Bastille in 1702, on the charge of having betrayed a Jacobite plot to the English Government. Although not actually in arms during the "'45" rebellion, Lovat had kept up a correspondence with the Young Pretender; and this correspondence cost him his life. When captured at the Isle of Moran, after the Battle of Culloden, he was so infirm that he had to be carried to Edinburgh in a litter, and thence in the same way to Berwick, and so to London.

It was at the White Hart at St Albans that Hogarth met him, and there it was that great artist painted the admirable little full-length portrait of the old Jacobite, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. Hogarth used to say that he painted Lovat as he sat counting up the numbers of the rebel forces on his fingers. The engraving of this portrait, taken by the artist himself, had an immense success at the time, the printing press being kept employed day and night, and for a considerable time Hogarth made twelve pounds a day by its sale.

Lovat arrived at the Tower on the 15th of August 1746, and according to the account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that month, came "in an open Landau driven by six horses, guarded by a party of Liguier's Horse, and accompany'd in the Landau by an officer—as

he passed through the streets he seemed very unconcerned, but coming on the hill, he turn'd his eyes towards the scaffold erecting for beholding the execution of the lords, and lifting up his hands, said, 'A few days, and it will be my awful fate!'"

The whole aspect of Tower Hill, with the exception of the appearance of the old fortress and its outer walls, has been entirely changed since Lovat saw it with the huge scaffoldings being erected for the spectators of his companions' executions—and for his own a few months later. The house into which they were led to await their death no longer exists. It occupied the north-east corner of Catherine's Court, and was formerly the Transport Office. From a raised platform, which was flush with the scaffold, the Jacobite lords walked from the house, which stood immediately opposite to the spot where so many remarkable men have perished by the axe of the headsman. During the last few years the actual site of the scaffold has been marked by a tablet in the garden that now surrounds the place of execution, where the axe had done its work from the time of Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, the son of the Duke of Clarence, to that of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. With the latter ended the long list of State executions on Tower Hill, which, during five centuries, had stained its soil with some of the noblest blood in the country.

On the 18th of December, Lovat was taken from the Tower to the House of Lords, where the articles of his impeachment were read to him. The best account of the trial is undoubtedly that contained in one of the many letters written by Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Writing on the 20th of March 1747, Walpole says: "I have been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you about it. It lasted seven days; the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced he made no defence. The Solicitor-General (Sir William Murray), who was one of



Execution of the Rebel Lords 1746



the managers of the House of Commons, shone extremely. The Attorney-General (Sir Dudley Ryder), who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent.

"When he came to the Tower, he told them that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger. 'Yes,' said he, 'but they were inexperienced; they had not broke so many gaols as I have.' At his own home he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, 'We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece.' He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with rats, he replied: 'What do you say, that you are so haunted with Ratcliffes?' The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said: 'You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?' He replied: 'You ugly old —, I believe I shall!' At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal. He asked him how he dared to come thither; the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh, even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar: '*Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guère.*' When he withdrew, he said: 'Adieu, my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place!' He says he will be hanged, for his neck is so short and bearded that he should be struck in the shambles. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but

tyranny and villany, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern."

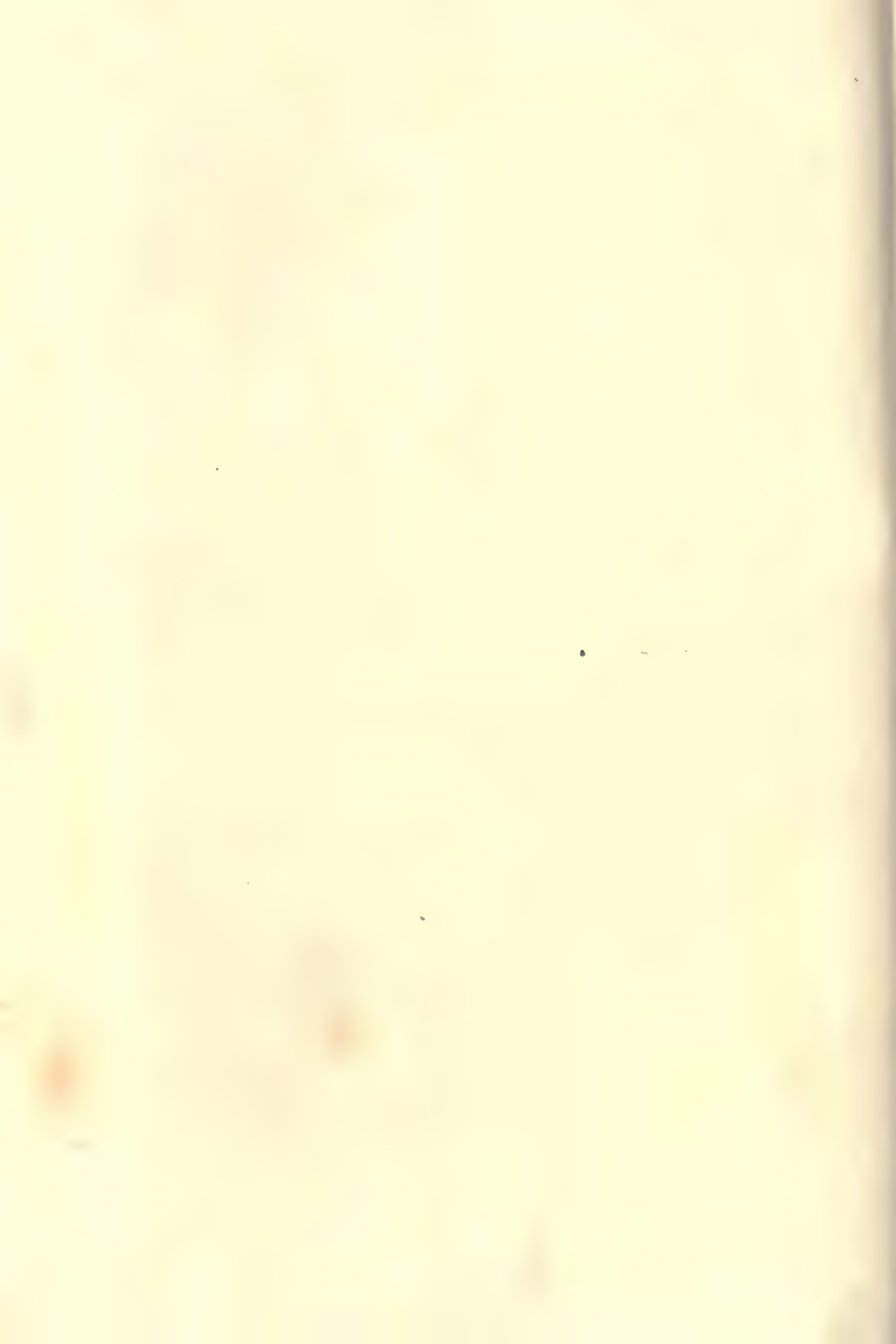
Thursday, April 9th, was the day fixed for Lovat's execution, and shortly before he arrived on Tower Hill one of the scaffoldings built for the spectators of his execution, and which held nearly a thousand people, suddenly collapsed, eight or ten persons being killed outright, whilst many others had broken legs and arms. Whatever may be thought of the action of the Hanoverian Court in beheading the rebellious Jacobite lords, there is no doubt that a richly-deserved punishment was meted out to Lovat. Forty years before, at the last session of the Scottish Parliament, previous to the union of the two countries, Lord Belhaven had declared in a memorable speech, that Captain Fraser, as Lord Lovat then was, 'deserved, if practicable, to have been hanged five several times, in five different places, and upon five different accounts at least, as having been a traitor to the Court of St James's, a traitor to the Court of St Germain's, a traitor to the Court of Versailles, and a traitor to his own country of Scotland; that he deserved to be hanged as a condemned criminal, outlaw, and fugitive, for his treatment of the widow of the late Lord Lovat's sister. Nay, so hardened was Captain Fraser, that he erected a gallows, and threatened to hang thereon the lady's brother, and some other gentlemen of quality who accompanied him, in going to rescue her out of that criminal's cruel hands.'" This was in 1706, and to judge by all accounts of Lovat's career in the next forty years, he deserved to be hanged yet five times more, "if practicable."

Lovat waked about three o'clock on the morning of his execution, and was heard to "pray with genuine emotion." He was very cheerful, and having ordered his wig to be sent to the barber, "that he might have time to comb it out genteely, he sat down to a breakfast of minced veal," ordering coffee and chocolate for his friends, whose health he drank in wine and water. When the



The north west prospect of the Tower of LONDON

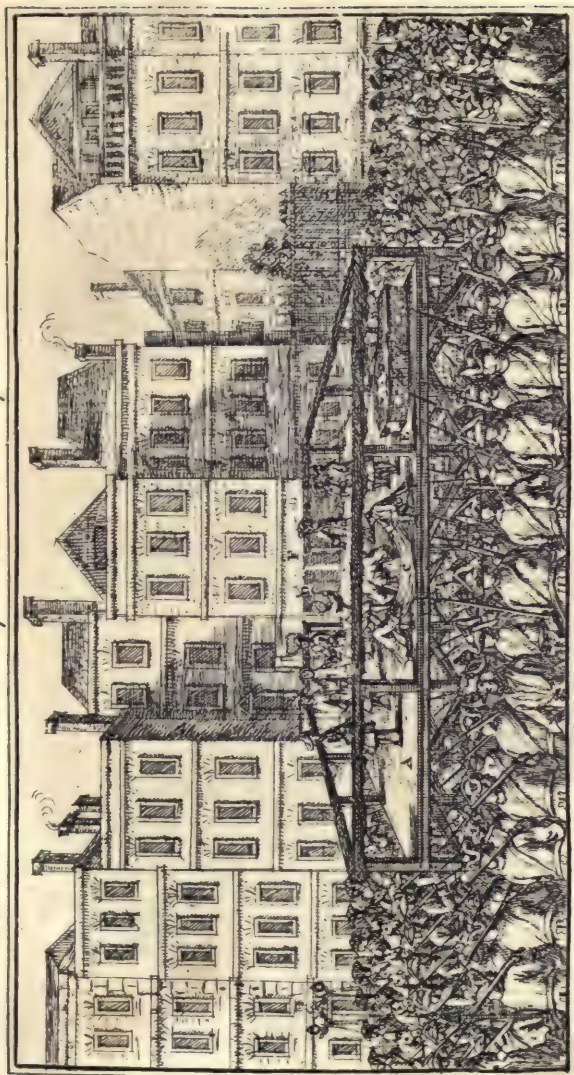
at the time of the execution of the rebel Lords, in 1746, whereby above fifty lost their lives and were decapitated.



Sheriff of London came to demand his body, he responded to the call with alacrity, saying, "I am ready"; and on his way downstairs accepted General Williamson's invitation to rest in the Lieutenant's room, and asked him in French if he could "take leave of his lady, and thank her for her civilities. But the General told his lordship in the same language that she was too much affected with his lordship's misfortunes to bear the shock of seeing him, and therefore hoped his lordship would excuse her." From the Lieutenant's house, Lord Lovat was conveyed in the Governor's coach to the Outer Gate, where he was delivered over to the Sheriffs, who took him in another coach to the house which had already served as the last resting-place of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock on the way to the scaffold. Here a room had been got ready for him, hung with black cloth and with sconces. At first his friends were denied admittance, but upon Lord Lovat applying to the Sheriffs, leave was granted. During the time of waiting Lovat thanked the Sheriffs for "their favours," and desired that his clothes might be given up to his friends with his body, also asking that his head might be received in a white cloth, and put into the coffin. This was promised, as well as that the holding up of the head at the corner of the scaffold should be dispensed with. Lord Lovat was assisted up the steps of the scaffold by two warders, and looking round on the great multitude of people, exclaimed, "God save us! why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head, that cannot go up three steps without three bodies to support it." Then seeing that one of his friends looked very unhappy, he slapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Cheer up thy heart, man, I am not afraid, why should you?" Like old Lord Balmerino, he felt the edge of the axe, and examined his coffin, upon which was inscribed: "Simon Fraser Dominus de Lovat, Decollat April 9, 1747. Ætat Suae 80." After repeating some lines from Horace and Ovid, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "he called his solicitor and agent in

Scotland, Mr Wm. Fraser, and presented him with his gold-headed cane, and said: 'I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I leave upon earth,' and then embraced him. He also called for Mr James Fraser, and said, 'My dear James, I am going to Heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world.' And taking leave of both, he deliver'd his hat, wig, and clothes to Mr William Fraser, and desired him to see that the executioner did not touch them; he ordered his cap to be put on, and unloosing his neckcloth and the collar of his shirt, he kneeled down at the block, and pulled the cloth which was to receive his head close to him. But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired him to remove a little farther back, which, with the warders' assistance, was immediately done; and his neck being properly placed, he told the executioner he would say a short prayer, and then give the signal by dropping his handkerchief. In this position he remained about half a minute, and then, throwing his handkerchief upon the floor, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body, which was received in the cloth, and together with his body put into the coffin, and carried in the hearse back to the Tower, where it remained until four o'clock, and was then taken away by an undertaker, in order to be sent to Scotland, and deposited in his own tomb in the church of Kirkhill; but leave not being given, as was expected, it was again brought back to the Tower, and interred near the bodies of the other lords. Lord Lovat, in a codicil to his will, had ordered that all the pipers from John o' Groats to Edinburgh were to play before his corpse, for which they were to have a handsome allowance, and though he did not expect this wish to be complied with, yet he said that he hoped that the good old women of his country would sing a 'coronach' before him." The legend that Lovat's ghost, in a monk's dress, appeared during a tempest with its head under its arm, probably had its

A REPRESENTATION of the Execution of Lord Lovat.



A The Scaffold. B Lord Lovat's head on a Block. C Cloth to receive the Head. D The Executioner with a axe. E The Coffin. F The House from which he came on the Scaffold. Execution of Lord Lovat 1746



origin in this desire of his to have a great Scottish wake at his funeral, and also to his once having worn the dress of a Jesuit priest in one of his adventures at St Omer ; of this there is a curious contemporary print.

Lord Cromarty was pardoned, owing to the exertions of his wife, who petitioned every member of the Privy Council, and had fallen in a swoon at the feet of George II. at Kensington, in the very act of presenting him with a petition for mercy. Her prayer was more graciously received by that sovereign than Lady Nithsdale's petition had been by his father. It is said that a son born to Lady Cromarty about this time had the mark of an axe upon its neck.

The block, now in the Armoury of the Tower, is undoubtedly the one upon which Lovat was beheaded, and is declared to have originally been made for his execution. The axe which stands beside it was used to behead him, as well as the other Jacobite lords who suffered death in 1746, but whether it was used previous to these executions cannot be ascertained with any certainty.

Although Lord Lovat was the last person beheaded in England, a peer was hanged at Tyburn after being imprisoned in the Tower in the last year of the reign of George II. This was Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, who had murdered his steward, Johnson, in cold blood. Probably if this crime had been committed in these days Lord Ferrers would have benefited by a more merciful dispensation. That he had been insane on several occasions is certain, and he had been wilder and more reckless in his manner of life than could be accounted for by anything short of madness, his fits of wild rage clearly pointing to a disordered brain. He had married a harmless and amiable woman, the daughter of Sir V. Meredith, and she, unable to live with such a brutal husband as Ferrers proved himself to be, had obtained a judicial separation. Ferrers was wildly extravagant, and it was owing to his debts that the unfortunate lawyer, Johnson,

who had been appointed by a special Act of Parliament to manage the Shirley estates, was made the steward of the property. Ferrers had repeatedly sworn that he would rid himself of this agent and steward, and having enticed him to his house, deliberately shot the poor man as he knelt begging for his life. Ferrers was arrested, and brought to the Tower under a guard of constables. A stranger procession than that of Lord Ferrers to his prison can scarcely be imagined. He was in his own carriage, a landau drawn by six horses, and was dressed in "a riding frock, wearing boots, and a jockey cap." In this costume he appeared before the House of Lords in February 1760. He was imprisoned in the Middle Tower, two warders being in an adjoining room, whilst two sentries kept guard at the foot of the Tower stairs. There he remained for the two months which elapsed before his trial. On the 5th of May he was hanged at Tyburn, with all the pomp and circumstance that in those days clung to the death of a criminal if he were a nobleman. Being an Earl, Lord Ferrers was allowed to be strangled out of existence by a silken instead of a hempen rope, and although the sentence of his execution included the order that his body was to be dissected, the order was dispensed with.

Lord Ferrers was taken from the Tower in his own carriage, drawn by six horses, to the gallows. He wore a superb dress, a pale-coloured silk coat edged with silver lace, and was accompanied by grenadiers, and horse and foot guards, his carriage being followed by some of the coaches of members of his family, and his hearse, which was also drawn by six horses. The streets were so crowded to see this unusual sight, that it took the procession three hours to reach Tyburn from the Tower. Lord Ferrers went out of the world in a far more becoming manner than he had lived in it. He regretted, he said, not to have been allowed to be executed on Tower Hill, where his ancestor, the Earl of Essex, had been beheaded.



Waggons going into the Tower with treasure taken from the Spaniards (temp. George II.)



If he actually made this remark, he could not have been aware that his ancestor had not been beheaded on Tower Hill, but within the Tower walls, on the Green. To judge by his portrait, painted by the French portrait painter, Andran, Lord Ferrers had a bullet-shaped head, and must have closely resembled the ordinary type of jockey when he appeared in his riding-boots and jockey cap before his peers at his trial.

One of the greatest naval achievements of the last century must not be omitted from the story of the Tower during George the Second's reign. The great Spanish treasure, worth a million and a half of dollars, captured by Lord Anson, with his ship, the *Centurion*, on the 20th of June 1743, was brought to the Tower the following year. Two rare old engravings are here reproduced, in which the treasure-laden waggons are being haled by the joyous crowd up Tower Hill. Since the days of Elizabeth, when the ships of Drake and Raleigh despoiled the fleets and merchantmen of the Spaniards, no such spoil as this had rewarded British prowess.

CHAPTER XX

GEORGE III.

THE first political prisoner to enter the Tower in the reign of George the Third was John Wilkes, the notorious member for Middlesex. On the 30th of April 1763, Wilkes was imprisoned in the Tower under a warrant signed by Lords Egremont and Halifax, the charge against him being, that he had written and published the *North Briton* newspaper, the forty-fifth number of which was styled "a most infamous and seditious libel." Wilkes, however, was only kept for a week in the fortress, the Lord Chief-Justice (afterwards Lord Camden) deciding that the offence for which he was committed to prison, "was not an offence sufficient to destroy the privilege of a member of Parliament, that it was unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void."

The next prisoners of note also made the acquaintance of the inside of the fortress indirectly through the Press. They were no less personages than the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Brass Crosby, and one of his Aldermen, Oliver, both members of Parliament. They had held a messenger to bail, who, under the Speaker's warrant, had apprehended the printers of the *London Evening Post*, and had afterwards been charged by the arrested printer with assault and false imprisonment. The Lord Mayor and his Alderman attempted to justify themselves before the House of Commons by claiming the City privileges,* but,

* See Appendix.



West Front of the Tower in the time of George III

nevertheless, they were kept in durance vile in the Tower until the 23rd of July, when, Parliament being prorogued, they obtained their liberty, after a confinement of four months' duration. Their liberation was regarded as a popular triumph, and celebrated with much rejoicing.

During the American War many of the Tower guns, and a quantity of the ammunition stored there, was sent across the Atlantic, and used against the so-called "rebellious colonists."

In June 1780, that half-crazed fanatic, Lord George Gordon, was a prisoner in the Tower, charged with the instigation of the "No Popery" riots, which for a time had placed London in peril of mob-rule, and caused great loss of life and property by fire and pillage. After a trial which lasted twenty-one hours, Lord George was declared not guilty. A few years later, however, he was doomed to end his life in Newgate prison. At the same time that Lord George was a prisoner in the fortress, the Earl of Pomfret was committed there for having challenged the Duke of Grafton to fight a duel. In the following year a French spy, named Henry Francis de la Motte, was in the Tower on a charge of high treason. He was found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn on the 23rd of July. In 1794 the coalition between Pitt and the Whigs took place, and soon afterwards Pitt carried two Bills through Parliament, one of which was to the effect that mere writing, speaking, or preaching against the King's authority was tantamount to treason; the other forbade all political meetings, unless advertised beforehand, and permitted their dispersal by any two justices of the peace. These very coercive measures over-reached themselves, and juries would not convict persons charged with offences under their clauses. Horne Tooke, "Parson Tooke," as he was familiarly called, the celebrated wit, was the most brilliant of a set who desired more civil and religious liberty in England, and with this object they formed themselves into a society for the propaganda of their opinions, holding

meetings, and making use of existing societies, clubs, and associations. Tooke, Jeremiah Joyce, a clergyman, and private secretary to Lord Stanhope, Thomas Hardy, a shoemaker, John Thelwall, Bonney, Richter, and Lovatt, were all arrested and placed in the Tower, and brought before the Privy Council on a charge of high treason. These so-called reformers were eight weeks in the fortress. At length the trials took place, Hardy being acquitted, to the great delight of the populace, the reformer shoemaker becoming the hero of the hour. Tooke was tried at the Old Bailey, and he also was acquitted, as were the rest of the prisoners. In 1798, Arthur O'Connor, the editor of the *Press*, an Irish Nationalist newspaper, with John Alley, John Burns, and James O'Coighley were placed in the fortress on a charge of maintaining a traitorous correspondence with the French Directory. O'Connor and his companions, it seems, had been entrusted by the Society of the United Irishmen with a mission to the French Directory in the month of March 1798, but on their way to Paris they were arrested at Margate by Bow Street runners, although they had bribed a fisherman with £150 to take them across the Channel. On their luggage being searched, uniforms, arms, and a large sum of money were found. They were immediately brought back to London, and lodged in separate prisons in the Tower, but the trial was held at Margate, and James O'Coighley, who seems to have been made the scapegoat, was hanged on Pennenden Heath. Lord Thanet, who was a friend of O'Connor's, was present at the latter's trial at Maidstone, and with him were Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Francis Burdett, and Samuel Whitbread. During the trial O'Connor made a bolt for freedom, springing out of the dock, and forcing his way through the court; he almost succeeded in escaping. A free fight ensued, and in the *melée* Lord Thanet was arrested, and on the charge of aiding and abetting the prisoner O'Connor to escape, and with resisting the officers of the law, was sent off to the



Entrance to the Tower Menagerie in the time of George III.



Tower. At his trial Lord Thanet remarked that, "he thought it only fair that O'Connor should have a run for it." Lord Thanet was tried at the Court of King's Bench in May 1799, and with him a barrister named Ferguson, who had also shown his sympathy with O'Connor during his trial. Both were found guilty. Lord Thanet was fined £1000, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the Tower for twelve months; Ferguson had to pay a fine of £500, and was ordered to be imprisoned in the King's Bench prison. Sackville Tufton, Earl of Thanet, was the last peer who was imprisoned in the Tower.

Ten years after this another prisoner was brought to the Tower amidst wild scenes of popular excitement, such as the old fortress had not witnessed since the mob led by Wat Tyler had surged about its grey walls. This prisoner was Sir Francis Burdett, who was sent to the Tower on the 10th of April 1810, for an alleged libel on the House of Commons in a letter addressed to his constituents, the electors of Westminster, which had appeared in Cobbet's "Political Register." In this letter Sir Francis denied the power of the House of Commons to imprison delinquents, and this statement was voted by the House to be "libellous and scandalous." Burdett had made himself obnoxious to the Ministers of his day by his strong Liberal politics, and they at once made this letter an excuse for venting their hatred upon him. The House of Commons during an all-night sitting passed an order for his attachment, and a warrant was drawn up and signed by Speaker Abbot to arrest the too popular baronet, and place him in the Tower. For some days Burdett refused to comply with the Speaker's warrant, and the longer he refused to be arrested the greater became the excitement throughout London. Free fights took place between the military and the mob, the windows of the Tory Ministers' houses were smashed, and the electors of Westminster mustered round Sir Francis's house in Piccadilly (that now occupied by his noble-hearted and charitable daughter the Baroness Burdett-

Coutts) in their thousands. These protested their devotion to their beloved member, and their determination to prevent his being taken to prison. At length Burdett was obliged to surrender to the officers, who forced their way into his drawing-room, and being placed in a coach, was driven by way of the north of London, by Moorfields and the Minories, to the Tower. On Tower Hill the mob seemed inclined to attempt a rescue, but fortunately no conflict occurred, and Sir Francis was safely conducted to his prison, in a house near to that occupied by Colonel Mathew Smith, who was acting in the place of the Lieutenant of the Tower, General Vernon, the latter being too infirm to attend to his duties. Lord Moira, the Constable of the Tower, was present when Sir Francis arrived at the fortress. As the soldiers who had escorted the Liberal member for Westminster to the Tower were returning to their quarters there was a collision between them and the mob, and on Tower Hill the military were obliged to charge the people, many being killed; two more people were killed in Fenchurch Street, whilst riots broke out in several places in the metropolis. Burdett's imprisonment lasted for ten weeks, he being set at liberty when Parliament was prorogued on the 21st of June. In order to avoid a fresh demonstration he was taken down the river to his villa at Wimbledon. In later years Sir Francis changed his politics and became a steady Whig, but for thirty years he was the most popular member of Parliament that ever sat for Westminster.

Ten years again elapsed before the Tower opened its gates to receive prisoners, these being Thistlewood, with his crew of cut-throats, Ings, Harrison, Davidson, Wilson, Tidd Kamment, and Brunt, who were imprisoned in the fortress in 1820, for plotting to assassinate the members of the Cabinet whilst they were dining at Lord Harrowby's in Grosvenor Square. This was the plot known as the Cato Street Conspiracy, from the meeting-place of this band of desperadoes being in a house in that street,



The Tower from Tower Hill in the time of George III.



where they were taken after a stubborn resistance. Thistlewood was imprisoned in the Bloody Tower, and was the last prisoner to occupy its gloomy dungeon, for with him and his associates the Tower ceased to be a prison of State, and it is to be hoped will ever remain so. Ings and Davidson were placed in St Thomas's Tower; the others in the Byward, Middle and Salt Towers. Thistlewood and five others were hanged in front of Newgate; the remainder were sentenced to transportation for life.

CHAPTER XXI

THE LATE REIGNS

DURING the late reigns there is little that calls for record in the history of the Tower: happy is the land that has no history. But for the fire in 1841, which destroyed the ugly old Armoury of William III.'s time, and the dastardly attempt made in 1885 to blow up the White Tower, no events of much interest have happened. The old fortress, however, has undergone much structural alterations and needed restoration, in which, although great mistakes have been made, as must inevitably be the case when such a group of old buildings as those in the Tower are touched, the result, on the whole, has benefited the appearance of the fortress, and above all, aided the preservation for future ages of the noblest and most historical group of buildings that exists in our land. May they endure: may they be venerated by future generations of our race as they deserve to be.

The following narratives concern the two events just named.

THE FIRE OF 1841

On the night of Saturday, the 30th of October 1841, the great Armoury, or storehouse, to the east of St Peter's Chapel, was completely gutted. The fire broke out in the Bowyer Tower, which abutted on the Armoury; an overheated flue in a stove is supposed to have been the cause. The Armoury had been commenced in the reign of James



Sketch of the Fire at the Tower in 1814.

II. and completed in the reign of William and Mary, to whom, when it was finished, a banquet had been given in the great hall of the building. This hall, which occupied the whole length of the first floor, was afterwards used as a storehouse for small arms, 150,000 stands of which were destroyed by the fire; besides these, were numbers of cannon and trophies taken in the field. The loss caused by the conflagration was estimated at £200,000. The Regalia was saved from the Martin Tower by one of the superintendents of the Metropolitan police, named Pierce, an incident of bravery which Cruikshank perpetuated in one of his finest etchings. Accompanied by the Keeper of the Jewels and his wife, Pierce, with some other officials, broke the bars of the cage behind which the Royal jewels were kept, with crowbars, and then at great personal risk he managed to squeeze himself through the narrow opening thus made, handing out the crown, orb, and sceptre to those outside. The silver font was too large to pass through the opening, and it was necessary to break away another bar of the grating. Repeated cries from the outside now warned the party to leave the Jewel Room, as the fire was rapidly gaining upon the tower, but Pierce remained until he had secured the whole of the Regalia. The heat inside was so intense that some of the cloth upon which the Crown jewels rested was charred. "Some public reward to Mr Pierce," writes Chamber, in his "Book of Days," "who had so gallantly imperilled himself to save the Regalia of the United Kingdom, would have been a fitting tribute to his bravery. But no such recompense was ever bestowed."

A contemporary account of the disaster in George Cruikshank's *Omniбус*, edited by Laman Blanchard, gives the following description of the destruction of the Armoury:—"There stood the keeper himself, his wife at his side, partaking the peril; and the warders whom he had summoned to the rescue. We must, however, pourtray the stifling heat and smoke; the clamour of the soldiers outside the closed

portal, which the fires of the Armoury were striving to reach ; nor the roar of the still excluded flames, the clang of the pumps, the hissing of the water-pipes, the gathering feet and voices of the multitude. They are beyond the pencil. The pressure from without increased. Again the clamours rose high, and the furnace heat rose higher. But the keeper abided his time—the crowbars were raised in a dozen hands awaiting his word. It was given ! The first blow since the days of King Charles descended on the iron fence ; and Queen Victoria's crown safely deposited in its case, and sheltered therein from smoke and flame, and the common gaze, was removed to the Governor's house. Orbs, diadems, and sceptres—dishes, flagons, and chalices—the services of court and of church, of altar and of banquet, were sent forth in the care of many a sturdy warder, gallant John Lund being the leader. The huge baptismal font, soon to be called into use for the Prince of Wales, was last removed. The Jewel Room was as bare as if Blood the First had left nought behind him for Blood the Second. How must the spectators have gazed on the bright procession, as from window, and roof, and turret, the Armoury blazed out upon it ! . . . Next in sublimity to the spectacle of the blazing pile, was the scene afterwards presented, when, as the fire lessened, and the smoke cleared off, the whole space of the enormous armoury was opened to the straining eye—a sight of awe and wonder. Above was the sky of a November morn, and below, covering the immense sweep of the floor, heaps of fused metal, of dimensions scarce to be credited, with bayonet points bristling up everywhere, close-set and countless, like long blades of grass."

The buildings destroyed in the fire were the Armoury, a hideous William III. building, the upper part of the Bowyer or Chevenor Tower, which was also hideous and modern. The only relic of much interest destroyed in the Armoury was the wheel of Nelson's ship *Victory* ; the arms destroyed were modern, and were all soon replaced.



The Conflagration as seen from Tower Hill before the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1666.

Engraving by J. G. Smith, after a painting by J. G. Smith, 1666.

Printed by J. G. Smith, 1666.

Published by J. G. Smith, 1666.



The present Gothic barracks were built upon the site of the Armoury, and were opened in some state in 1845 by the great Duke of Wellington, who was then Constable of the Tower. These barracks, which were completed in 1849, were named after the Duke; they are loopholed for musketry, and will hold 1000 men. North-east of the White Tower is a modern castellated building which is used by the officers of the garrison; further to the south-east are the Ordnance Office and Storehouses. The area of the Tower within the walls is twelve acres and a few poles, and the circuit outside the moat is one thousand and fifty yards.

THE FENIAN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE WHITE TOWER ON THE 24TH OF JANUARY 1885

Three explosions took place in London on Saturday, the 24th of January 1885, during what the Irish Fenians called the "Dynamite War." Two of these occurred in the Houses of Parliament, the third in the White Tower.

The mine, or rather, infernal machine, was laid in the Armoury, and was placed between the stands of arms in the Banqueting Room, both that chamber and the Council Room being injured by the explosion.

Saturday being one of the days upon which the Tower is free to visitors, the old building was full of people, the Banqueting Room being well filled with women and children when the explosion took place, at two o'clock—the same time as that at which the explosion at the House of Parliament occurred. The cries of the people in the room were most distressing, and immediately the charge exploded, the Banqueting Room was ablaze, the flames communicating themselves to the floor above. Since the fire in the Tower in 1841, a fire brigade had been stationed in the building, and numerous fire extinguishers, such as

small manuals and hydrants, were kept in readiness, and although two of the London fire brigades were telephoned for, the military, with the aid of hoses and hydrants, had already checked the spreading of the flames. The actual amount of damage done, happily, fell far short of what might have been expected, considering the force of the explosion, and the great age of the building attacked. The windows and casements were nearly all blown out, the flagstaff at the top of the White Tower was blown away, the floor was burnt, and the face of the clock was damaged; and this was the extent of the hurt caused by the dastardly attempt to wreck the White Tower. The report of the explosion is described as being like the firing of a heavy piece of artillery, being followed by a flame of fire that rose up through the open well that communicates between the second and third floors in the centre of the two halls. This flame was immediately succeeded by a shivering of all the glass in the windows, the crashing of the woodwork, and the falling of hundreds of rifles from the armoury racks, while a dense cloud of dust darkened the interior of the building, and made it impossible for the visitors or officials to discover where the explosion had occurred. A wild panic ensued, and as the dust gradually cleared away, the people rushed in a wild helter-skelter down the staircase, and poured out of the Tower. Meanwhile, the warders and police arrived to the succour of the injured, whom they had to draw out from beneath the wreckage. Directly after the explosion the bugles sounded the assembly, and the Grenadiers, who formed the garrison, turned out. Lord Chelmsford, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and General Milman, its Major, caused flying sentries to be posted at every avenue and point of egress admitting to the Tower. Orders were given to close the gates, and no one was to be allowed to leave the fortress under any pretext. The perpetrator of the outrage was a scoundrel, who, two years before, had been concerned in the outrage of a similar nature on the Underground



George Cruikshank



Breaking into the Strong room in the "Jewel Tower"
and Removal of the Regalia on the night of the Fire. Oct 30 1821

Railway, when bombs had been placed at Charing Cross and Praed Street stations. He was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude with hard labour, and was released in the month of March 1899. That the White Tower escaped, and the people in it, with so little injury, was a miracle, for the charge of dynamite was a strong one.

Crime, like history, repeats itself. Amongst the manuscripts kept at Hatfield House is the following declaration:—

"1593-4 Feb. 6. John Danyell, Irishman, came to me, Richard Young, the 6th day of February 1593, and gave me to understand of a plot that is pretended for the firing of the Tower—viz. that there is a vault wherein brimstone doth lie, and there is gunpowder under it. And he says that there is a trap door that doth stand much open, and is purposed that two men like labourers shall come in as though they were workmen in the Tower, and shall cast certain balls into the vault where the brimstone lieth, and in a short time it will take fire and consume all."

From this it will be seen that the intention of one criminal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was carried out by another nearly three hundred years later, in the reign of Queen Victoria.

THE END.

APPENDICES



THE GREAT COURT OF THE TEMPLE

APPENDIX I

DISPUTES BETWEEN THE CITY OF LONDON AND THE OFFICIALS OF THE TOWER AS TO THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE TOWER

"This dispute as to the Liberties and Privileges of the Tower began as early as 1465-66, the fifth of Edward IV. Early in Queen Elizabeth's reign it was renewed; the points of controversy are referred to in the above letter (a letter from the Lord Mayor to the Lords of the Council complaining of the conduct of Sir William George, Porter of the Tower of London, regarding his usurpation of the Liberties and Franchises of the City by 'compelling poor victuallers strangers, coming to London by ship or boat with fish, fruit, or such victuals, to give him such a quantity as pleased him to take, as two or three cod-fish from each boat, etc., without payment. Such as refused he caused to be imprisoned in the Tower, whereby the victuallers were discouraged to come to the City, and their number decreased, to the great hurt of the markets and the victualling of the City, especially at this present time of Lent'). The Council referred the question to the consideration of the Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench (Sir Christopher Wray), the Lord Chief of the Common Pleas (Sir Edward Anderson), and the Master of the Rolls (Sir Gilbert Gerard), who gave their opinion upon some of the privileges claimed by the Lieutenant, but not upon the question of boundaries. They reported with respect to the claims of freedom from arrest by action in the City, and protections granted by the Lieutenant to officers and attendants in the Tower, and not obeying writs of *habeas corpus*; that in their opinion, persons daily attendant in the Tower, and serving the Queen there, should be privileged, and not arrested on any plaint in London, but this should not apply to writs of execution or *capias utlagatum*; that the Lieutenant ought to return every *habeas corpus* out of any court at Westminster, so that the justices before whom it should be returned might either remand it with the body, or retain the matter before them, and deliver the body. They further gave their opinion that the claim of the Lieutenant, that if a person privileged in the Tower were arrested in London, he might detain any citizen found within the Tower until the other was delivered, was altogether against the laws of the realm. The Lords of the Council

made an order settling these controversies, which was dated from Nonsuch, October 3rd, 1585. The question of boundaries still remained in dispute. Stowe quotes documents, which he says he had seen among the Records in the Tower, from which it would appear that the bounds in controversy were at Little Tower Hill, the Postern, and East Smithfield on one side, and on the other the extent of Tower Hill, and towards Barking Church. The City claimed the Postern Gate in the end of the London Wall by the Tower, and houses built near to the Wall and Postern; all the void ground within the Postern Gate—viz. the whole hill and ground where the scaffold for the execution of traitors stood, and where the Sheriffs of London received prisoners from the Tower to be executed (from which place the boundary stone had been removed), with the Watergate and the gardens under the London Wall. The City also claimed that the whole ground and soil called Tower Hill without the Postern Gate, being parcel of East Smithfield, was theirs. They likewise objected to the Lieutenant holding pleas in the court of the Tower, that being only a Court Baron, and not a Court of Record; also to the exactions taken in the name of prizeage of victuallers bringing victuals, fuel, and other things by water. The Lieutenant disputed the original position of the Postern in question, and asserted that the City's proofs brought from their own manuscripts, etc., were insufficient to dispossess any subject, much less the King. He also submitted the presentment made by an inquest held anno 27 Henry VIII., before Sir Anthony (William) Kingston, High Constable of the Tower, which stated that the bounds began 'at the Watergate next the Ramshead, in Petty Wales; and so streyched North unto a Mudwall called Pykes Garden, on this side of Crutched Friars; and so strait East unto the Wall of London, with nine gardens above the Postern, and above the *Broken Tower*, right unto the midst of Hog Lane End, and so strait unto the Thames, and so six foot without the Stairs at the East-gate of the Tower towards St Katherine's.' In the reign of King James the Second the subject was again before the Privy Council, who on the 12th May 1686, directed the boundaries to be ascertained, which was done, and the broad arrow in iron, with the date, set on the houses. On the 13th October in the same year a warrant was issued by King James the Second, for a charter to be prepared for confirming the same. This Charter, dated 10th June 1687, exempted the limits defined in the schedule (and which were practically those claimed by the Lieutenant) from the jurisdiction of the City, and of the Justices, etc., of Middlesex; directed that the Governor of the Tower, or his deputies, should execute and return all writs, processes, etc., within the limits; that a Session of the Peace should be held four times a year within the Liberty of the Tower, and that the Justices of the Peace should have power to commit traitors, felons, etc., to Newgate. It also established a Court of Record within the Liberties, the Steward of the Court being the Coroner, the Governor of the Tower having the appointment of the officers. Whilst the duties of the Justices of the Peace, as defined by the charter, have been from time to time added

to by the Acts 13 George II. cap. 19. sec. 7, 37 George II. cap. 25, sec. 13-16, and by sundry licensing Acts, their powers have been limited by the Police Act (10 George IV. cap. 44) and supplementary Police Acts. The Central Criminal Court Act, 4 and 5 William IV. cap. 36, included the Liberty of the Tower within the jurisdiction of that Court, and took away the power of its Justices to try at their Sessions offences under the Act. This, however, has been somewhat modified by subsequent Acts."

APPENDIX II

The
Behaviour *and* Character
of

Samuel M^r Pherson, } and { *Farquar Shaw,*
Malcolm M^r Pherson, }

the
Three Highland Deserters ;
who were

Shot at the Tower, July the 18th, 1743.

with

Some Observations on the *Conduct* of a certain *Stranger*, who advised
the Prisoners to wave any Defence they had, and to plead guilty.

Also

*A plain Narrative of the Original Institution of the Regiment, now com-
manded by my Lord S——. Containing an Impartial Account of the
Rise and Progress of the late Mutiny in that Regiment.*

To which is added,

The two Petitions which they sent to the Lords of the *Regency*,
and to the Dutchess of *Richmond*.

By the Clergyman of the Church of *Scotland*, who conversed with them
in their own Language from the Time of their Sentence till their
Execution.

*Nil turpe committas neque coram aliis neque tecum maxime
omnium revere te ipsum.*

London

Printed for M. Cooper in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1743

Price Six-pence.

The
Behaviour and Character
of the
Three Highlanders,
Who were Shot, on July 18th, 1743.

The many inconsistent and scandalous Reports that are spread about Town, both in Print and Conversation, concerning the Characters and Behaviour of the three unhappy young Men who suffer'd in the Tower of *London* on *Monday* the 18th of *July*, make it necessary as well for Information of the Public, as out of Charity to their Memories, to publish the following Sheets.

The Author of this Tract thinks it necessary to premise, that he means not in the Relation he intends to make of this Affair, either to justify the Crime for which these Men suffer'd ; or, in the least, to arraign the Justice of the Court-Martial in their Proceedings ; or tax the Sentence with Severity ; but, from a Motive of Christian Charity and Love for Truth, means to remove from the Character of the Deceased, such false Aspersions as are cast upon them, either by the Malice or Ignorance of some, who think it not only necessary for the Vindication of public Justice, to represent these unhappy Men as Mutineers and Deserters, but must paint them as Men void of every other Virtue, and addicted to the grossest Vices.

In order to give the Reader a just Idea of this Corps of Men, it will not be improper to go back as far as their original Institution, by which we shall be the better enabled to form a just Notion of their Character.

Few that are in the least acquainted with the History or Constitution of *Scotland* but know, that anciently all the Lands in that Kingdom were held of the Crown by Military Tenures, or Knights Service ; and that the Vassals of these great Men held their Lands of them by the same kind of Tenures.

By this Means, the Nobility of that Kingdom had always a Number of Men ready to bring into the Field, either in defence of their *Sovereign*, or to decide their own private Quarrels with one another, at which the Crown always conniv'd (for political Reasons) until both Parties were reduced to an equal and moderate Share of Power.

This Practice of Subjects deciding their private Quarrels by the Sword, obtained anciently all over *Britain* and most other Countries, until Civil Polity and more wholesome Laws prevailed : and still remained in the *South* parts, and towards the Borders of *Scotland*, till

near the Time of the Union of the Crowns in the Person of King *James* the First, when the chief Men in those Parts were diverted from their private Animosities, by their necessary Attendance on the Court, now removed at a greater Distance from them.

However, this Spirit of Family Feuds still prevailed in the *Highlands*, and more remote Parts of *Scotland*, who, by their Distance from the Court, were unacquainted with the Manners of the civiliz'd Part of the Nation.

The inferior Chieftains in these Parts still determined their mutual Quarrels as usual: and in revenge of any Affront, made Incursions and Depredations into the Estates of one another, or connived at their Followers doing so, to the great Discouragement of Industry, and Disturbance of the public Peace.

In this Situation were Things in that Part of the Country about the Time of the Union of the Kingdoms, when the Government very wisely, by the Act called the *Clan-Act*, abolished these Tenures, and for preventing these Depredations last mentioned, raised several Independent Companies in the *Highlands*, the command of which were given to some of the most considerable Gentlemen in that Corner, such as Lord *Loveat*, Laird of *Grant*, *Lochnell*, *Farah*, etc., all men of Distinction and Weight, who were willing to engage their Personal and Family Influence, as well as that of their Companies, for suppressing those Quarrels, and settling a Civil Polity in the Country.

When this Levy was made, the Officers took a special Care that none should be enlisted into that Service, but the Sons of the wealthiest and most reputable Farmers in the Country; and the second and younger Sons of some of the lesser Vassals were not asham'd to enlist in a service calculated for restoring of Peace, and establishing Liberty and Property in their Country. And as they were allowed to occupy their own Farms or follow any other Occupation, except upon Muster-Days, or when they were actually employed in pursuit of Robbers, or Disturbers of the public Peace; they, instead of receiving Bounty-Money, made Interest with the Officer to be admitted.

In this Shape they continued till they were Regimented, under the Command of the Honourable the Earl of *Crawford*, a Nobleman, whose Character was every way agreeable to them, and made little or no Alteration in their Circumstances.

When we have taken this View of their Original and History, down to the Period of their being Regimented, it will be no Matter of Surprize to find the private Men of that Regiment differing much in their Manners

from those of other Corps, if we consider that when they entered the Service it was impossible for them to have the least Apprehensions of ever being obliged to leave their own Country where most of them had Farms or other Concerns, and looked upon themselves, and I believe were esteemed by the Country, only as a regulated Militia, at least till such Time as they were Regimented, which was only a few Years ago.

The Earl of *Crawford* enjoyed that Regiment but a short time, when it was given to their present Colonel the Honourable Lord *Semple*.

They were quartered last year, the one half of them at *Inverness*, and the other at *Perth*; some Time in Spring the Regiment was informed by their officers that they were to be reviewed at *Musselburgh*, a village within four miles of *Edinburgh*, and afterwards to return to their quarters.

Accordingly they had a Rout given them to that place, and arrived there; but were told they were not to be reviewed there, but at *Berwick* upon *Tweed*; when they came to this place, they were told that his Majesty designed to review them in Person at *London*, and that then they would all return to their Families.

When they arrived at *London*, and found that his Majesty was gone, the Regiment were universally dissatisfied, that after so long a March they were disappointed of the Honour of being reviewed by his Majesty.

Some Time after their coming here a Report was currently spread that the Regiment was to be sent to some Parts of the *West-Indies*, and broke or divided amongst the Colonies; which raised in the private Men, who believed this Report, a very great Animosity against their Officers, whom they groundlessly blamed for not informing them truly where they were to go before they carried them from their own Country; and not allowing them Time to settle their Concerns, of which some had very considerable, which they were obliged to leave in great Disorder, they thought the Interest of the Government did no ways require that they, more than any other Regiment in *Britain* should be left ignorant of the Rout they were to take, and by that means be disappointed of an Opportunity of settling their private affairs in a manner suitable to so long an Absence; that they had been so long settled in that Country without any View of being so suddenly called from it, that it amounted to as great a Hardship on them (comparatively speaking) as it would be to the Militia of the City of *London* to be shipped for the *Indies* on an Hour's Warning.

The Officers took pains to allay this flame, by assuring the Men that so soon as the Review was over they would be allowed to return Home.

But when the Report of their Embarkation prevailed, they were out of

all Patience, and looked upon the Design of sending them to *Flanders* only as a Blind to get them on board, in order to ship them really for the *West-Indies*.

Tho' their Officers attempted to undeceive them, yet they had been disappointed so often, and filled so long with Hopes of going Home, that they had no Credit with them.

Add to this, that there was another Complaint pretended for the Ground of their Discontent, that some small Arrears were due to them, that they had all been obliged to use their own Swords, and that their Cloathing, especially their Shoes and Plaids, were remarkably deficient, these last not being worth Six-pence *per* Yard; whereas they used to be allowed Plaids of more than double that Value.

This Spirit continued after the Review, when the Discontented agreed upon *Tuesday* Night after to meet at *Finchley Common*, where a great Number of them convened and waited till their Number increased. In this interval some of their Officers came up, and by their persuasions a great Number returned; However, about a 100 of them continued their first Resolution of returning to their own Country.

Here it is remarkable that the Night was so dark that they scarce could distinguish Faces, or make any Computation of their Number, and that *Malcolm M'Pherson*, one of the Deceased had never hitherto given any Consent to go away, but came within some Distance of the Place where the Men were assembled, and with another in Company, continued irresolute what Course to take until the coming up of the Officers had raised some Ferment, upon which he came into the Crowd, and allowed himself to be hurried along without knowing where he was going.

Next Morning when by Day-Light they could discern their Number, and not finding the Desertion so general as they expected, *Samuel M'Pherson*, another of the Deceased, advised the whole Body strenuously to return to their Duty, which Advice he continued to inculcate during their March to *Lady Wood*; and in a short Time after they came there, he applied to a Justice of the Peace to propose terms of surrender; and during all their Stay there, used his utmost Endeavours to prevent Things coming to the last Extremity.

At last being in some Hopes of a Pardon by the Intervention of his Grace the Duke of *Montague*, to whom Application was made in their behalf, they surrendered on Discretion, in which *Samuel M'Pherson* was the most instrumental, as will be acknowledged by the Officers to whom he surrendered.

They were brought soon after to the Tower, and a Court Martial appointed to try them.

The first Day the Court Martial sat, a Person, a Stranger to all the Prisoners, came to the Grate, and pretending a great deal of Concern for their Misfortunes, advised them not to mention on their Trial any complaint they might have against their Officers, intimating, that he was certain such a Plea would not avail them, and without serving them would expose their Officers.

That the wisest Course they could follow for their own Safety, would be to acknowledge their Guilt, and plead mercy of the Court Martial, which he assured them would effectually work their Deliverance that no Punishment would be inflicted on them, and at the same Time presented them with a Petition which he had already drawn, addressed to the Court Martial in these terms, and they very frankly relying on these assurances signed and delivered the same to that honourable Court.

One of their Officers came next day to the Tower, and inculcated the same Doctrine into the Prisoners that the Stranger had done before, assuring them that they would all be liberated in a short time, when all Justice should be done them.

The Prisoners were examined before the Court Martial one by one ; the Questions asked them were to this Purpose, Was you enlisted? Have you taken the Oaths? Have you received your Pay? Had you your Cloathing regularly? To all which they answered in the Affirmative: They were asked if they had any Complaints against their Officers, they all answered in the Negative, and in general pleaded nothing in Alleviation of their Crime before the Court Martial, but Inadvertency, and that they were moved to it by a Report which prevailed of their being sent to the *West-Indies*, and into a Climate destructive of their Health.

I cannot help in this Place to take notice of the remarkable Officiousness of this Stranger. He takes upon him without being asked, or the least apparent Interest in the Prisoners, to advise them in Matters of the last Consequence to them, their Lives and Reputation ; has the Rashness to prejudge the Opinion of the Honourable the Court Martial in a Point of Law, which is at least a moot Point amongst the Lawyers themselves.

How unreasonable was it for any Man to pretend to determine what Weight any Plea would have before a Court of Judicature determining in a Case of Life and Death ; and how unjust to the Prisoners, to advise them to conceal any Circumstance in their Case that might have the smallest Tendency towards alleviating their Crimes, or raising the smallest Motions of Compassion towards them in the Breasts of their Judges !

Suppose there had been but little Weight in the Plea of their Want of Pay, yet still it was a Circumstance closely connected with their Crime, without which it was impossible to form a just Judgment of the Heinousness of that Action. For, it must be granted on the one hand, that a Soldier who deserts and cannot plead Want of Pay, etc., is less excusable, and consequently deserves a greater Degree of Punishment than he who has such a Pretence; this must be granted, tho' it should be admitted on the other hand, that there is not so much in this Plea, as to screen the Criminals totally from Punishment; But how much, or little is in it, is a Case few wise Men will determine dogmatically, especially against the Prisoner, since History, either antient or modern, does not afford any one Instance of Capital Punishments inflicted on Soldiers who mutinied for Want of Pay.

It is true, the Pay they want is but small; by their own Account ten or twelve shillings, some less, some a trifle more, which I mention out of Justice to the Officers, because it was currently reported in Town that the Deficiency was much more considerable. But however trifling this and their other Complaints may seem to Men not concerned, yet I cannot but reckon it barbarous to have advised them to conceal these Circumstances, the Relation of which could not be supposed to have been capable of making the Court Martial less merciful to the Prisoners, if it had not the contrary effect.

But however that Plea was waved, and did not fall under the cognizance of the Court Martial who made their Report, the Consequence of which was, that on *Tuesday* the 12th, a Warrant was directed by their Excellencies the Lords of the Regency to the Governor of the Tower, for the Execution of *Samuel M^cPherson*, *Malcolm M^cPherson*, both Corporals, and *Farquar Shaw*, a private Centinel, all three of the Number of the Deserters, upon *Monday* the 18th of *July* last.

Having thus impartially traced this Meeting from its Rise to this Period, it remains that we give some Account of the Character and Behaviour of these three unfortunate Criminals from the Intimation of their Sentence to their Execution.

Samuel M^cPherson, aged about twenty-nine Years, unmarried, was born in the Parish of *Laggan* in *Badenack* and Shire of *Inverness*; his Father still living, is Brother to *M^cPherson of Breachie*, a Gentleman of a considerable Estate in that County, and is himself a Man of unblemished Reputation, and a plentiful Fortune.

Samuel was the only Son of a first Marriage, and received a genteel Education, having made some Progress in the Languages, and studied for some Time at *Edinburgh* with a Writer (that is, an Attorney), until about

six Years ago he enlisted as a Volunteer in Major *Grant's* Company, where he was much respected both by the Officers and private men, and was in a short Time made a Corporal.

Malcolm M'Pherson, aged about 30 Years, and unmarried, was likewise born in the same Parish of *Laggan*, was Son of *Angus M'Pherson* of *Driminard*, a Gentleman of Credit and Repute, who bestowed upon *Malcolm* such Education as that Part of the Country would afford. He enlisted about seven Years ago in my Lord *Loveat's* Company, where his Behaviour recommended him to the Esteem of his Officers, and was soon made a Corporal.

Farquar Shaw, aged about 35 Years, unmarried, was born in the Parish of *Rothmurchius* in *Strathspey*, and Shire of *Inverness*. His Father, *Alexander Shaw*, was an honest Farmer, but gave his Son no Education, as living at a Distance from Schools, and not in a Condition to maintain him elsewhere; *Farquar* lived some time by droving, but meeting with Misfortunes in that Business, was reduced, and obliged, for Subsistence, to enlist in this regiment, where he has lived till now without any Reproach.

The Sentence was intimated to them upon *Tuesday* before their Execution. This unexpected Change of their Fortunes, from hopes of Life and Liberty, to that of a short Preparation for a violent Death, very much shock'd their Resolution; but *Samuel* less than any of them: When the Warder went to acquaint *Samuel* of this melancholy News, he carry'd with him two Centinels, for fear any Accident might happen; and after expressing his Concern for being the Messenger of such unhappy News, acquainted him, he must die. He started with Surprize; and asked, with some Emotion, *How must I die? You are to be shot, Sir.*—Then he reply'd, pretty composedly, *God's Will be done; I have brought this upon myself.* He then asked, If he might be allowed Pen and Ink; and when the Post went for *Scotland?* The Warder told him the Night; but that he could not live to receive any Return: He said, he did not want any. He very pleasantly gave the Warder what Weapons he had, which were only a small Penknife and a Razor: and before the Warder parted with him seem'd to have assumed his ordinary Calmness of Mind; and he and the other two, after some Reflection, and the Conversation of the Clergy (who from this time attended them) were reconciled so much to their Circumstances, as to be able to bear the thoughts of Death with great Decency, and Christian Resignation to the Will of God.

Samuel owned he had been active at the Beginning of the Sedition; but he could not help sometimes thinking, that the great Pains he took to influence the Men to return to their Duty afterwards, in a great Measure, alleviated his first Crime.

Malcolm, to the last declared that he never advised any Person to go away; on the contrary, that he never was resolved himself, till the moment he joined the Men in their March from *Finchley Common*, and then his Reflection was so short, that he scarce knew what he did.

Farquar Shaw, in the same manner, declared, That he was no way active in raising the Meeting: That he never advis'd any Man to desert; deny'd that he presented his Piece to any of the Officers, as it was reported. He owned, that he might have utter'd some very passionate and indecent Expressions to some of the Officers who commanded him to return; but that these expressions did not import a threatening to strike any of them.

But notwithstanding that they all three imagin'd themselves no more guilty than the rest of the Prisoners, yet they never once utter'd the least Reflection against the Sentence, the Court Martial, or the Lords of the Regency; in short, they did not Attribute their Death to anything else but the divine Providence of God, to which they cheerfully submitted, and acquitted all Mankind of their unhappy End; of which *Farquar Shaw* gave a lively Instance: It being reported to him, that one Serjeant *Mc.Bean* had deposed before the Court Martial, that he (*Shaw*) had presented his Piece to him, when he commanded him to return to his Duty; and that this Deposition had determined the Court Martial to fix upon him in particular; he sent for the Serjeant, and very calmly questioned him concerning this Fact; Who told him that he had never been an Evidence against him, but own'd, that he told some of his Officers, that he (*Shaw*) had threaten'd to strike an officer who commanded him to return to his Duty; and that it was probable, the Colonel might receive this Intelligence from the Officers, and that by this means it might come to the Knowledge of the Court Martial: The Serjeant express'd his Regret, that he should be any way instrumental to his misfortunes. But *Shaw*, in an affable Manner, desir'd him to give himself no Uneasiness on that Head: That he had neither Spite nor Ill-will at him for what he had said, but would die in perfect Love and Friendship with him, and all Mankind: That he had sent for him on purpose to make his Mind easy and not to trouble himself with needless Reflections, since he heartily forgave him; and accordingly parted with him in the most friendly and amicable manner and frequently after express'd to me his Concern for the Serjeant, lest his Reflections on himself should prejudice him, or make him uneasy. This behaviour of his, to the Man whom he was convinc'd had been the principal Cause of his Death, must argue a most charitable, forgiving, and generous Temper and Disposition of Mind, very seldom to be met with in Men of more elevated Stations in Life.

They all three were Men of strong natural Parts, and religiously disposed both from Habit and Principle, the natural Result of a good

Example and early Instruction in the Doctrine and Precepts of Christianity; for I received from all of them a great deal of Satisfaction when I examined them on the Grounds of our holy Religion; and even *Shaw*, who was perfectly illiterate and could neither read nor write, was ignorant of no Christian Doctrine necessary to Salvation, or from whence he could draw Comfort in his present Circumstance. They were educated, and died Members of the Church of *Scotland*, tho' they cheerfully embraced the Opportunity of receiving the Sacrament from the Hands of the Reverend Mr. *Paterson*, who officiated for the Chaplain of the Tower, after the Form of the Church (*sic*) *England*, on the *Sunday* preceding their Execution.

As their Notions of Religion were sincere, so they expressed the greatest Regard for Honesty and Integrity, and thanked God, tho' they were great Sinners, that his restraining Grace had enabled them to avoid all vicious and prophane Courses or the offering any Injury to their Neighbours in their Persons or Properties; that they hoped they had not only the Approbation of (*sic*) of a good Conscience, but the Testimony of their Officers, Friends and Acquaintance, that they have lived all their Life-time without Scandal to themselves, or Reproach to their Friends, until this unhappy Period, when Rashness, without any Mixture of Malice, Cowardice, or Disaffection to his Majesty's Person or Government, had brought their Lives to this miserable Catastrophe.

They applied themselves diligently to the Duty of Prayer and reading the Scripture, from the Time of their Sentence, which they said they had but too much and too long neglected.

When they were all three brought to one Ward near the Place of Execution, about four o'Clock that Morning, they expressed the greatest Affection and Sympathy for one another, each regretting the case of the other two more than his own; at the same time encouraged one another to Constancy of Mind, and a dutiful Resignation to the Hand of God.

Samuel M^r Pherson ordered three Coffins to be made of fifteen Shillings Value each, for which he paid; and *Malcolm* made a Will, which he deposited in the Hands of three of his own Name among the *Highland* Prisoners, some Days before their Execution.

These three were admitted to visit the Prisoners, who told them that they thanked God that they had got the better of the Fears of Death, and were prepared to embrace it cheerfully; that they thought their Case better than that of their Fellows, as they were leaving this World in Hopes of Eternal Peace and Happiness, whilst they were to remain here exposed to new Temptations and new Troubles in distant and unknown Countries, where they would not enjoy Life, but a lingering Death. They applied by Petition to several Persons of Quality, of which the two following are true Copies.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices.

The humble Petition of *Samuel M'Pherson, Malcolm M'Pherson,*
and *Farquar Shaw.*

May it please your Lordships,

That, whereas your poor Petitioners lie under Sentence of Death for Mutiny and Desertion, and have nothing to hope (under the Almighty) but from your Lordships' Favour on our Behalf, which we do most humbly intreat. And as we are sincerely sorry for our base Conduct and Misbehaviour, and it being our first Crime, we hope for your Lordships' kind Indulgence, which should we be so happy as to obtain, we do sincerely promise to retrieve this our Misconduct by a steady Attachment to our most gracious Sovereign King *George*, by defending him and his Royal House with all our Power, where and in whatever manner we shall be directed.

Samuel M'Pherson.
Malcolm M'Pherson.
Farquar Shaw.

To her Grace the Dutchess of Richmond,

The humble Petition of *Samuel M'Pherson, Malcolm M'Pherson,*
and *Farquar Shaw.*

May it please your Grace,

That, whereas your poor Petitioners lie under Sentence of Death for Mutiny and Desertion, and have nothing to hope (under the Almighty) but from your Grace's charitable Intercession to the Lords Justices on our Behalf, we do most humbly intreat your Grace's good Offices. And as we are sincerely sorry for our base Conduct and Misbehaviour, and it being our first Crime, we hope for your Grace's kind Indulgence, which, should we be so happy as to obtain, we do sincerely promise to retrieve this our Misconduct by a steady Attachment to our most gracious Sovereign King *George*, by defending him and his Royal House with all our Power, where and in whatever manner we shall be directed.

Samuel M'Pherson.
Malcolm M'Pherson.
Farquar Shaw.

Upon the *Monday* Morning the Governor ordered them to put on their Shrouds below their Cloaths, which when done, they immediately began to pray, and continued in that Exercise very devoutly and fervently till six o'Clock, when they were called out to Execution. They walked to the Place close up to the Chapel in the Tower without expressing the least Horror or Despondency in their Gait or Countenance, but with a Christian Composure and Resignation of Mind. Here *Samuel M'Pherson*

standing on the Plank which was appointed for them to kneel on, with an assured Countenance and in an audible Voice, in his own Language, addressed his Fellow-Prisoners that were drawn up round the Place of Execution, in this Manner:

My Friends and Countrymen,

You are not Strangers to the Cause of my Sufferings with these my Companions; I hope the Anguish you must feel at the Sight of this shocking Scene, will be the last of your Punishment; for I am convinced you must think it a Punishment to see us bleed: But my Blood, I hope, will contribute to your Liberty; That Thought affords me as much Satisfaction as a Soul prepared to take a Flight to Eternity can receive from any Earthly Concerns.—Take Example from our unfortunate Ends, and endeavour to conduct yourselves so, both before God and Man, as your Lives may be long, and your Deaths natural. Next to your Duty to God, discharge what you owe your King and Country; wipe off this Reproach by a steady Loyalty to his Sacred Majesty, and a respectful and obedient Conduct towards your Officers.

Having uttered this Speech, he, with his Cousin *M'Pherson* and *Shaw*, kneeled down, whilst the Reverend Mr *Paterson* and myself joined in Prayer, kneeling before them on a Plank: When Prayers were over, their Faces were cover'd; when Eighteen Soldiers, in three Ranks, (Twelve of whom were appointed to do the Execution, and the other Six for a Reserve, had been kept out of Sight for fear of shocking the Prisoners) advanced on their Tiptoes, and with the least Noise possible, their Pieces ready cock'd for fear of the Click disturbing the Prisoners, Serjeant-Major *Ellisson*, (who deserv'd the greatest Commendation for this Precaution) waved a Handkerchief as a Signal *to present*; and, after a very short Pause, waved it a second time as a Signal *to fire*; when they all three fell instantly backwards as dead; but *Shaw* being observed to move his Hand, one of the Six in Reserve advanc'd, and shot him thro' the Head, as another did *Samuel M'Pherson*. After the Execution, an Officer order'd three of the Prisoners, Name-sakes of the Deceased, to advance and bury them; whom they presently stripp'd to their Shrouds, put them in their Coffins, and buried them in one Grave, near the Place they were shot, with great Decency. The Officers on Duty appeared greatly affected, and three Hundred of the Third Regiment of *Scotch* Guards, who were drawn up in three Lines in the Shape of a half Moon, attended the Execution, many of whom, of the harden'd Sort, were observed to shed Tears.

Thus ended this melancholy Scene, which raised Compassion from all, and drew Tears from many of the Spectators. They had by their courteous Behaviour, gained so much upon the Affections of their Warders, the Inhabitants of the Tower, and others that conversed with them, that none

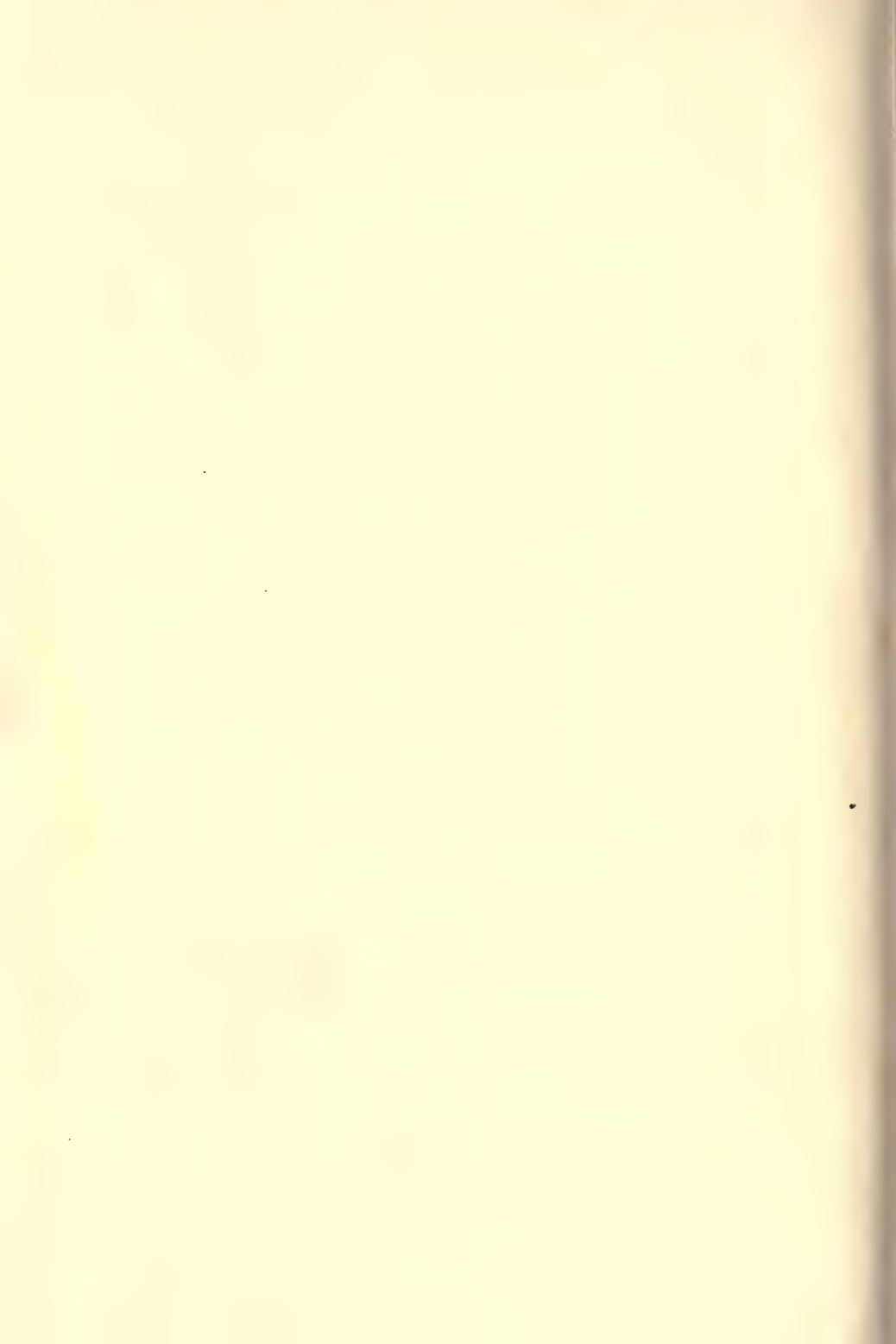
were so hard-hearted as to deny them their Pity, nay, nor hardly had any Resolution to see them executed.

What made this Spectacle still more moving was, that Mixture of Devotion, Agony, and Despair that was seen in the Faces and Actions of the remaining *Highland* Prisoners, who were ranged within side the Guards. When Prayers began, they all fell on their Knees and Elbows, hanging their Heads and covering their Faces with their Bonnets, and might easily be observed that they could not refrain from the loudest Lamentations. Such a number of young Men, in so suppliant a Posture, offering their Prayers so fervently to Heaven, with such Marks of Sorrow for the Fate of the unhappy Criminals, had a prodigious effect upon the Spectators, and I am hopeful will influence the Practice and Conversation of all that saw them; and to the Praise of these poor Men, (take from them the Account (*sic*) their heinous transgression of Mutiny and Desertion) I believe their courteous and modest Behaviour, their virtuous and pious Principles, and religious Disposition, would be no bad Pattern for Men above the Rank of private Centinels, and ought to be a severer Reproof to many who live here, and have all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and the Example of a polite Court; that Men they esteem barbarous, inhabiting a distant and barren Country, should outdo them in real politeness, that is, in the Knowledge and Practice of the Doctrines of Christianity.

From hence we may remark, that those who published or propagated so many scandalous Reports of these unhappy young Men, must either have taken little Pains to inform themselves of the Truth, or must be possessed of little Charity, when they load their Memory with so many Assertions no way connected with their Crime. But, as this Relation is published from the Prisoners' own Mouths, and attested by a Person whose Profession and Character ought to screen him from the Imputations of Partiality or Falsehood, it is hoped these Impressions will wear off of the minds of the Public, and give place to sentiments of Charity for their Crimes, and Compassion for their Sufferings.

Magna est Veritas, et praevalabit.

FINIS

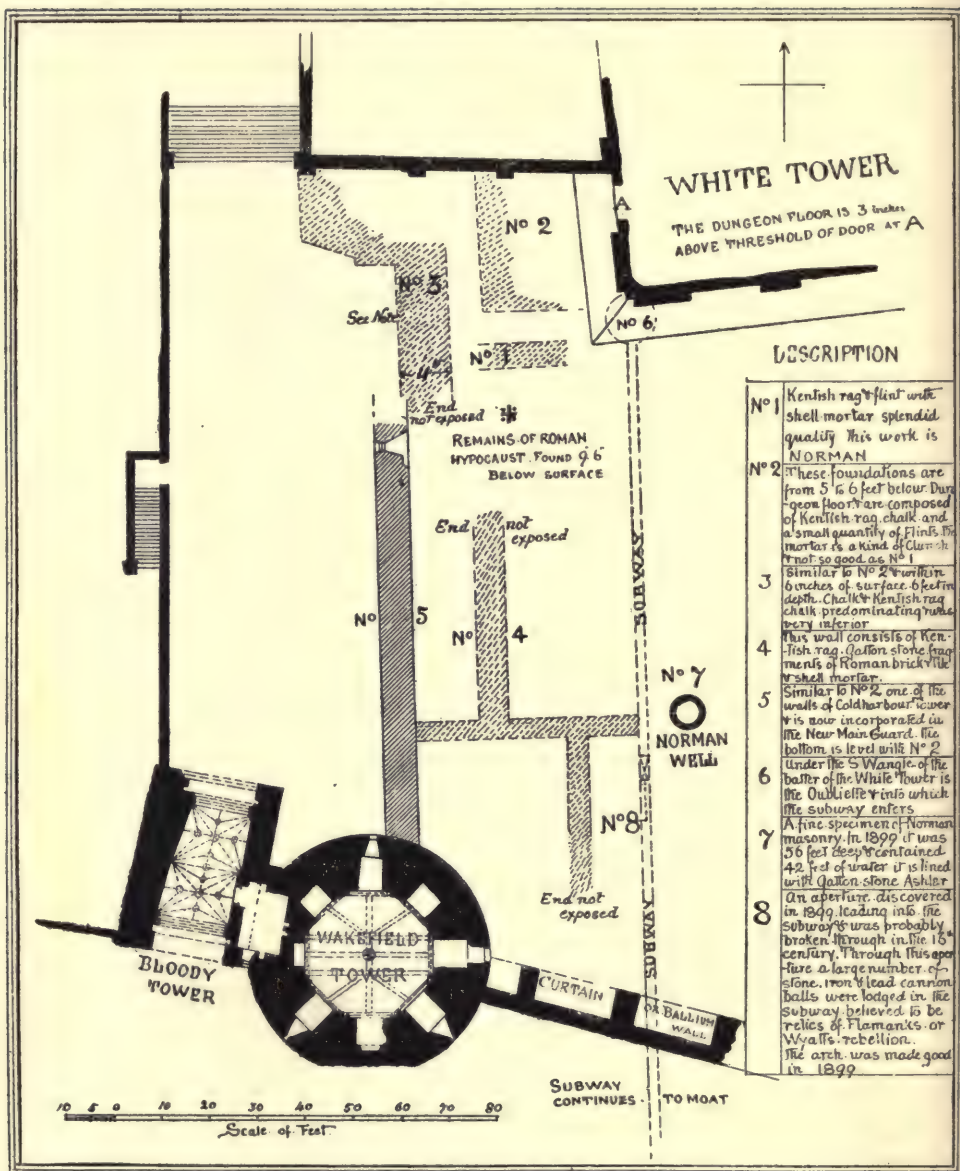


APPENDIX III

DATES OF RESTORATIONS CARRIED ON BY H.M. OFFICE OF
WORKS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON TO THE PRESENT
TIME. For DETAILS SEE APPENDICES IV.-V.

Under whose direction works executed.		
Salvin.	Beauchamp Tower, restored	1852
Do.	Salt Tower „	1856
Taylor.	Chapel Royal „	1876
Do.	Restoration of wall on River Front together with the Cradle and Well Towers	1878
Do.	Broad Arrow Tower	1881-2
Do.	Restoration of Lanthorn Tower	1882-3
Do.	Do. Ballium Wall	1886
Do.	Well Tower	1887
Do.	Restoration of Ballium wall between Wakefield and Lanthorn Tower	1888
Do.	Restoration of S.W. Turret of White Tower	1895
Do.	Restoration of S.E. Turret and base of White Tower, S. and E.; also Stone Stairs on the S.	1896
J. R. Westcott.	North Wing of King's Tower lifted 15 in. on E. front; restored	1898-9
Do.	Bloody Tower	1899-1900

Note.—Certain new buildings have also lately been erected by the War Office, including a new Main Guard, which is a permanent eyesore to the Tower; this ugly building was completed in the year 1900, and stands on the site of the old Main Guard.



PLAN SHOWING RECENT DISCOVERIES AT THE TOWER.

APPENDIX IV

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT THE TOWER

SINCE the time when the late Prince Consort interested himself in the restoration and preservation of the Tower, the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings have cleared away, from time to time, all useless and modern portions which obscured certain parts of the ancient fabric. This work was actually begun in the lifetime of the Prince Consort, under the superintendence of Mr Salvin, who still continues to be consulted on all the more important restorations. The works are now under the superintendence of Mr John Taylor, the Surveyor to the Commissioners, who is aided by Major-General Milman, Major of the Tower and the resident military commander, all designs being submitted to the Sovereign before being carried into execution. The various restorations, especially those of the Beauchamp Tower and St Peter's Chapel, have been described in the body of this work.

During the year, a range of buildings which stood against the east side of the White Tower, and believed to have been built in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, were pulled down, and it was found that the outer walls were of the period generally assigned to the building, but that the inner or west wall was of brick. This building, which extended on the south side from the south-east turret of the White Tower to what was formerly the Wardrobe Tower, and thence in a north-westerly direction with a return wall to the north-east turret of the White Tower,—had been so altered and patched that it no longer possessed any architectural or antiquarian interest, and was entirely removed, except those portions of the south walls and the ruins of the Wardrobe Tower, which form the north wall of the Tower Armoury, erected in 1826.

Whilst this work of demolishing was being carried out, an interesting discovery was made, Roman tiles and mortar being found, worked up into the materials of which these walls were built. At the south-east corner, and adjoining the remains of the Wardrobe Tower, a portion of Roman wall was disclosed, having three courses of bonded tiles showing above the surface of the *débris*. This piece of wall is in a direct westerly line with the old city wall, shown in a plan of the Tower made in 1597, the demolished buildings likewise appearing on this plan, which can be seen in the office of the Commissioners of Works. Two inferences are

possible from the discovery of this Roman work ; either it is part of the old city wall or the remains of a Roman building, and if it is satisfactorily proved to be Roman, it will practically settle the contested point as to whether there was ever a Roman fortress on the site of the White Tower or not. Holinshed, in the third Book of his history of England, quoting both Leyland and Fabyan, says, that Belins, who began to reign conjointly with Brennus as King of Britain, which was "about the seventh year of Artaxerxes, the seventh king of the Persians, builded a haven with a gate within the city of Troinovant, now called London. This gate was long after called Belins gate, and at length, by corruption of language, Billingsgate. He builded also a castle westward from this gate (as some have written) which was long time likewise called Belins Castell, and is the same which we now call the Tower of London." It was pointed out in the first volume of this work that Fitzstephen declared the White Tower to have been built by Julius Cæsar, and that the mortar used in the building was "tempered with the blood of beasts," but the Roman habit of mixing powdered tiles with their mortar, may have given rise to this theory. Stowe, in his survey of London about 1076, says, that William the Conqueror caused the present White Tower to be erected at the south-east angle of the city wall, which would be the actual spot where the fragment of the recently discovered Roman wall now stands.

On removing the southern wall of this building, it was found that it was built up to, and not bonded into the south-east turret of the White Tower, which forms the apse of St John's Chapel. When it was taken down, the original stone-work of the White Tower was laid bare. It is quite honeycombed by age, Sir Christopher Wren having, of course, been unable to reface it as he did the exposed portions of the Tower.

The Cradle Tower, which is the third tower on the southern side of the outer Ballium wall, the others being the Develin and the Well Towers, was opened out and restored in the year 1878. Before its restoration, the southern wall was closed up, the only apertures being two loopholes. There was nothing to indicate that it ever had any connection with the moat, and the only access to the interior was on the north side, within the Ballium wall. It was used as a gunpowder store, and was only one storey in height, no trace remaining of the second storey which originally existed. The first step taken was to remove the whole of the masonry which had been built up against the Tower ; this disclosed the old front as well as an arch on the south side. The return walls extended ten feet, and were built with their southern face in the moat, having two half arches turned against the moat wall, and when the masonry blocking up the arch in the south wall and these two half arches was removed, it at once became evident that formerly the water in the moat had flowed through the half arches and across the centre arch. By clearing away this masonry the wall of the moat itself was disclosed, and was found to be of an earlier date than the architecture of the Tower itself. On the ground floor there is a chamber with a finely groined roof of the late thirteenth



*The White Tower, showing the Exterior of St. John's Chapel
and remains of the Roman Wall*



or early fourteenth century. The following is the actual restoration done to the Cradle Tower. The wall built up in the moat under the centre arch and under the two half-turned arches has been cleared away, and the outer walls have all been restored to their original condition. An additional storey and turret have been erected on the same plan as the old building. The corbels in the groined roof of the ground floor chamber, which were broken off, have been replaced by new ones copied from a single corbel that remained. A wooden grating, after the pattern of an old doorway in the Byward Tower, has been fitted to the central arch, whilst the space between that arch and the moat has been boarded over.

A further discovery was made during the restoration of this tower. In the space between the bridge over the moat to the east of the Cradle Tower and the Well Tower, stood a modern building used as a storehouse by the Ordnance Department, and this being pulled down, excavations in its foundations, made by the Board of Works, have disclosed a brick paving and some loopholes in the outer Ballium wall, which has helped to identify this space as the site of the garden belonging to the Queen's apartments, when the royal palace stood within the Tower walls. This palace occupied the space bounded by a line running exactly from the south angle of the White Tower to the Broad Arrow Tower, thence south along the inner Ballium wall to the Salt Tower, thence west to the Wakefield Tower, and north to the south-west angle of the White Tower. A portion of this space is now occupied by the Ordnance Stores and the Control Office. Nearly opposite to, and to the west of the Cradle Tower, and on the south side of the royal Palace, stood the Lanthorn Tower (now rebuilt). The Queen's apartments extended from the Lanthorn Tower to the south-east angle of the White Tower, and the space recently cleared, formed the Queen's private garden, the loopholes in the Ballium wall bounding the garden on the south side giving a view of the river.

From these discoveries it would appear that the Cradle Tower was the entrance to the Queen's apartments from the river, and the opinion is confirmed by the fact that the inner faces of the walls on which the centre arch stands, are worked and pointed as outside facing, probably to withstand the action of the water as they would be covered when the moat was full. There is space above the arch for a portcullis and grooves in the jambs, but it is not large enough for portcullis slides. In the entrance on the north or land side, however, both the space and grooves show that there was a portcullis there, and the chamber on the east side has no outlet, except into the centre chamber or gateway—from which it would seem that it was a guard-room for the use of a warder while on duty at the gate. And the name of the Tower strengthens this idea, "Cradle" being the old Saxon word "cradel," meaning a movable bed. The hypothesis is that there was a hoist or lift by which a boat, after passing through the archway, was lifted on to the floor of the gateway. On comparing the groining of the chamber with the groined chamber

in the Well Tower, the greater beauty of that in the Cradle Tower is at once apparent, which would point to its being part of a royal dwelling. It is also nearly opposite the site of the Lanthorn Tower, which was the entrance to the Queen's apartments. The access to and from the Thames and the Queen's apartments of the Palace, would be from the Cradle Tower to the moat, under St Thomas's Tower and through Traitor's Gate, and would be the only communication with the river. In 1641 the Cradle Tower appears to have been used as a prison, according to "A particular of the Names of the Towers and Prison Lodgings in his Majesty's Tower of London, taken out of a paper of Mr William Franklyn, sometime Yeoman Warder, dated March 1641," in which appears, "Cradle Tower—A prison lodging, with low gardens where the drawbridge was in former times."

The War Office have determined to build stores on the Queen's gardens, and consequently the loopholes in the old Ballium wall will be blocked up. The site will thus be lost for further investigation, and as the Office of Works has no power to prevent these works being carried out, all that has been exposed of one of the most interesting portions of the older part of the Tower will be lost.



View of St. Peter's Chapel in 1817.



APPENDIX V

THE BLOODY TOWER

OWING to serious signs of weakness in the upper portions of the walls of the Bloody Tower, it was considered an absolute necessity to carefully renew the Kentish Rag facing in various places. The work has been thoroughly well executed stone by stone, all the old stones that were sound being re-used, and the whole of the walls have been greatly strengthened by what is technically known as "tying in." It was found that the Tower had been repaired in this same manner about the time of Henry VIII., and probably on more than one occasion. The heart of the walling is in excellent preservation, and is the original Norman Transitional masonry with a liberal proportion of chalk. The parapet has been restored to its original embattlemented character. A brick wall, which had closed the historical entrance to Raleigh's Walk for the last hundred years, has been cleared away, leaving the passage open as in the days of Cranmer and Raleigh; this wall was built to prevent the south-west angle of the Tower falling down, and was an economical vandalism on the part of the authorities of the time. Another act of vandalism was committed by some former occupant of the Tower, who had cut out a cupboard for blacking brushes in the solid masonry immediately behind the springing of the large arch over the portcullis, thereby seriously jeopardising the stability of the arch; happily this has been remedied by the recent restoration. A fine arch over the northern portcullis that had completely disappeared, has been replaced, and early English Gothic windows of stone with lead lights have been fixed throughout the Tower, in the room of the Georgian windows with common double-hung deal sashes. Stone chimney-stacks have also taken the place of the incongruous chimney-stacks of brick, and a very interesting octagonal stone turret, which had been patched with brick, has been restored to its original condition. This turret is circular inside, and is about five feet in diameter; a curious internal window was found about a foot higher than Raleigh's Walk, and as it answers no purpose, it is supposed that it was used for supervising the prisoners. In a jamb of the recess immediately over the northern portcullis several inscriptions were brought to light, but of these only the letters R. D. were legible,

which, seeing the acquaintance that both Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, or Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had with the Tower, has not unnaturally led to the conclusion that the initials belong to one or other of these royal favourites.

The Bloody Tower is of the Norman Transitional period, but the groining as well as the gates on the south side—those on the north side have been removed—are Tudor. The massive bottom rails of these gates were destroyed to allow of an injudicious raising of the road surface many years ago. It is said that the road was raised from two to three feet, probably to overcome some difficulty of draining, but whatever the reason, the fine gates suffered both in effect and materially. On the west front of the Tower there is an early English doorway which has been "Tudorised," its outer arch being modern Norman Transitional.

The original freestone used in the building of the Bloody Tower was procured from the neighbourhood of Red Hill, and in the old records is called "Rygate" stone. It is known at the present time as Gatton, but the quarries are no longer worked. The fine old arches over the main entrance are still in this "Rygate" stone, an interesting survival, since the whole of the external stone dressings in this material on the Tower were superseded by Caen stone from Normandy in the reign of Henry VIII. This was a deplorable error of judgment, for notwithstanding the enormous amount of Caen stone used throughout the Tower in this reign, scarcely a trace of it now remains. The modern restorations to the interior have been carried out in the "pinny bed of Chilmark," a stone closely resembling the Rygate or Gatton stone, but much more durable, whilst Kelton stone from the neighbourhood of Rutland has been employed for the battlements and other external dressings. All the main walling was carried out in Kentish Rag stone, which was procured from the contractor who built the new guard buildings for the War Department. In the records of Henry VIII.'s time, this Kentish Rag is called the "hard stone of Kent." The stone used in those days was undoubtedly superior to that used by Salvin over fifty years ago, as is shown by the comparison between the restored Beauchamp Tower and the White Tower. Soft stones, such as Caen or Bath, absorb a great deal of moisture, and their injudicious use consequently hastens the decay of any building in which they are used. Much of the mischief in the Bloody Tower was doubtless caused by the decay of the Caen stone, and also the neglect in pointing the joints. It is generally thought amongst those most concerned, that the restoration of the Bloody Tower is the most careful and complete of any of the works of preservation carried out in the old fortress, and it is now judged to be safe from all fear of collapse.

APPENDIX VI

STAINED GLASS IN THE TOWER

A QUANTITY of stained glass panels were found in the crypt of St John's Chapel, in which some interesting and valuable fragments, mostly incomplete in themselves, of heraldic glass of the sixteenth century and of small pictorial subjects, were mixed with modern and valueless glass of subordinate design. The whole was carefully examined by Messrs John Hardman, who separated the ancient from the modern glass, and using delicate leads to repair the numerous fractures of the former, and setting the various fragments in lozenges of plain glass, filled the eight windows of the Chapel with the following subjects :—

The first window in the south front, entering from the west.—A coat of arms with the words "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" around it on the upper portion ; a sepia painting in the centre representing the Deity and two angels appearing to a priest, with flames rising from an altar. In the lower portion is another sepia painting with the Deity depicted with outstretched arms, one hand on the sun, the other on the moon, and the earth rolling in clouds at the feet. This is generally supposed to be emblematical of the Creation, but has been suggested as representative of the Saviour as the Light of the World.

The second window has a head and bust near the top, with a peculiar cap and crown. The centre is a sepia representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, and the guardian angel. At the bottom there is another sepia depicting a village upon a hill, probably a distant view of Harrow.

The third window has at the top a figure of Charles I. in sepia ; in the centre a knight in armour, skirmishing, and at the bottom what appears to be a holly bush with the letters H. R.

The fourth window has a negro's head with a turban in the upper portion ; in the centre a sepia of Esau returning from the hunt to seek Isaac's blessing, Rebecca and Jacob being in the background. Near the bottom is another sepia of the exterior of a church, probably Dutch.

The fifth window, and the last of the series facing south, has a coat of arms and motto like those in the first window ; in the centre, a sepia of the anointing of David by Samuel ; and near the bottom, Jehovah in clouds,

with the earth and shrubs bursting forth. This is probably emblematical of the Creation.

The south-east apsidal window has the coat of arms and royal motto as before, with two smaller coats of arms and the same motto below, a royal crown and large Tudor rose being near the bottom.

The eastern window (in the centre of the apse) has a crown with fleur-de-lys and leopards at the top, and in the centre the small portcullis of John of Gaunt and the wheatsheaf of Chester. These are by far the best heraldic devices in the whole series of windows.

The north-east window has a very imperfect coat of arms with fleur-de-lys and leopard, as well as two other coats with the royal motto. There is also a device which might be taken to represent the letter M, but which is probably the inverted water bottles of the Hastings family. Daggers are quartered upon the other coats of arms. At the bottom of this window is a Tudor rose and several fragments of glass much confused.

The glass has been placed in the windows with great care, the subjects being made as complete as the broken fragments permitted. Each of the eight windows is ornamented with leaded borders.

APPENDIX VII

LIST OF THE CONSTABLES OF THE TOWER

Geoffrey de Mandeville		
William de Mandeville		
Geoffrey de Mandeville *		1140
Richard de Lacy		1153
Garnerius de Isenei		
William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely		1189
Walter de Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen		1192
Roger Fitz Renfred		
Roger de la Dane	}	During the reign of John.
Geoffrey de Mandeville		
Eustace de Greinville		
Archbishop of Canterbury		
Walter de Verdun		
Stephen de Segrave		
Hugh de Wyndlesore		
Randulph, Bishop of Norwich		
John de Boville		
Thomas de Blunvil		
Thomas Fitz Archer		
Ralph de Gatel		
Hubert de Burgh	1232	
W. de St Edmund		
Geoffrey de Crancumb	}	During the reign of Henry III.
Hugh Giffard		
Archbishop of York } jointly		
Bertram de Crioyl		
Peter de Vallibus		
John de Plessitus		
Peter de Blund		
Aymor Thorimbergh		
Inbert Puglys		
Richard de Culworth		
Richarde de Tilbury		
Hugh le Bigod	1258	

* The office had been hereditary, but ceased to be so under Stephen.

John Mansel		
Hugh le Despenser		
Roger de Leyburn	1265	
Hugh Fitz Otho		
John Walerand } jointly		
John de la Lind }		
Alan la Touch		
Thomas de Ippegrave		
Stephen de Eddeville		
Hugh Fitz Otho		
Walter, Archbishop of York		
John de Burgh		
Anthony Bek		
Ranulph de Dacre		
Ralph de Sandwich		
Ralph de Berners		
Ralph de Sandwich		
John de Crumwell		
Roger de Swynneston		
Stephen Segrave		
Bishop of Exeter		
John de Gisors		
Thomas de Wake		
John de Crumwell		
William de Monte Acuto		
Nicholas de la Beche		
Robert de Dalton		
John Darcy } father and son		
John Darcy }		
Bartholomew de Burghersh		
Robert de Morley		
Richard de la Vache		
Alan Buxhill		
Sir Thomas Murrieuse		
Edward, Earl of Rutland		
Ralph de Nevill		
Edward, Duke of Albemarle		
Thomas de Rempston		
Edward, Duke of York		
Robert de Morley		
John Dabrichcourt		
William Bourghchier		
Roger Aston		
John, Duke of Exeter		
James Fienes, Lord Say		

During the reign of
Henry III.

During the reign of
Edward I.

During the reign of
Edward III.

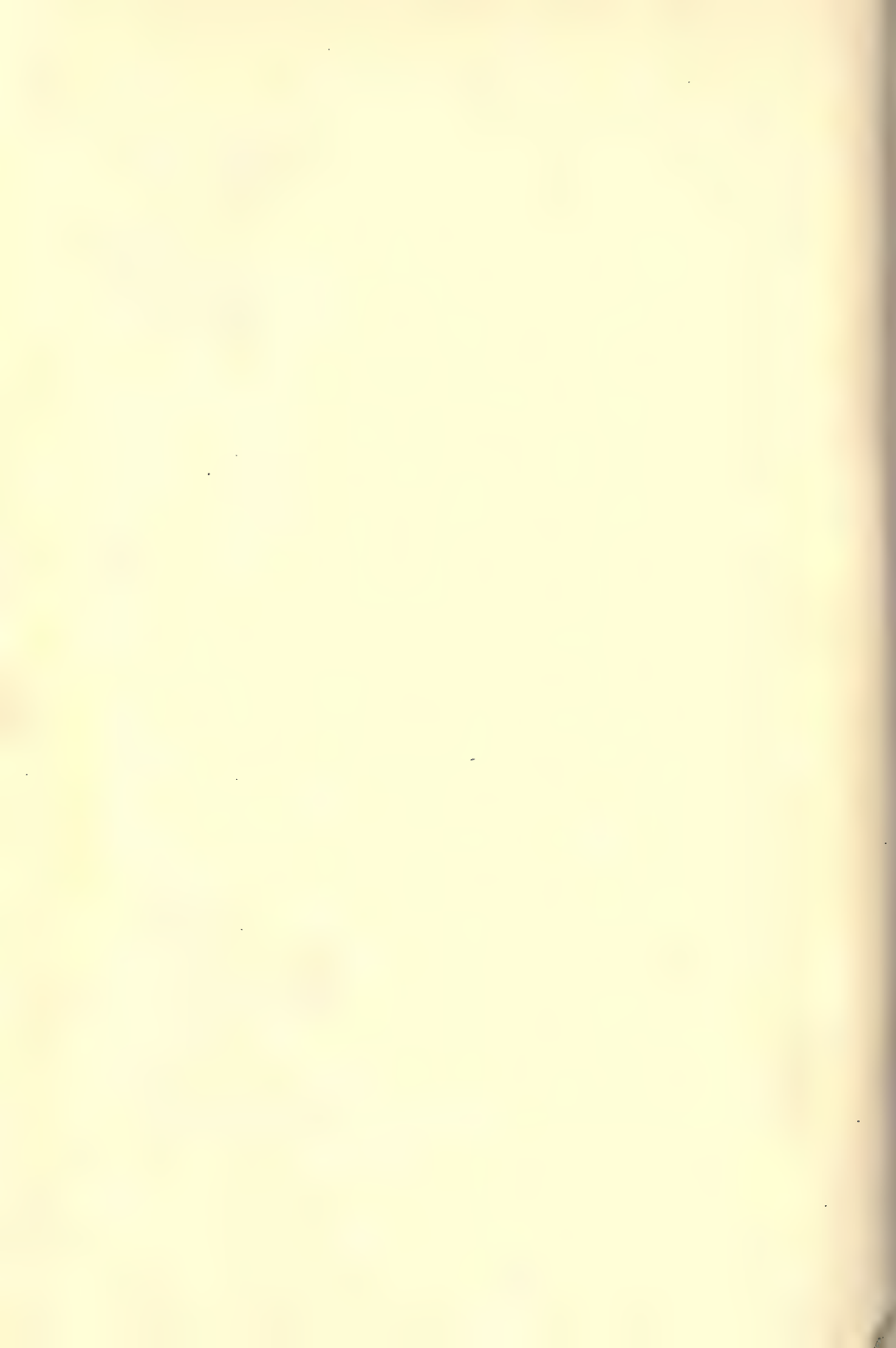
During the reign of
Richard II.

During the reign of
Henry V.

During the reign of
Henry VI.

John Lord Taploft, Earl of Worcester	}	During the reign of Edward IV.	
John, Lord Dudley			
Richard, Lord Dacre			
John Howard, Lord Howard			
Marquis of Dorset			
Sir Robert Brackenbury	}	During reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.	
Earl of Oxford			
Sir Thomas Lovel			
Sir William Kingston			
Sir John Gage			
Lord Clinton *			
Sir Edward Bray			
Lord Howard of Walden			
Lord Coltington			1640
General Sir Thomas Fairfax			1647
Sir John Robinson			1660
James, Earl of Northampton			1678
Lord Allington			1680
George, Lord Dartmouth			1684
Lord Lucas			1688
Charles, Earl of Carlisle			1715
Henry, Earl of Lincoln			1724
Charles, Duke of Bolton			1724
Henry, Viscount Lonsdale			1726
Montague, Earl of Abingdon			
Algernon, Earl of Essex			
Richard, Earl of Rivers			
George, Earl of Northampton			
John, Earl of Leicester			1731
Charles, Lord Cornwallis			1741
Lord George Lennox			
Marquis Cornwallis			1785
Francis, Marquis of Hastings			1806
Arthur, Duke of Wellington			1826
Viscount Combermere			1852
Sir John Fox Burgoyne			1865
Sir George Pollock			1871
Sir William Gomm			1872
Sir Charles Yorke			1875
Sir F. Fenwick Williams			1881
General Sir R. C. Dacres			1881
Lord Napier of Magdala			1886
General Sir Daniel Lysons			1890
Sir Frederick C. Stephenson			1898

* Appointed by Lady Jane Grey's party. There is no record of Constables during the reign of Elizabeth, Sir John Gage being restored to office at Mary's succession.



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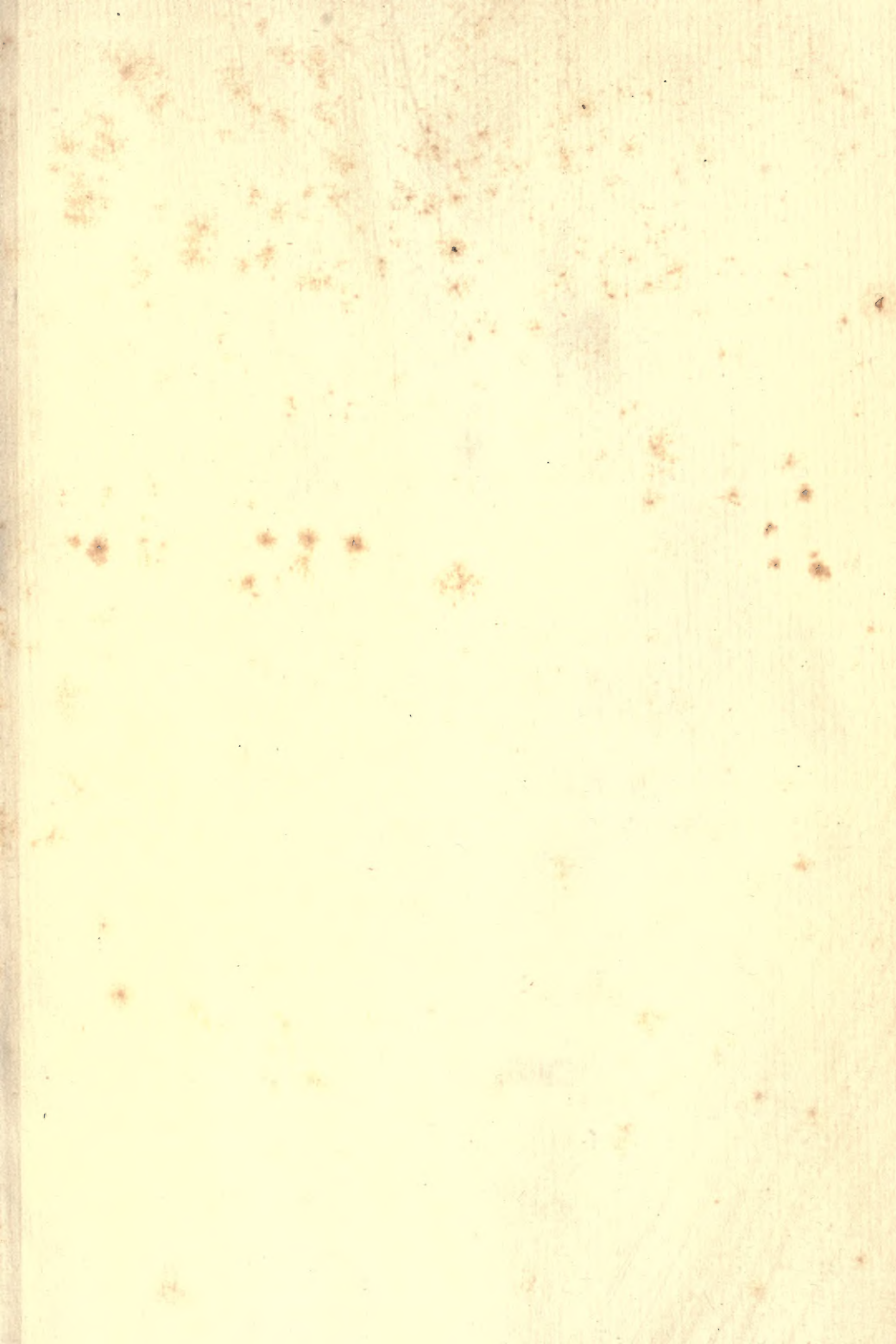
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